The Saturday Evening
POST
January 3, 1959 – 15¢

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A Police Commissioner Gives His Answer to a Hot Question:

SHOULD GAMBLING BE LEGALIZED?

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I COULDN'T STOP Torturing HIM!

MY poor husband. Living with me had become torture for him, I'd become such a nag. And the worst part of it was I just couldn't help myself! I felt so tired and worn-out — even an afternoon nap didn't help. When Phil came home from work, I was so nervous and irritable I jumped on every word he said.

I loved my husband dearly, but instead of being an understanding wife, I started arguments over nothing at all. I could see the strain telling on Phil. After all, no man likes a woman ruining his life!

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At day's end your Chrysler invites you to relax.

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THE COVER

Ice skating in the great outdoors is so exhilarating. The crisp air and the swift motion have a tonic effect, and so have the exhilarating girls. Witness those two gay blades taking after the delectable item at the upper left. Unhappily, the pursuers are not only disappointed, but disappointing: they appear to be nice young men who would naturally love children, so why don't they teach the little one to skate? Regarding that rather show-offy lady in red, she can really cut her figures, and can also really get her come-uppance, or come-downance. Artist Alajálov, who depicts the Wollman Rink in New York's Central Park (give or take a few details), never could make ice skates behave, but he was a whiz on roller skates. Was, that is; nowadays he prefers wheels motivated by gasoline.

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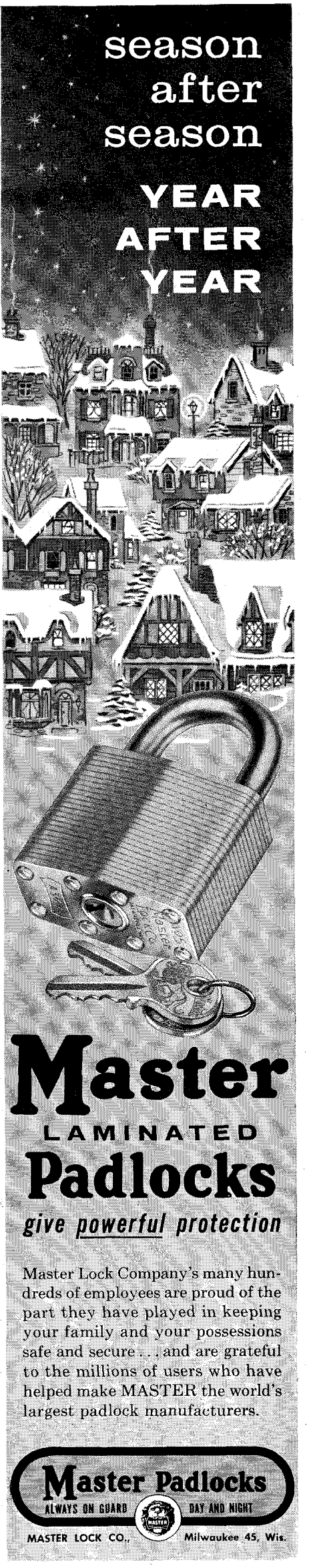
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New 1959 Chaika...$10,000.0(

Ivan Ivanovich has only one automobile dealer that he can go to see—the government. And he goes with his pockets full of rubles and his hat in his hand.

John Smith, U.S.A., sort of takes the car and truck dealers in his town for granted. Seems they've always been there—ever since that shining day when he and Dad and Mom drove that first car home. Drove the long way, smack up Main Street, sitting up tall.

Smitty would sure howl to high heaven if he had to pay between three and four times his whole year's pay for a new car that can't hold a candle to any American car mechanically, in comfort, equipment or styling. Ivan does. And wait two years for delivery to boot! Ivan does. And deal with mechanics who check your anti-freeze by tasting the radiator water. (Guess they haven't invented the hydrometer yet.)

Can't you see Ivan's eyes popping if he walked into Smitty's dealer's showroom? Here's a man, now, who has built his business on the solid rock of fine products. And he's put a lot of money into a big selection of models and modern service equipment.

His business has grown because his legion of friends has grown. He'll speed

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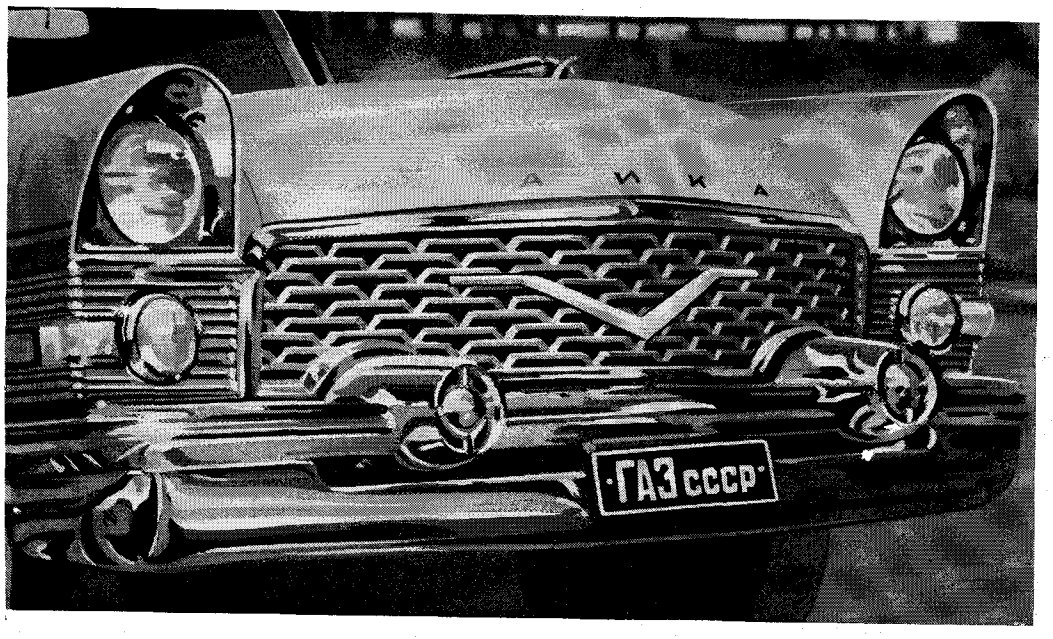

your financing through. He'll give you his personal attention whether your trouble is a crankcase or plain old crankiness. And his service guarantee is gilt-edged—good at any dealer who sells the car anywhere in the U.S.A.

This dealer and John Smith have been friends for a long time. See each other at the PTA and the lodge, the town council and the Little League practice sessions. Smitty's oldest boy is learning to drive in the car the dealer donated to the high-school driving course.

Saw Smitty just this morning. Grinning like a Chessy cat. On his way to pick out the new family bus. According to Smitty, this is the time to buy. Just look at the '59 models...the cleanest, most beautiful cars America's great automobile industry has ever created. Look at the factory price tags on the windows . . . the biggest car value your dollar has ever bought.

See "Automobile Row"... the industry's spectacular array of new 1959 cars... in this issue of The Saturday Evening Post, the nation's year-'round new-car showroom. Then see your car or truck dealer. He'll greet you with a big smile and the best value in your whole, ever-lovin' lifetime!

The Saturday Evening Post

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Letters

How Not to Get Rid of a Pain in the Neck

In your November 15 issue, there is an epigram by Harold Coffin, "To get rid of a pain in the neck, try yawning."

I'd like to advise your readers *not* to try this, as yesterday morning, while yawning, I cracked a vertebra in my neck.

LAVERNE H. MILLER
St. Louis, Mo.

Reviewing the Pilgrims

Dear Sirs:

Re the two articles on the Pilgrims in the Nov. 29 issue [THAT MYTHICAL "FIRST THANKSGIVING" by Virginius Dabney and WHO SAYS THEY WERE FIRST? by John Gould]: . . . The American people . . . *want* to believe that the Pilgrims landed on the Rock and that they celebrated the first Thanksgiving in Plymouth. I have seen this in the faces of the visitors to the Plymouth Fort: Men have taken off their hats and the eyes of women have filled with tears. . . . Do these people care whether Plymouth, Jamestown, or even the state of Maine celebrated the first Thanksgiving? I think not. It is far more important that, amidst hardship or plenty, in joviality or solemnity, the Lord was thanked.

SHIRLEY GOODSTONE
Plymouth, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I hope both writers got indigestion from eating their history books instead of turkey on Thanksgiving.

My children will continue to believe in the Pilgrim Fathers. I certainly hope they will grow up with the "faith of their fathers" instilled in them.

MRS. JOHN HAMILTON
Conneaut, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

We gain nothing by tearing down our monuments.

ALFRED WALTON ATKINS
Charleston, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

John Gould . . . states that one of his ancestors, a carpenter, went over to Plymouth (from Maine, apparently) and married one of Elder Brewster's daughters. . . . Of Elder Brewster's five children only two were daughters. They both married men of Plymouth, and neither was a carpenter.

ROBERT J. SPENCE
Wellfleet, Mass.

● *Gould says: "I would have asked my relatives in the Mayflower Society for further details—but they're not speaking to me." (Actually, Gould's forebear married a granddaughter of Elder Brewster, not a daughter.) —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Most refreshing. . . .

Let's have some more such articles.

B. C. STONE
Klamath Falls, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

It wouldn't surprise me much if evidence were uncovered that Washington . . . actually was famous for his tall stories.

KATHERINE TOBIAS
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

One of the great pities of American colonial history is that the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock instead of Plymouth Rock landing on the Pilgrim Fathers.

RICHARD R. LOSCH
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Your interesting feature . . . impels me to direct your attention to an observance in America antedating those [in Dabney's article]. . . .

I refer to a Thanksgiving observed by Spanish explorer Coronado's expedition upon reaching Palo Duro Canyon in 1541 A. D. . . .

According to a published account, the explorers were so joyous at the sight of trees and water after a long march over the plains that a day was set aside for feasting and thanksgiving. . . .

Palo Duro Canyon has been the site of a 15,000-acre Texas State Park since 1931.

GORDON K. SHEARER
Texas State Parks Board
Austin, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Author Dabney says the Pilgrims imbibed certain tipples or spirits, as if this was something to be ashamed of. . . . Any student of history knows that people of that time, including the Pilgrims, drank beer in winter for the malt content which kept them from having scurvy.

WILMA PITCHFORD HAYS
East Haven, Conn.

● *Author Dabney believes the Pilgrims sipped wine spiked with "English spirits" on that "first" Thanksgiving Day. "Far from condemning them," he says, "I am happy in the thought that those solemn brethren relaxed so unaccountably on that occasion. It was to be years before they did so again." —ED.*

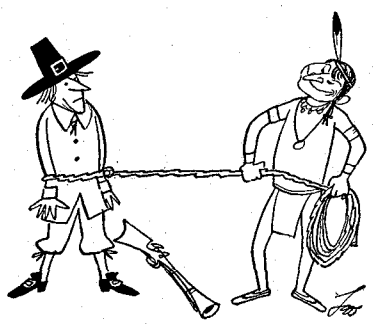
Dear Sirs:

Even if Virginius Dabney is indiscreet, his courage is indiscriminating. He once wrote an editorial attacking Georgians for always serving grits with breakfast!

RICHARD MORRIS
Birmingham, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The late Will Rogers about hit the nail on the head when he said: "Nope. My



forefathers didn't come over on the Mayflower, but they met the boat."

S. J. CUMMINGS
Norway, Maine

● *Will Rogers was part Cherokee Indian. —ED.*

John Wilkes Booth: a "Wild-Eyed Stranger"?

Dear Sirs:

The Post's magnificent photograph of Fort Jefferson [The Face of America: ISLAND FORTRESS, photograph by Larry Keighley, Nov. 22] carries a text which contains an assertion that may leave your editorial staff out on a limb. To be sure, the limb in this instance is no longer than the left leg of John Wilkes Booth. . . .

In reference: the statement that Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was condemned to life imprisonment as a murder conspirator "because he innocently set the broken leg of a wild-eyed stranger." This is more or less in keeping with prevailing legend, but it is open to doubt in respect to historical accuracy. Having just completed many months of research on the assassination conspiracy (for a book to be published by Prentice-Hall) I believe the facts of the case are as follows:

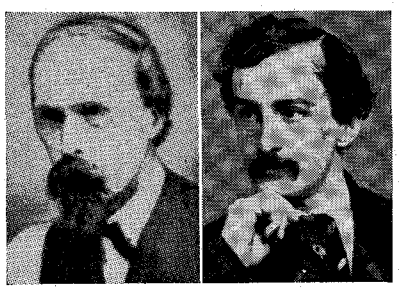
Booth was introduced to Doctor Mudd in the late autumn of 1864.

In November, '64, Booth attended St. Mary's Church in Bryantown, Maryland, with Doctor and Mrs. Mudd. . . .

In December, '64, Booth again visited the Mudds. . . .

During the ensuing winter, Doctor Mudd . . . conferred briefly with Booth at the latter's Washington hotel. . . .

True, Doctor Mudd asserted he did not recognize Booth on that fatal night in April, 1865, when the crippled assas-



Dr. Mudd. *Booth.*

sin arrived at his door. Apparently (the matter was never verified) Booth contrived some sort of makeshift disguise. But the doctor offered Booth a bedroom, talked with Booth, treated his fractured ankle. . . .

Certainly the U. S. Army court which condemned Doctor Mudd was guilty of gross prejudice, and its military proceedings remain a blot on the record. Unquestionably some of the evidence against the conspirators was framed, and it was never proven that Mudd had a hand in the assassination plot. However, the statement that he set the leg of "a wild-eyed stranger" seems to contribute myth to fable.

THEODORE ROSCOE
Arlington, Va.

The Mark of Cain

Dear Sirs:

Reference is made to Noel Clad's story, MARK OF CAIN, in your issue of November 29.

Mr. Clad attributes a special, inherent blood lust to the German people. . . .

The slaughter of beater-driven game is, or has been until very recently, practiced by every European aristocracy, including the British. It would undoubtedly have been practiced in this country had we passed through the feudal period.

U. MOVOS
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs:

There are exceptions among all peoples, but German people generally have a deep love for animals. The finest breeds of dogs in the world today originated there—the Doberman pinscher, the boxer, the [German] shepherd, the Weimaraner, the poodle (mistakenly called French) and many others.

MARGARET KING
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I was appalled at the unjustified and devastating condemnation of an entire people.

BORIS LAUER-LEONARDI
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Many, many thousands of Germans . . . do indeed bear the "mark of Cain," and our supine failure to recognize this circumstance makes a mockery of our sorrowing for those put to death in gas chambers and for those who were tortured in prison camps.

JOSEF H. STROUSE
Harrisburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The "mark of Cain" belongs on Mr. Clad and also The Saturday Evening Post for printing this story of hate.

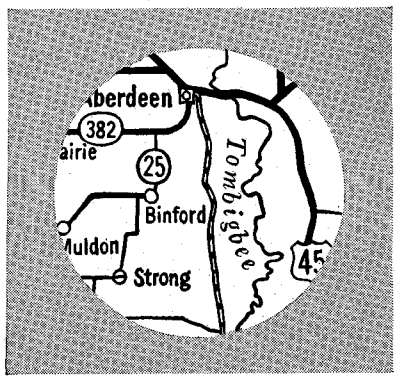
MAX BAREISS
Mountain Lakes, N. J.

● *Author Clad writes: "It was certainly not my intention to indicate a national responsibility for the origin of the battue. It is human brutality—beyond nationality—that is the terror." —ED.*

Cotton Cocktail

Dear Sirs:

In regard to the enclosed clipping [below] from the WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? puzzle in the November 15 issue, I thought you might be in-



terested in a road sign on highway 382, which directs the traveler at the branch road leading to the cotton gin in the village of Strong. In large red letters it merely states "Strong Gin." And this in a dry state, and in a county that has in a recent election banned the sale of beer.

MRS. JOHN W. DONELSON
Aberdeen, Miss.

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A dramatization of the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher in the 1959 Pontiac Bonneville Vista.

You'll like it longer–

THE "TIME PROOF" BODY BY FISHER

There's so much to like in the "Time Proof" Body by Fisher—so much *to keep on liking.*

Example: the "Magic-Mirror Finish by Fisher," the exclusive acrylic lacquer finish. Its showroom luster *lasts*—without waxing or polishing.

There are other time-defying features: *Living-Room Interiors* with rich-looking, contour-molded carpets that conquer wear and tear—*Life-Span Build* that joins roof, side members and steel foundation into a single sturdy, silent unit—*"inlaid" upholstery,* deep-embossed by a Fisher-developed dielectric process.

The fact is, you get more of everything in a "Time Proof" Body by Fisher. More space, more visibility, more safety, too—thanks to ripple-free Safety Plate glass in every window—front, rear *and side.* And you get them *only* in the "GM Five": Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

RINSE IT, WIPE IT AND IT'S "POLISHED"!

Fisher Body's new finish is up to 22 times as colorfast, *stays* gleaming bright with just a quick rinse and the flick of a cloth.

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
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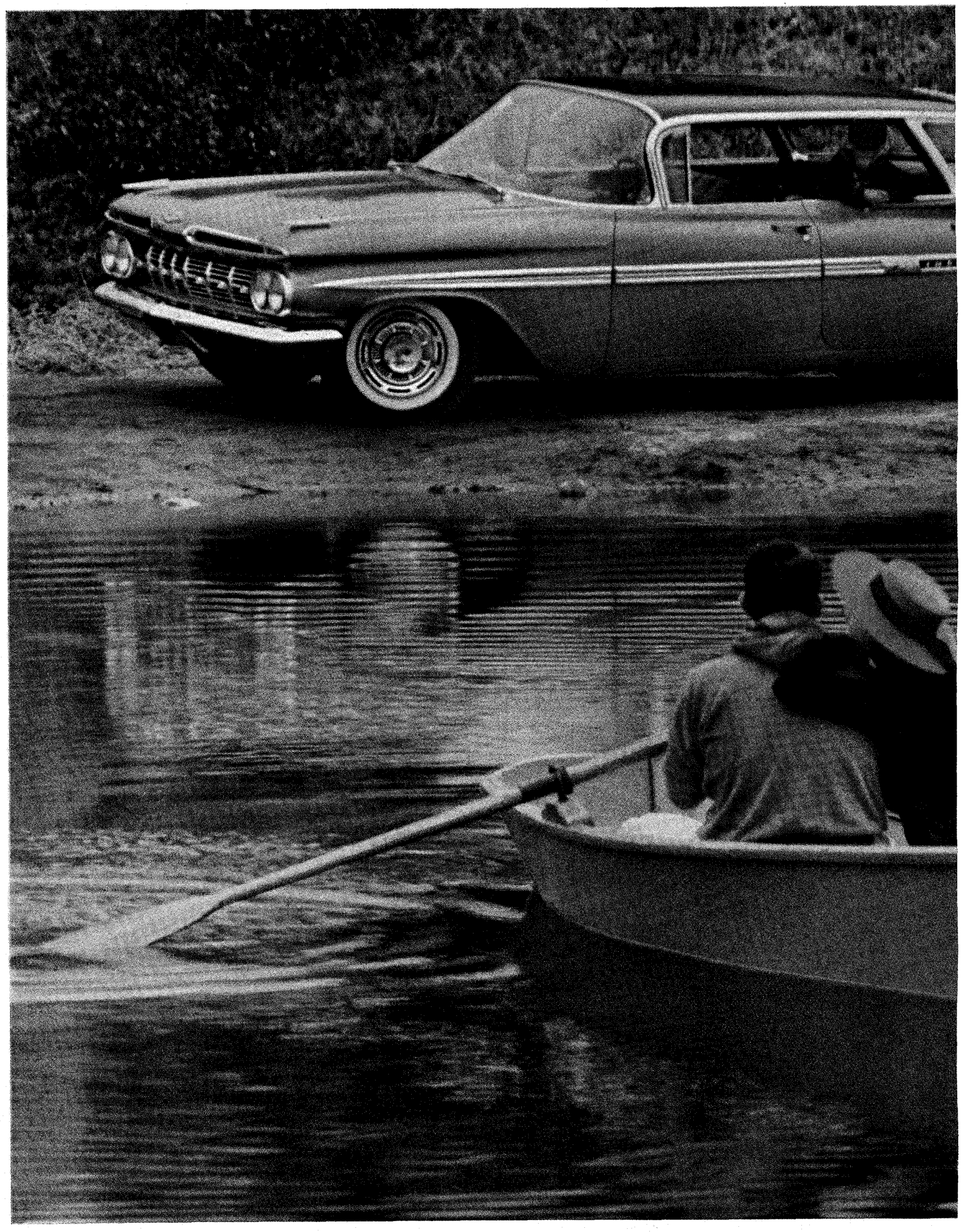

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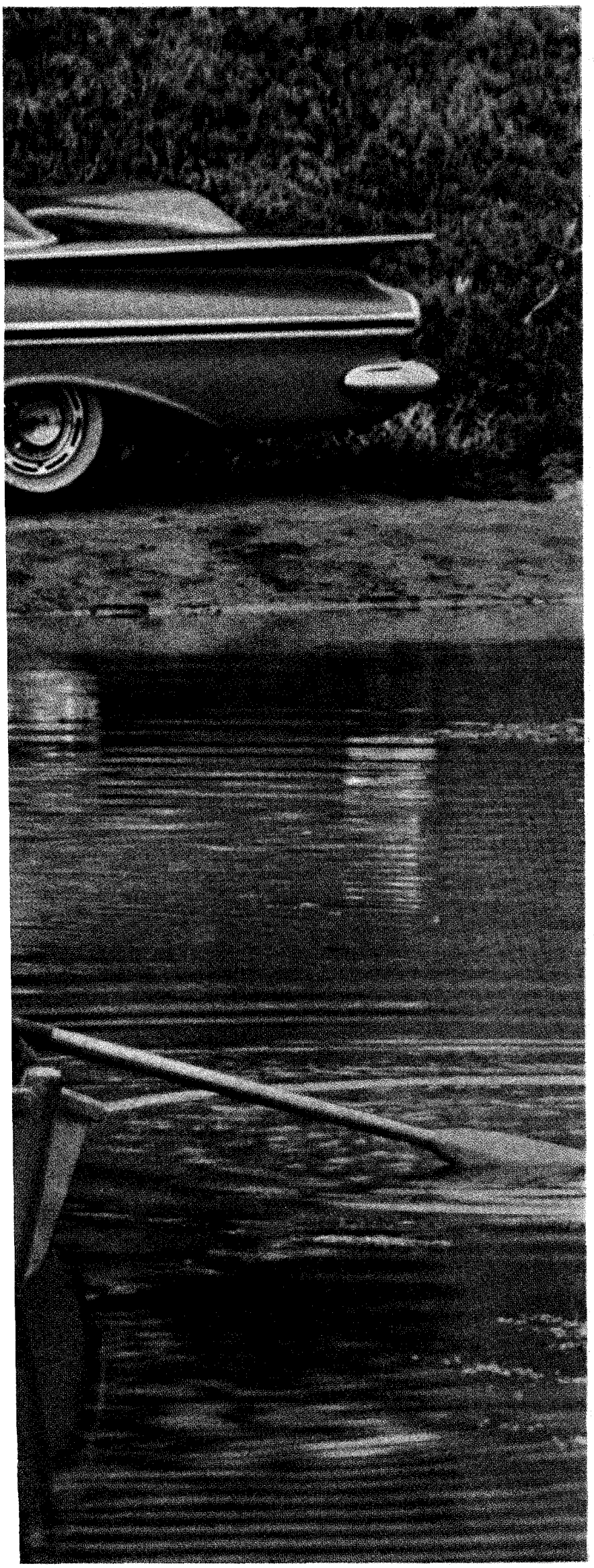

Just looking at it is part of the pleasure of owning it—the Impala 4-Door Sport Sedan.

CHEVROLET

What would you want with more car than this

(even if you could find it)?

A few cars cost a little less. Most cost a lot more. Suppose you try this: Drive a '59 Chevrolet and compare it on any basis with any car at any price. We think you'll soon see why so many owners of other makes—high priced as well as low priced—are trading for new Chevrolets.

Your dealer will be glad to have you drive a new Chevrolet and sample these special advantages:

Slimline design—fresh, fine and fashionable with a practical slant.

Roomier Body by Fisher—more width for seating comfort, more luggage space, and new in everything but its famous soundness.

Magic-Mirror finish—a new type that keeps its shine without waxing or polishing for up to three years.

Sweeping new overhead curved windshield—and bigger windows—all of Safety *Plate* Glass.

New, bigger brakes—deeper drums with better cooling for safer stopping and up to 66% longer life.

Hi-Thrift 6—up to 10% more miles per gallon, improved normal-speed performance.

Vim-packed V8's—eight to choose from, with compression ratios ranging up to 11 to 1.

Full Coil suspension—further refined for a smoother, steadier ride on any kind of road.

Easy-ratio steering—brings you reduced wheel-turning effort, new ease of handling.

Triple-turbine Turboglide, Powerglide and Level Air suspension head a full list of extra-cost options that make for happier driving.

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What America wants,
America gets in a Chevy!

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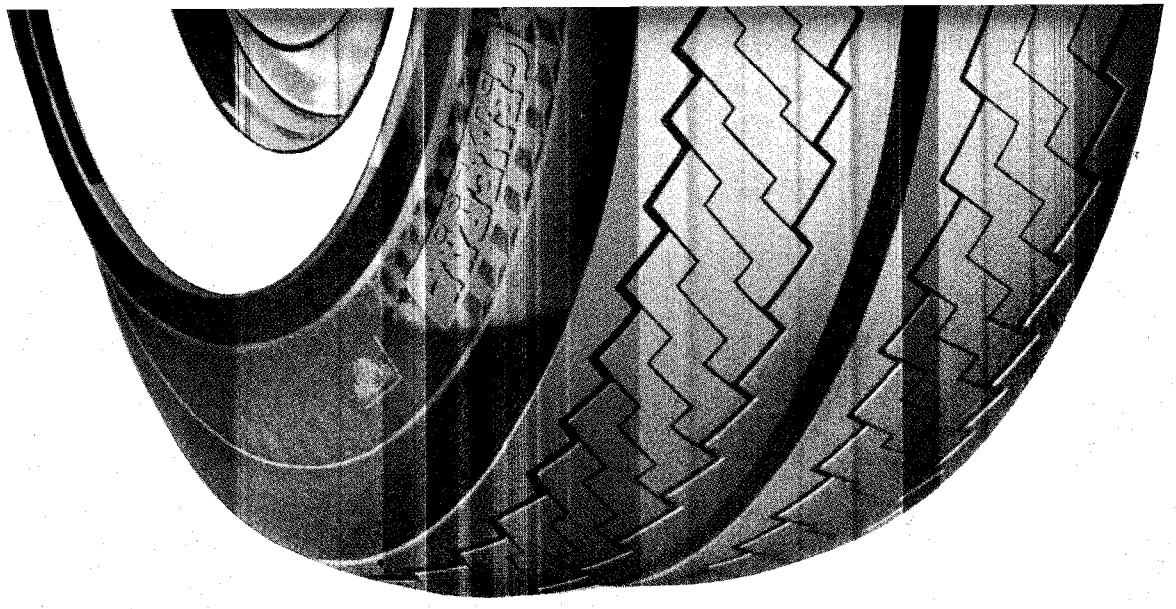

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Buy a '59 Car . . .
Buy Dual 90's!

you'll keep your car

- Puncture-Sealing • Quiet Running
- Quick Stopping • Easy Steering

Free Road Service
If It Punctures

GENERAL DUAL 90

2 TREADS AND NYGEN CORD

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Editorials

Some Day Freedom May Depend on a Senate Filibuster

By DRAPER PHILLIPS

The Democratic liberals are swooping down upon the Senate's Rule 22, which protects free debate in the Senate. If they are successful, they will have knocked down a bulwark of the states against complete national control of local affairs. They will have destroyed a fortress which has prevented many efforts of the majority to tyrannize over the minority.

Those who would limit debate to the wishes of the Senate's majority profess to speak in the sacred name of civil rights. Actually, the filibuster has been used scores of times by minorities of all parties and from every section of the country to defeat bills which were repugnant to localities, or were regarded as in violation of a state's constitutional rights. Even majorities have used free debate to prevent minorities from defeating legislation. A majority filibuster in 1917 was at least partly responsible for the establishment of the cloture rule under which two thirds of the senators may limit debate.

Senators Elihu Root and Henry Cabot Lodge looked upon the filibuster as a defense weapon against repressive majorities. Their threatened use of it was sufficient to force reconsideration of an appropriation for new post-office construction. Sen. George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, recalled that the prolonged debate against the Force Bill in 1890, which would have authorized Federal supervision of elections, actually altered the opinion of the majority which had proposed the bill. Progressive Senator LaFollette, who held the all-time record for an individual filibuster until Senator Wayne Morse broke it in a filibuster which he refused to describe as a filibuster, offered to fight any cloture that would limit free and unlimited debate. Walter Lippmann, in opposing cloture in 1949, said the real issue is whether any majority, even of two thirds, shall assume power to override the opposition of a large minority of the states.

We need have no real fear that vital national legislation will be defeated by the filibuster. If the whole people want a law badly enough, it will be passed in spite of delaying tactics. Thus, when Sen. Herbert Lehman led a small group in 1952 to filibuster against the important national-origins quota system for admission of immigrants, the filibusterers were quickly routed. The vast majority in nearly every section of the country wanted the law and they got it.

The "liberals," in their zeal to secure the vote of, or to protect, the Negro in his civil rights, ignore history. Our Federal system was founded on the principle that the Senate represents the states, not a majority of the people of the nation. Conditions vary among the states and among groups of states. The advantage of a federal system over a national system of government is that we can accommodate ourselves to these variations. That was the reason for allowing equal representation in the Senate and unlimited debate.

We ought to count ten before changing the Senate rules to limit debate substantially. Such a change would rival F.D.R.'s court-packing bill as a challenge to established concepts of government. It required hard work by leaders in both parties and "unlimited debate" to dispel that threat. It is to be hoped that there are enough senators left with sufficient courage to resist this politically tempting assault on an important bulwark of the Federal structure.

The Thoroughbred Horse Brings Not Peace But a Sword

Perhaps international tensions can be relieved by ballet dancers, football games, and exchanges of pig farmers, but horse races including steeds from all nations won't do. Indeed, if the aftermath of the International at Maryland's Laurel racecourse last Veterans Day means anything, a few more turf events could shove us plunk over the brink of war.

First off, Anglo-American amity suffered a setback from the defeat of Ballymoss, which was brought over from Ireland by his American owner, John McShain, under a back-breaking load of prestige and financial support. So confident were the British in the triumph of Ballymoss that a top London bookmaker seemed a little miffed because the prerace odds against the horse were something like even money. However, Ballymoss wound up third in the race, and the outraged chorus from Britain is still coming over. Jockey Breasley, who rode Ballymoss, said that the Laurel course "stinks." Sports writers in London express doubt that English owners will want to send their good horses to America if the other horses in the field are inconsiderate enough to beat a horse upon which the British public has bet all the tea in China.

Another shattered hope for peace lay in the entry of two Soviet horses. Inasmuch as hardboots around the track reported that the Russian horses had knees as big as beehives, and weren't likely to be in the money, the build-up must have been strictly for peaceful coexistence. When it came to the start, one of the Soviet horses tried to run in the opposite direction, and the other, according to the official starter, was several times encouraged by his rider to take a jump before anybody said "Go!" One of the Soviet riders declared that he thought the conditions fair to everybody, a remark more pleasant than anything Laurel got out of the British.

A considerable body of Americans went isolationist, from hell to foreign aid, after the disqualification of Tudor Era, one of the American competitors that seemed to the spectators to have led all the way around, but was disqualified for interfering with Sailor's Guide, from Australia. Inasmuch as it took the judges twenty minutes to find any place where Sailor's Guide was bothered, Tudor Era's backers are still muttering that the International has gone so global that an American horse is supposed to move over and let some foreigner win it. Fortunately for Australian-U.S. relations, the owner of Sailor's Guide came forward to say that, if he had been asked about claiming a foul against Tudor Era, he would have said No.

All in all, the foreign competitors seem to have small cause to complain. The International has been run seven times and only two American horses have won it. Perhaps in view of the bad blood the International causes, American horses should spot the others ten lengths and do their best to lose—to ease international tensions.

Moon or No Moon, Our Missiles Can Really Sell Cakes!

What happened recently in Fairfax, Virginia, may point a moral for rampant bureaucracy. The Parent-Teacher Association of the elementary school decided to hold a cake sale. The theme for the occasion was the space age and missiles. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Porter, cochairmen, wrote to the Army not too hopefully to ask the loan of an obsolete missile.

There descended upon Fairfax, fortunately by truck, a full-fledged Nike-Ajax, compliments of the Army. Then came the avalanche. Before it was over, eighty tons of missiles were arrayed in and around the elementary school. The Air Force, Navy and National Guard public relations apparently heard that whatever was going on at Fairfax was important enough for the Army to send a Nike-Ajax display. A Navy Talos missile arrived on a flatbed truck. The Air Force managed to squeeze a model of a Thor inside the school. Then, lacking indoor space, it set up a two-room structure for a lunar display. The Army hurried up reinforcements in the form of a model Explorer. Fairfax is located just a few miles west of the world center of bureaucracy, within easy range of truck-borne missiles.

To save money for our long-suffering taxpayers, the armed forces should divide P.T.A. cake-sale zones as they do areas of National defense. The Navy could take all communities within, say, fifty miles of the sea; the Army all those at intermediate altitudes, and the Air Force everything more than 1000 feet above sea level.

The eighty tons of missiles that landed on Fairfax did, it is only fair to report, have one unplanned but beneficial effect. The P.T.A. sold every last cake, including the big two-dollar ones.

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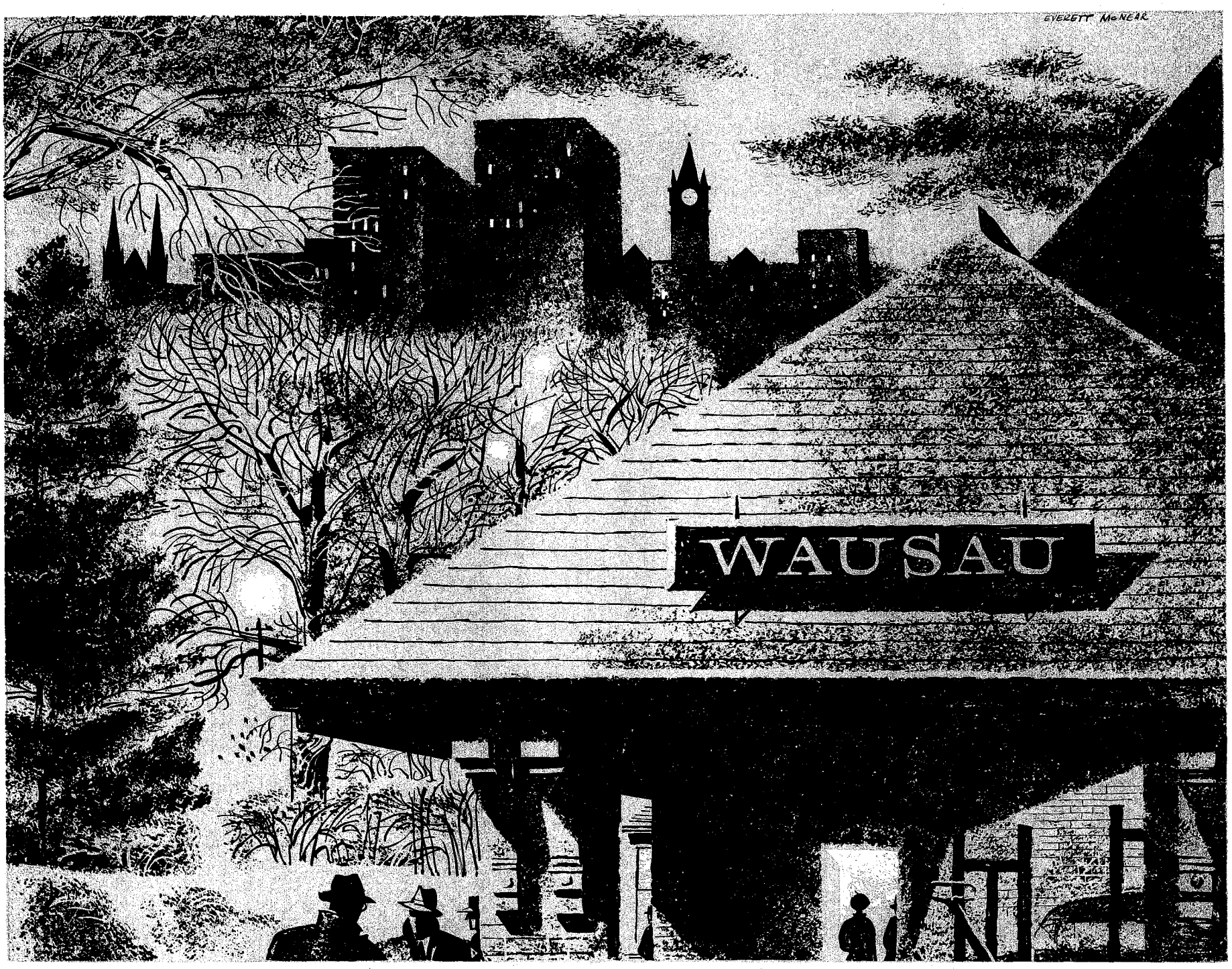

How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?

The fishing's good near Wausau. It's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. Once in a while, they say, a lynx comes down from the north.

And it's the home of one of the most important insurance companies in the world.

How come?

This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 47 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided it from the beginning.

How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost *personal* character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't want to lose.

We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in the field of workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower insurance costs to policyholders.

We're still "Wausau." But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 109 cities. "A little bit of Wausau" is near you, wherever you live. And we're still good people to do business with.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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You get the solid quality of Body by Fisher.

Sparkling showcase for the year's hottest advances!

It would be a hit on its looks alone!

But there's so much more beneath Pontiac's crisply sculptured styling that it's nothing short of sensational.

For one, the wonderful roadability and ride of exclusive Wide-Track Wheels, which have won the acclaim of car experts as the year's top engineering advance.

For another, its choice of the industry's two most advanced V-8's: the Tempest 420 for the ultimate in easygoing response and its companion, the Tempest 420E, which made V-8 history by setting a NASCAR supervised coast-to-coast economy mark on regular gas—*only 1½¢ per mile!*

You could go on and on with the many engineering wonders Pontiac alone provides. But the best evidence is a test drive. Why not take one soon?

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ONLY CAR WITH *WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS!

. . . acclaimed by experts as the year's top engineering advance! The wheels are moved out 5 inches for the widest, steadiest stance in America—lower center of gravity for better grip on the road, safer cornering, smoother ride, easier handling. *Pontiac gives you roadability no narrow gauge car can offer!*

See Phil Silvers on Pontiac Star Parade, Jan. 23—CBS-TV

PONTIAC! America's Number ① Road Car!

3 Totally New Series • Catalina • Star Chief • Bonneville

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The blind 8-year-old above is a victim of cerebral palsy and aphasia. Here his mother (center) watches instructor Jane Hewitt try to reach him through his sense of touch.

The Priceless Gift of Speech

Many children are condemned to silence by disease or deformity. Here in this unique Kansas community patient helpers teach them how to talk.

By Steven M. Spencer

A forty-acre wheatfield is, by Kansas standards, a rather small patch. But a certain forty acres purchased nine years ago on the northern edge of Wichita has returned a richer yield, in human values, than all the thousand-acre farms in the state.

For the wheatfield was transformed into a residential community with an odd name and a high purpose. The name, which is aptly compounded from two Greek terms meaning "word" and "children," is the Institute of Logopedics. Its purpose is to give children, as well as some adults, the power of words, to unlock the tongues of those who cannot speak or whose speech is tortured and unintelligible—individuals who are afflicted with cerebral palsy, aphasia, cleft palate; the stutterers and the middle-aged victims of stroke.

Starting twenty-four years ago in a small fourth-floor room on the University of Wichita campus, the institute soon outgrew its early quarters. When I first visited it in 1946 it occupied a remodeled cafeteria building and had already gained a wide reputation for its work with speech-handicapped children. Last summer, because it had in the interim become the largest speech clinic in the world, I visited it again. It now has a staff of 176 and an enrollment of 555 pupils, most of whom live on the grounds in small apartments. With its twenty-two affiliated field centers placed strategically around the state, it has helped more than

Dr. Martin Palmer, director of the institute, uses wooden sticks to cause a reflex that will help this cleft-palate victim control the nasality of his speech.

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10,000 persons gain the priceless tool of communication and achieve more effective and satisfying lives.

Moreover, in training some eighty speech therapists a year as part of a University of Wichita graduate program, the Institute of Logopedics is doing its sizable bit to meet the urgent need presented by one of the commonest human handicaps. Nearly 3,000,000 people in this country have some degree of speech disability, and some 25,000 teachers are needed to work with them. But there are today only about 2000 qualified therapists.

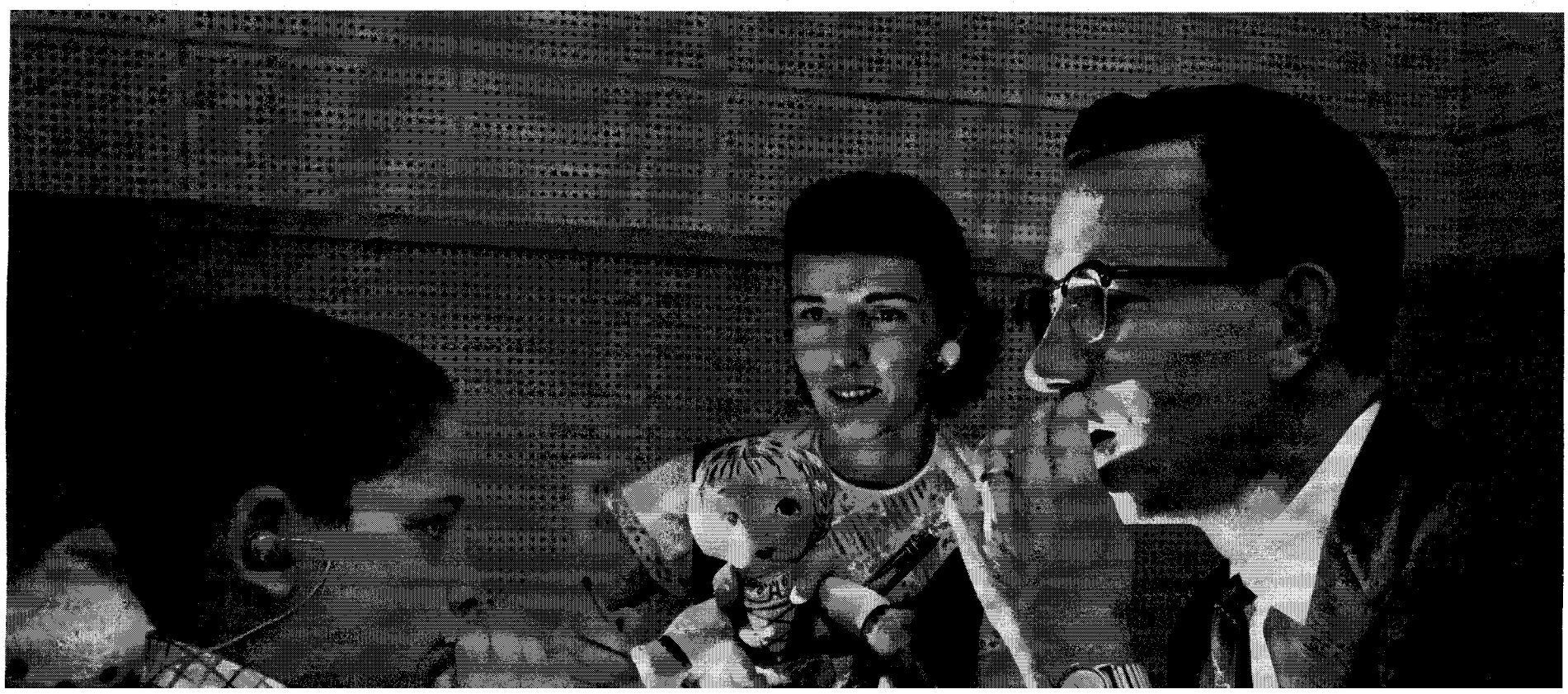
The problems placed on the institute's doorstep demand skill and resourcefulness, plus infinite patience. There is the story of Carl, now nine, whose handsome, sensitive face expressed only fear when his parents brought him here three years ago. As he entered an office for an interview he sprang to the top of a filing cabinet and then, like a monkey, started to scramble up the Venetian blind.

The boy was wild, but silent. As he raced and jumped around the room, he uttered not a word or cry. He was, and still is, afflicted with aphasia, an impairment of the ability to use language. Today, after three years of work with the institute's therapists, Carl's fear and wildness are gone, and his speech is starting to come. When I met him he was quietly playing a phonograph. To my question about what he was playing, he simply replied: "Record."

There is reason to believe that Carl will in time develop a useful degree of speech. However, it took patience, real patience, to unlock his tongue even a little. Said Mrs. Virginia Osborn, one of the institute's more experienced speech therapists: "When we began to work with him he was so completely out of contact that he seemed to erase you with his eyes. It was as though he drew a shade in front of them. This was particularly liable to occur when in the teaching process the pressure got too high. We were careful, therefore, not to demand too much too fast, and in time we saw improvement in his attention, his comprehension and his ability to obey commands."

After two years of work, however, Carl still had not said a single word. The problem, as it is with many aphasic children, was to elicit any sort of vocal response at all. And with Carl, Mrs. Osborn finally employed a simple game to help motivate speech. She placed her hand across Carl's eyes and said: "Eye."

Carl made no sound, but tried to remove her hand. She held it gently but firmly in place and repeated: "Eye."



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There are 160 apartments in a cottage-style arrangement at the Institute of Logopedics in Wichita. The speech-handicapped children undergoing therapy here live in a "family atmosphere," either with their own parents or with housemothers.

Dr. Palmer with a cerebral-palsied girl. She wears a football helmet for protection if she falls.

He squirmed and twisted and ducked his head, but the teacher's hand remained across his face. Finally, as though to push her hand away by sheer sound, Carl made a grunting noise that sounded like "eye." Immediately Mrs. Osborn took her hand away, smiled approvingly and said the word after him. This was repeated several times until it became a game, like "peek-a-boo," that produced a regular response. Simple as it is, however, this technique should be used only by experienced therapists, who know just how much pressure can be safely applied to a disturbed child, and when.

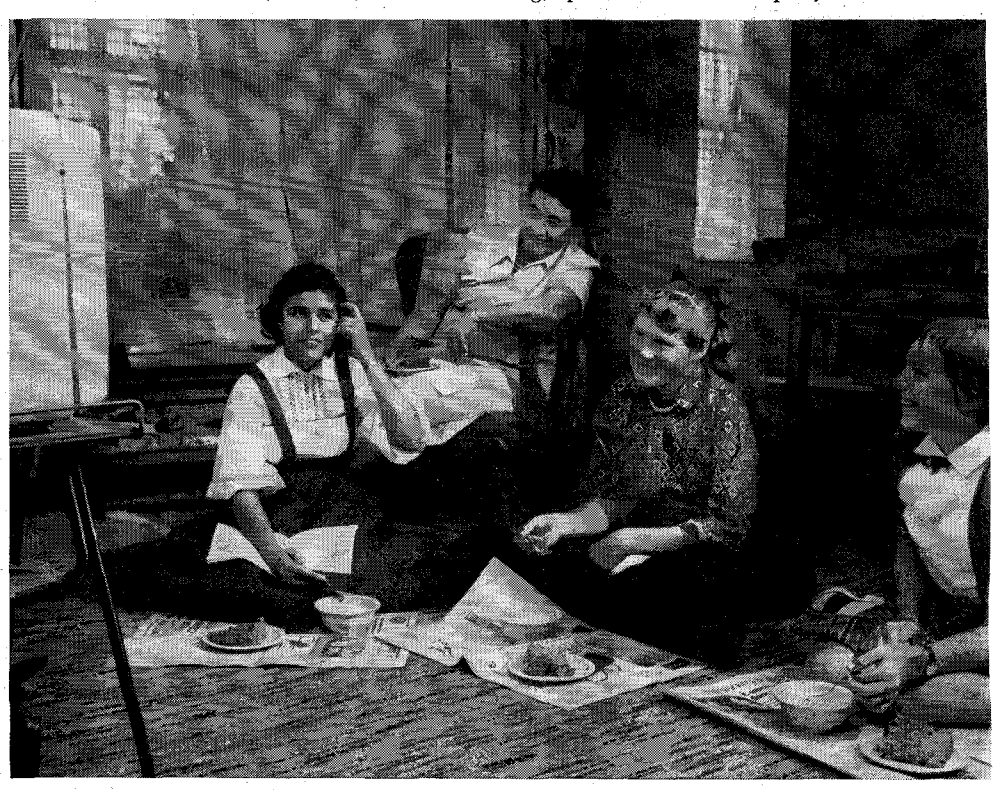
Fully as challenging to the speech therapist as aphasia are the problems of the child with cerebral palsy. Here the mind is usually willing, but the muscles must be brought under control. When Freddy was carried into the institute at the age of three and a half, he was a flailing mass of arms and legs. He could neither walk nor talk, and his parents had been told the only place for him was an institution for the feeble-minded. What intelligence tests it was possible to give placed his I.Q. at forty, definitely in the retarded range.

But the examining team at the institute, knowing how often serious communication handicaps can hide a child's innate mental capacity, felt there was a chance Freddy could learn. Freddy was to prove they were right. In doing so he displayed the kind of dogged determination and courage that characterizes so many cerebral-palsied children. No exercise or lesson was too hard for him to try, day after day, month after month, although the gains came with painful slowness. It was two and a half years before he could control phonation—the vocal sound. When he started to laugh or cry he could not stop. He was unable to turn the sound off.

Gradually he acquired a degree of mastery over his wild, unruly arms and legs as well as the muscles of speech. He began his training in locomotion strapped stomach-down on one of the low crawlers I saw many children navigating along the institute's corridors, occasionally blocking the wheel-chair-and-crutch traffic. The slightest push of a hand or a toe moves these carts on their easy-rolling casters. From the crawler Freddy graduated to a sit-up cart, also on casters. These are propelled by foot motion, and the children are usually encouraged to go backward, Miss Jean Beatty, the physical therapist, explained, as this exercises the extensor (Continued on Page 42)

The painful struggle to talk. This boy has aphasia, which means he cannot associate words with their meanings. Mrs. Virginia Osborn helps him learn the lip motions of speech.

Housemother Leona Clary (in chair) and three of her charges. The children shown are afflicted with (from left) defective hearing, aphasia and cerebral palsy.



Photographs by Bill Shrout

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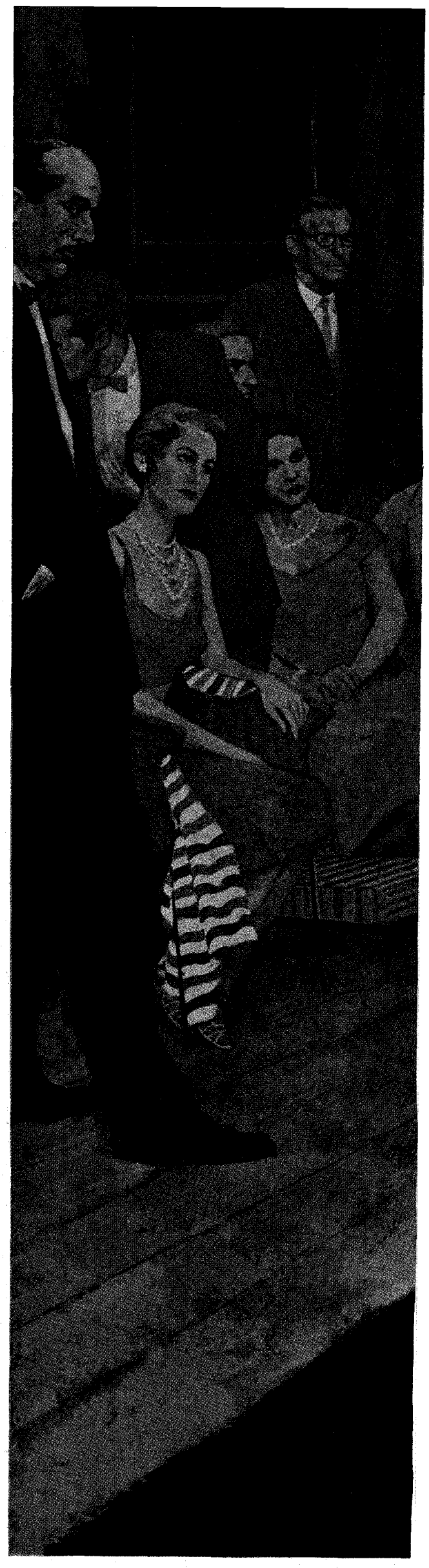
HATE MATCH

By JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

To these opponents, fencing was more than a matter of sport.



There's something ominous about Panama during the rains. Water seems to seep up from the ground, too, as though the balance of the elements had changed; as though earth were returning to primeval slime and the world might not come right again.

In this season, when men are edgy and women taut-strung with the drop and drip of rain incessantly falling, things happen so quickly and finally that, in my job, it's well to be in the places where things are likely to happen. So after lunch this special Saturday I hurried to clear my minor desk in the Caribbean Command offices on Quarry Heights, locked some sodden papers in the G2 vault, and crossed the street to my bachelor quarters to change from khaki to whites: aiguillettes and all, because if this fencing afternoon out at Lagarto was like Don Ernani Somena's other parties—and like himself—it would be on the formal side. And he'd made rather a point of my coming. I wondered.

A poncho covering head and shoulders, I went out to my car; then, with sword, mask and bundled fencing clothes by me on the seat, drove down through Ancon in the Zone. I skirted Panama City and headed out Chepo way, past gaudy recent villas and the ancient ruins of Panamá Viejo.

Apt contrast. Like that between Don Ernani, the stately, outmoded man, and the new, blatant element in Panamanian politics. The Somenas were one of the few families that kept their Spanish blood unmixed. Juan Ferria and his following made capital of sharing strains less austere; capital, too, of swaggering big-talk against Washington. Of them Don Ernani was ashamed. Loyalty to us was part of his code. Naturally, because he was last of the Fundadors; one of those bygone patriots who freed their province from Colombia, back in TR's time, and ceded us the Zone for the Canal, which keeps the little republic they founded prosperous.

The Chepo road ran near the coast for a little way: green-tea sea and land a sponge of darker green on either side of the chuck-holed, brimming pavement. For a moment the ropes of rain thinned. I saw Lagarto on the hill ahead; a long country house of native mahogany which termites won't touch, unpainted and weathered pink with chalky streaks. I'd been there before, in the dry season when we held ground maneuvers along Rio Chepo, and Don Ernani asked some of us to dine: leisurely evenings, windlessly quiet except for distant booming of alligators from the marshes; still candle flames reflecting on polished wood and old silver; the clean smell of hot wax; and, over the wine, Don Ernani's tales of the Fundadors.

Hostess was his sister, Donna Yndia, and they lived alone at Lagarto (although I'd heard of a granddaughter in the city). Donna Yndia was no cloistered Spanish woman-in-black. At the roulette tables in Pacific Gardens her throat and bosom armor of garnets was as familiar as the glow of charcoal braziers in the dusk of side-street shops. Yet the silver balboas she laid carelessly on some number weren't stakes so much as price of admission to watch other players undress their faces. To her, people were the interest of old age—like politics to her brother.

Rain resumed as I drove through the gates of Lagarto. The flagstoned courtyard rattled with tinny pelting on the tops of parked cars. That was when I saw once more the aqua convertible.

The first time, late last Wednesday, had been outside Gorgas Hospital above Ancon. I was just getting (Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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"Too bad, señor," Ferria said, "our blades are not sharp. But Yanqui courage is not up to that."

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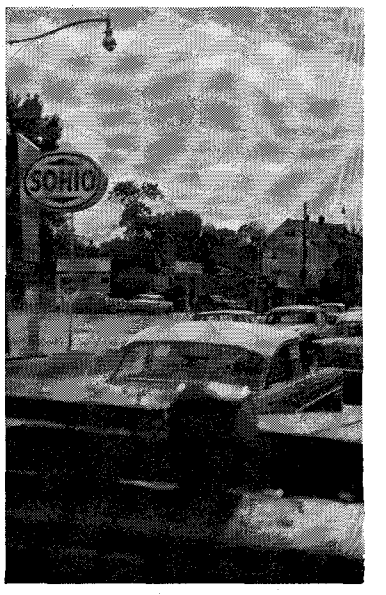
Charley Bell's crew at work emptying the Barkdulls' old house in Covina, Calif.

In Colorado an Indian couple passed the van when it pulled off the highway to fix a flat.



Jam-up of Sunday drivers in Ohio.

I Crossed America in a Moving Van

By JOHN REESE

Charley Bell with the rig he drives 60,000 miles a year. "It's a lonesome job, but I like it."

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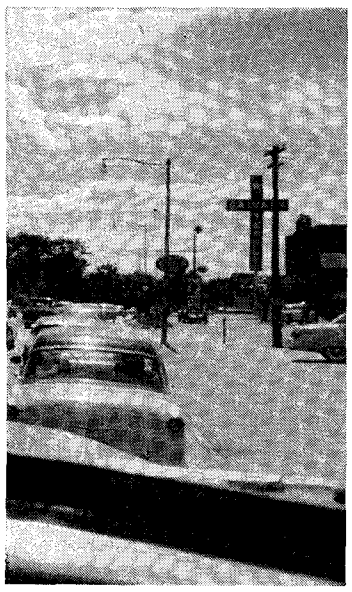
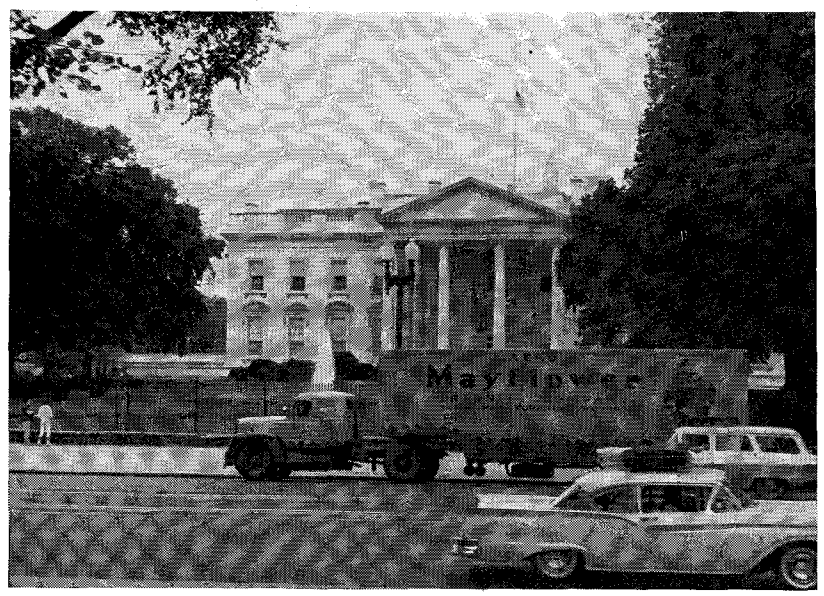




Charley delivered part of his load in Washington and went by the White House on the way.

Ten days and 3335 miles later the Barkdulls' furniture arrived at their new home in Westfield, N.J.

As a passenger in the cab of a big long-distance rig, the author discovered some surprising things about the men who haul household effects for a nation on the move.

For the youngsters, moving was fun. Janet was ten, Ricky eight. Born in Los Angeles, they had lived most of their young lives in suburban Covina. After the excitement of packing, they would visit relatives in Ohio until their furniture arrived at their new house in Westfield, New Jersey. A new home in a new state, after a picnic ten days long and 3000 miles wide—for what more could a kid ask?

For their father, James M. Barkdull, Jr., vice president of the Interchemical Corporation, it meant promotion to the home office in Newark. But it also meant selling one house and buying another. It meant living in a hotel until his family and furniture arrived. For him, this move was no picnic.

For the mother, Alice, it was an uprooting. Strange men in the uniforms of Calmay Van Lines, Los Angeles agents for Aero Mayflower Transit Company, came in and almost literally tore her home to pieces. Beds were disassembled. Lamp shades and books went into big boxes. Mirrors and pictures were crated, rugs were rolled up. She was in the way in her own home.

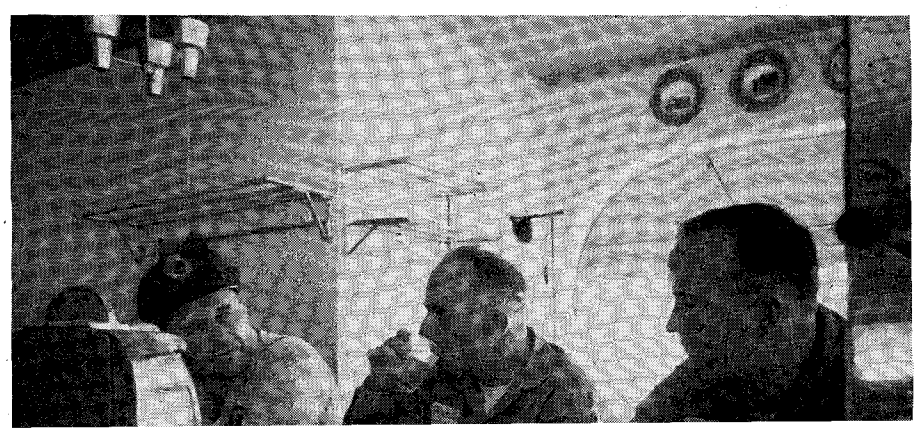
Believe, if you like, that home is where the heart is. Actually, furniture is what makes a home. If you doubt this, go into a hollow, echoing house that has just been emptied by the movers. Or ask Mrs. Barkdull, who for ten days was out of touch with her familiar things.

We Americans have always been a restless people, and the disappearance of our frontier did not settle us down. In the old days, folks used to load everything into a covered wagon and take off for the horizon. Now they move by truck, but they still take everything with them.

This restlessness has been accelerated by the development of what someone has called our "corporation culture." Executives like Mr. Barkdull are always subject to promotion and transfer, although, as a rule, the trend is westward. Whole new plants are built in areas that heretofore have been exclusively agricultural. Whole new cities are built for the workers—in California, in Texas, in Oregon and Oklahoma, in Nebraska and Arizona. These people always take their household goods with them.

Long-distance furniture moving is a big business that grosses millions of dollars a month. Everything but the empty shell of a house is picked up on one seacoast and moved to the other, without so much as a saucer's being cracked. The big vans are always on the road. The highways of America are as familiar to their drivers as the streets of your own neighborhood are to you.

To find out how it's done, I rode with the Barkdulls' (Continued on Page 56)



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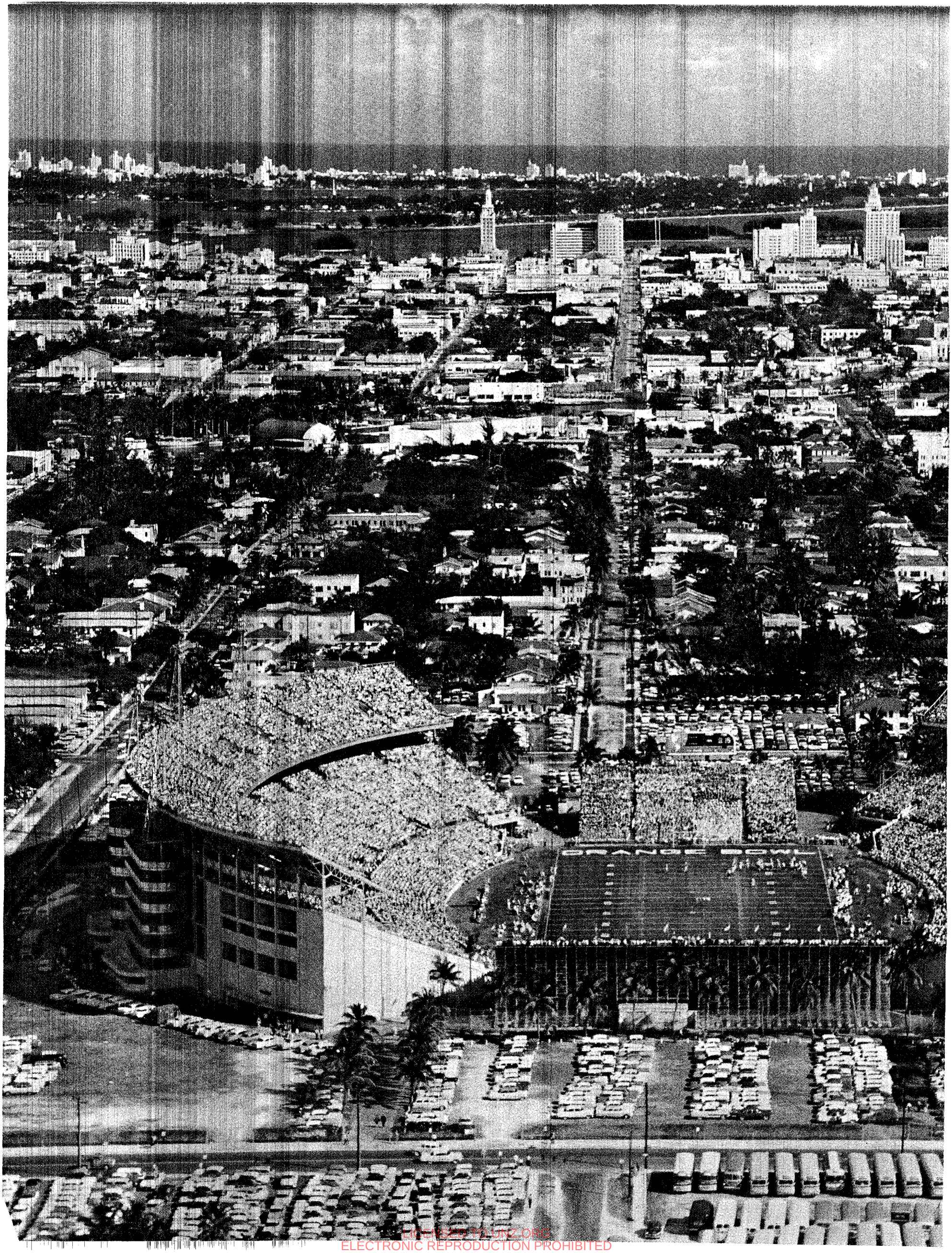

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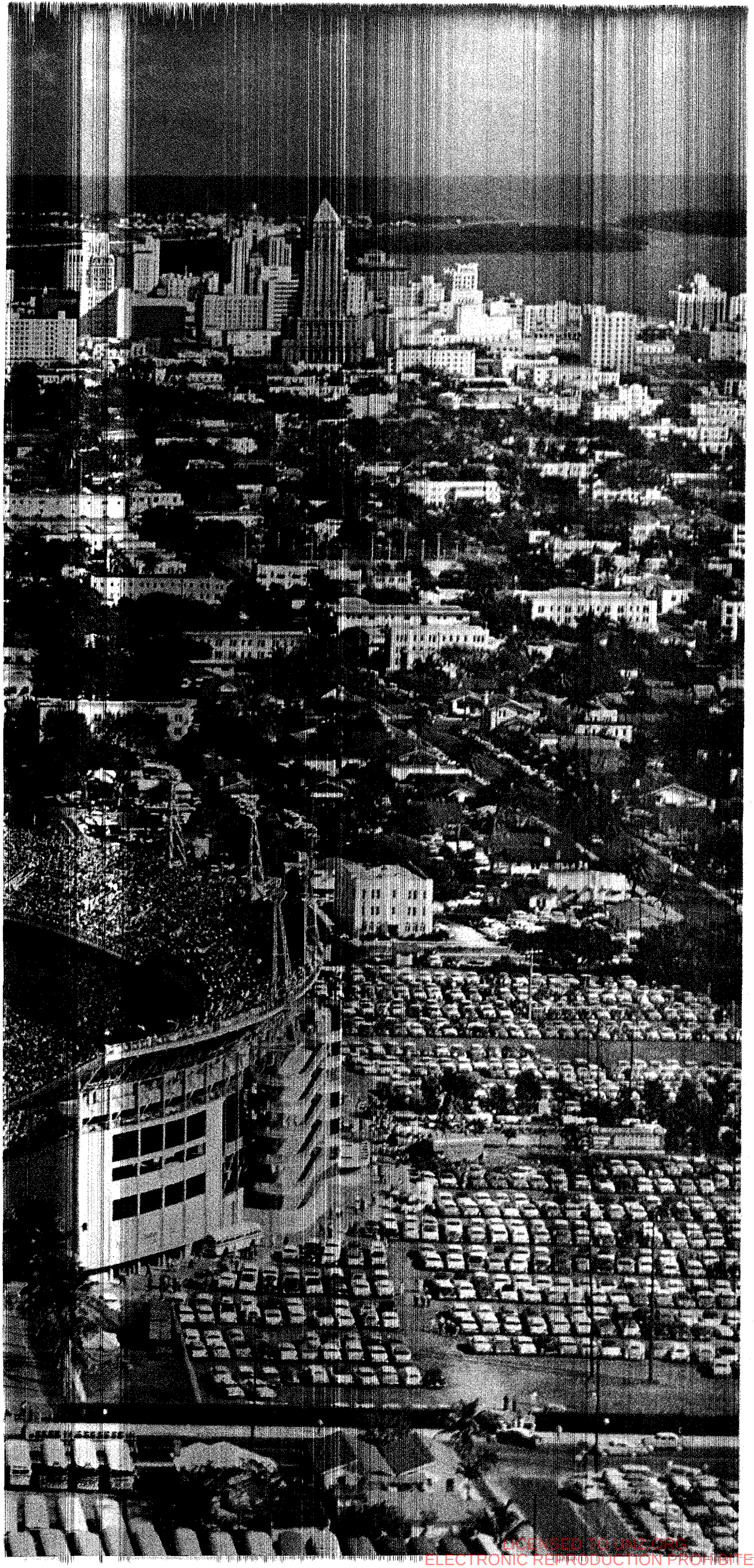
The Face of AMERICA

Day of the Bowl



Of all the festive rites which mark the coming of the New Year around the world, none is more distinctive than the football bowl games of the United States. Here is a dazzling example, the Orange Bowl in Miami, as it looked on the bright Florida afternoon last January first when Oklahoma defeated Duke, 48–21. Starting out in 1935 with a game that drew only 5134 people, the Orange Bowl has expanded into a production that takes year-round civic planning and packs a 76,800-seat stadium. This week's silver-anniversary game will feature eighteen bands with 3000 performers, as well as the football teams of Oklahoma—making its fourth appearance in six years—and Syracuse. Similarly elaborate shows will be staged in such settings as the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans, the Cotton Bowl in Dallas, and the Rose Bowl—granddaddy of them all—in Pasadena.

Photograph by George Hunter

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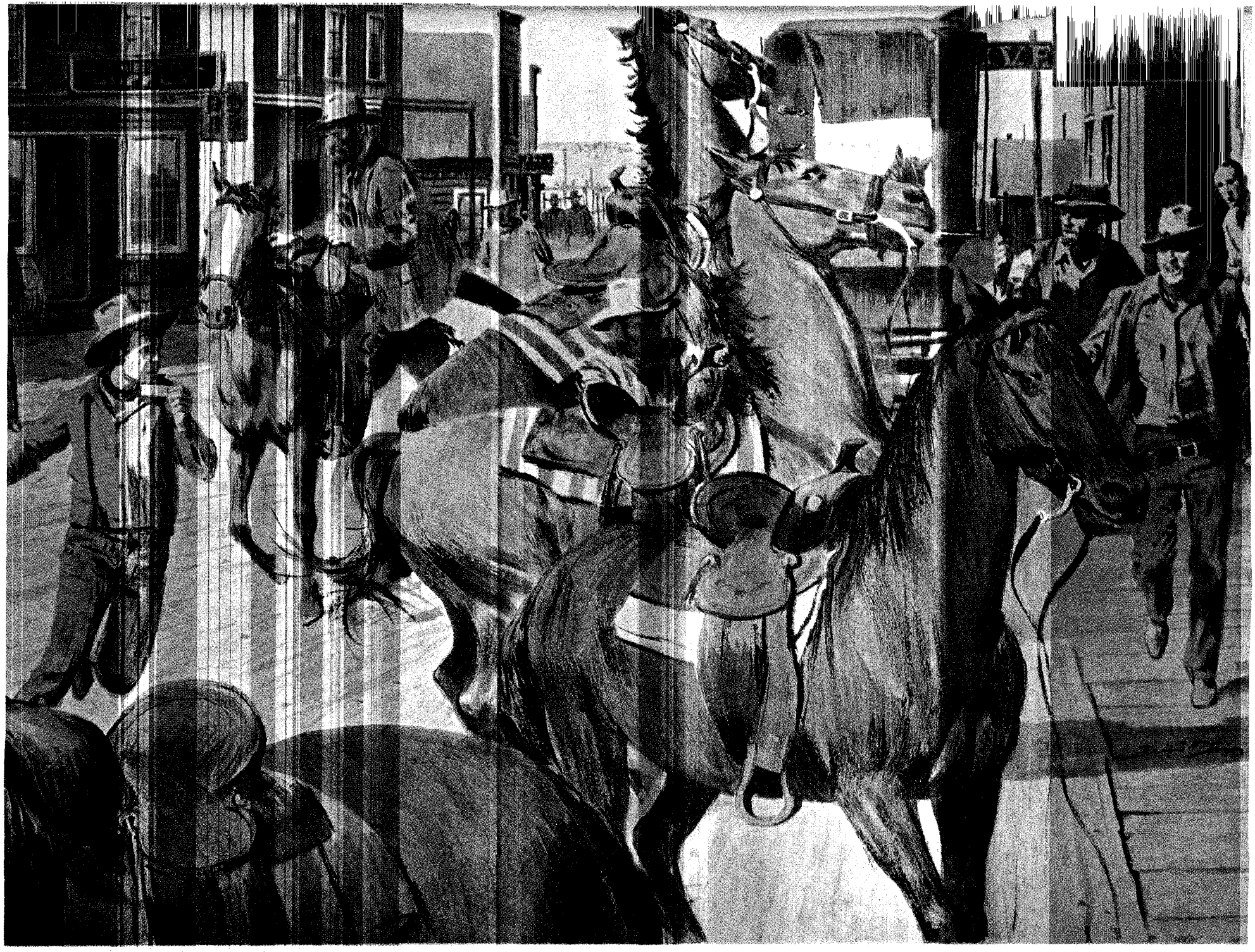

Quick as a cat Elnathan Calhoun had darted in among the lunging horses, harmonica in hand.

Outlaw Trail

By S. OMAR BARKER

The cowboy and the kid were learning to be bandits. Their first lesson: bank robbery.

The kid was rawboned, red-necked, straw-headed, small for sixteen and a long way from Arkansas. His name, if it mattered, was Elnathan Calhoun. The stump he sat on was the hip-high relic of a fallen patriarch, genus cottonwood. It was located in the noonday shade of a considerable *bosque* of its own glossy-leafed descendants, on the sunward side of the one-legged street of Bosque Largo, Territory of New Mexico, more or less U.S.A.

Old breast-yoke rings triple-stapled onto the top of the stump and hoof-trampled earth around its base bore witness to its sometime utility as a hitch rack. But there were no horses shading there now. There was only Elnathan Calhoun, who had judiciously cached his mount off up the draw and was now carelessly ensconced between hitch rings, blowing a soft whimsey of melody through a six-inch mouth harp. The tune was a tender ballad of hill-folk vintage called Barbara Ellen, and it had a lonesome sound.

That the rider dust-jogging up the road from the southeast was a pilgrim seemed evidenced by a lightly packed bed horse. Distantly viewed, he looked to be tall in the saddle, weathered in the hat, and adequately armed. His calling name, if it mattered, was Tonk McSpadden, and Texas lay six days behind him.

That the nearer rider approaching from the opposite direction was no pilgrim was betrayed by the undusty spruceness of his garb and rigging, from burnished black boots to brim-broad black sombrero, including the gleam of a six-shooter's mother-of-pearl handle in between. His calling name was Pete Hadlock; he wore a deputy sheriff's badge, and he rode his sleek sorrel proud and prancy, like a man who doesn't much care who's watching him, just so it's somebody.

He was within ten feet of the hitch stump when Elnathan Calhoun took a sudden notion to see what a sorrel horse would think of a train whistle, with no train in sight. What the *whee-oo-whee-whee-oo-oo* of Elnathan's mouth harp lacked in steam, it made up for in surprise. The sorrel did not think well of it. He promptly, as the (Continued on Page 85)

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School for Modern Diplomats

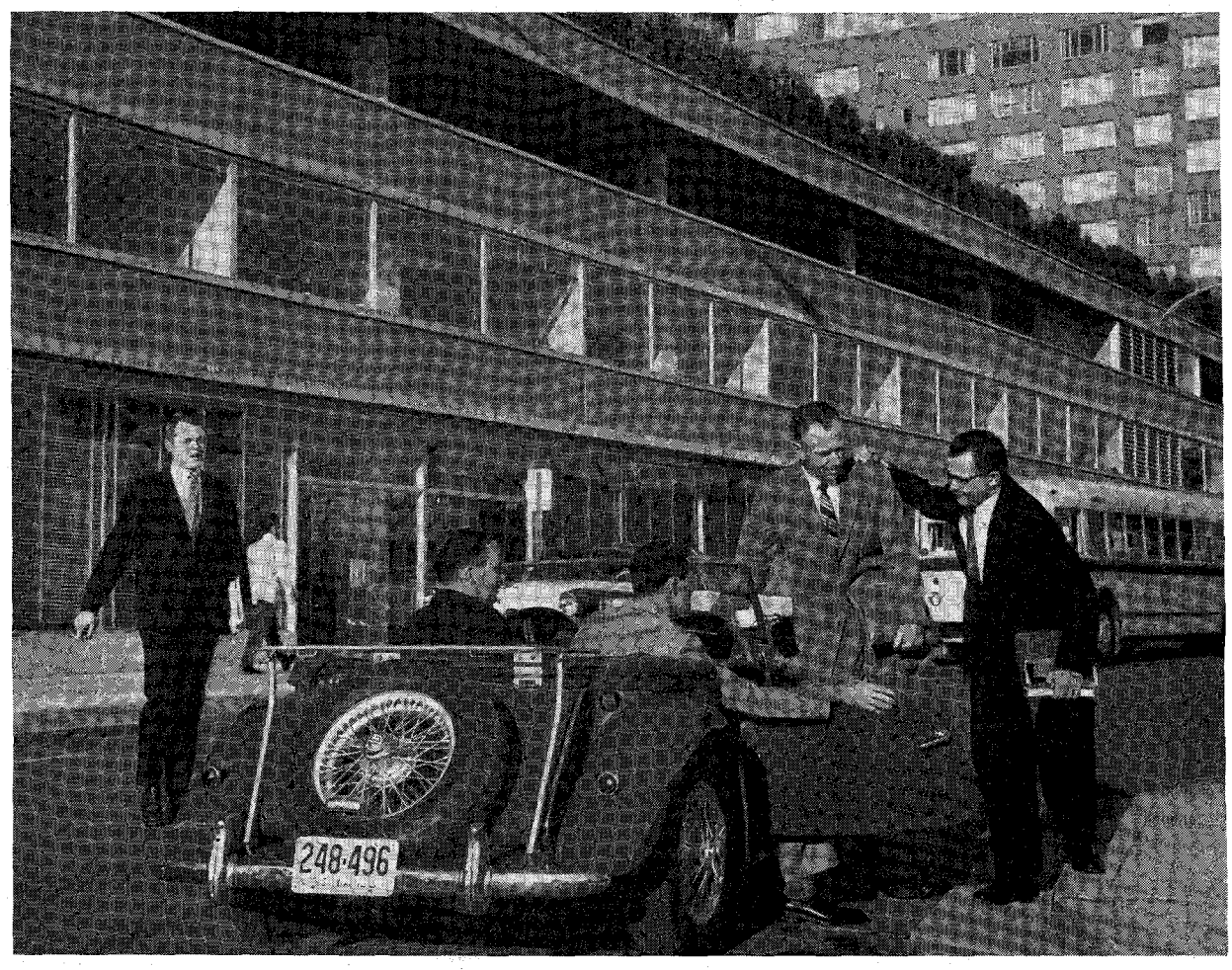
At the Foreign Service Institute, young Americans are learning strange languages and all the tricks of making friends for the U.S. They're also taught how to avoid classic diplomatic blunders.

By Henry F. and Katharine Pringle

Not very long ago, the typical young man who chose the United States Foreign Service as a career was a socialite, a graduate from an Eastern Seaboard college, had a private income and took pleasure in wearing striped pants. He limited his official and social contacts mainly to other diplomats. He spoke cultivated English and perhaps halting French or German. The mere notion of learning Arabic, Chinese or Malayan would have filled him with well-bred distaste. Foreigners should, of course, speak English.

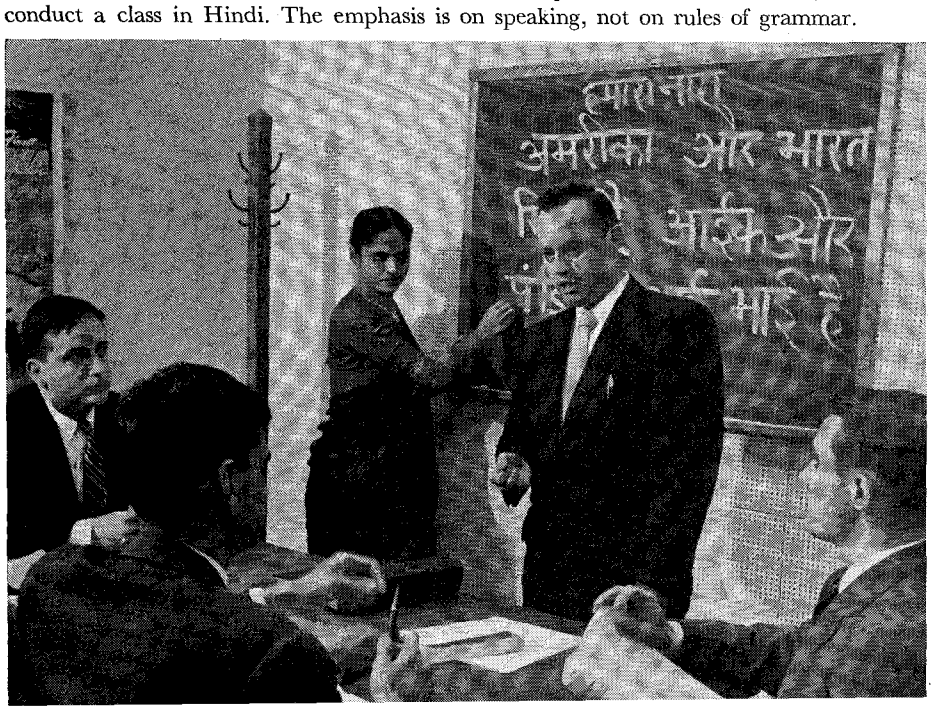
Happily, much of this has changed. Important in the evolution of our new, more practical style in diplomats is a unique school, the Foreign Service Institute, operated by the State Department in Arlington, Virginia, where successful candidates for the Foreign Service come for training. The backgrounds of the students are varied. They come from every state in the union, plus Hawaii. They are graduates of many different colleges, some quite small and obscure. Many are ex-servicemen; some have had experience as businessmen, newspaper reporters, teachers, lawyers and engineers. Ten per cent of them are girls—a fact which would have caused yesterday's diplomat to choke on the olive in his martini. Before going abroad, all of them will, through an intensive new method, learn to speak at least one foreign language.

(Continued on Page 89)

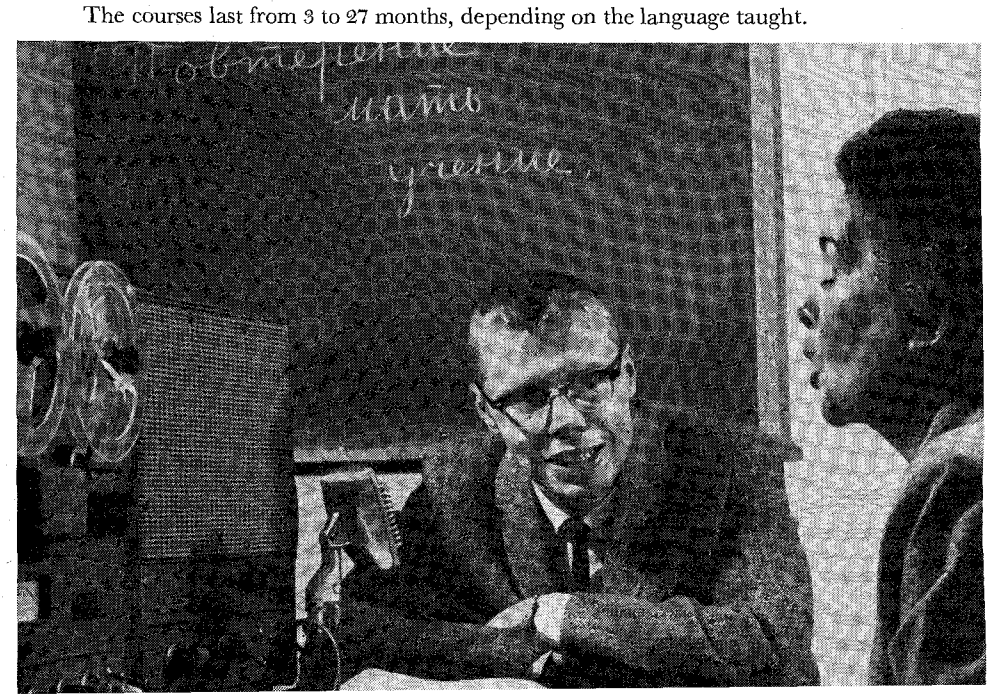


Arlington, Virginia: The institute is housed in a reconverted apartment-house garage, shown above.

Linguist J. Martin Harter (standing) and "native speaker" Usha Bahadue (left) conduct a class in Hindi. The emphasis is on speaking, not on rules of grammar.



The student below is learning Russian under the FSI's "intensive" method. The courses last from 3 to 27 months, depending on the language taught.



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Should Gambling be Legalized?

A veteran law-enforcement officer tells why he believes that legalized betting is the best way out in the battle of the police against the gambling racketeers.

By THOMAS J. GIBBONS, Philadelphia Commissioner of Police,
as told to Earl and Anne Selby

"If the courts won't change, the law must. It's unrealistic to go on as we are. Only the racketeers are profiting."

Last year my department made about 15,000 arrests for gambling in Philadelphia—and I say it's a waste of time.

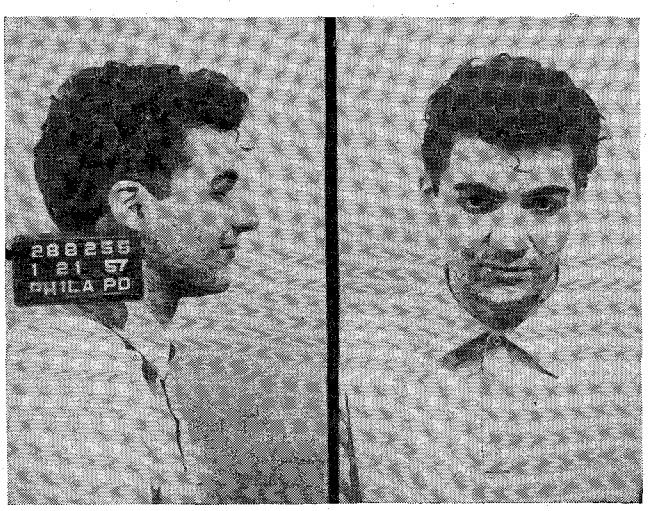
The truth, as any big-city police official can tell you, is that a police force can arrest, arrest and arrest and never upset the racketeering big shots. We seldom even make them miss an appointment at the manicurist's. In short, one form of organized vice is winning—may have already won—the fight against the law.

Take my city. Do I think it's honeycombed with bookmakers on every street corner and numbers writers on every assembly line? Certainly I don't. Nor do I think that Philadelphia has a welcome mat out for the racketeers. There are at least eight other major cities with a worse record than ours. And there's been no letup in arrests of racketeers in Philadelphia. We made more gambling pinches in 1958 than in any other year on record—nearly triple our 1953 total.

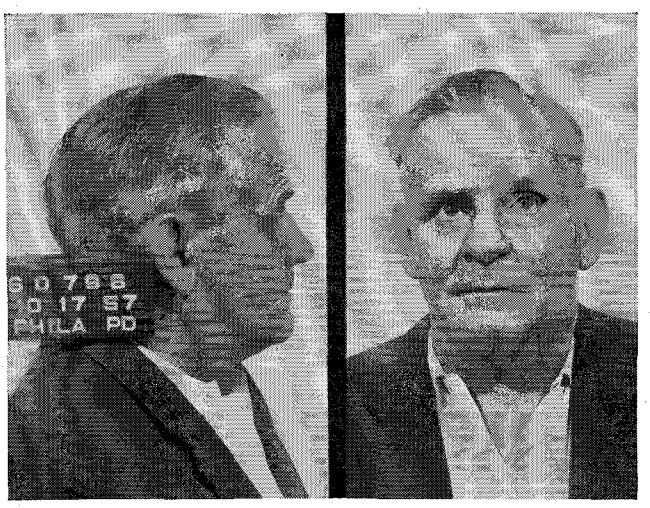
That jump in the number of our arrests is something to think about. Ever since I became police commissioner back in 1952, one of my major goals has been to break the back of the gambling racket. My men have known from the beginning that I wanted every gambler picked up for every offense. I had hoped that we'd make it so hot for them that they'd move out, but that obviously didn't happen. We're arresting more of them than ever.

How come? Arrests are made for two reasons: To punish the law's violators and to deter future violations. At this point in our history, gambling arrests achieve neither aim. The

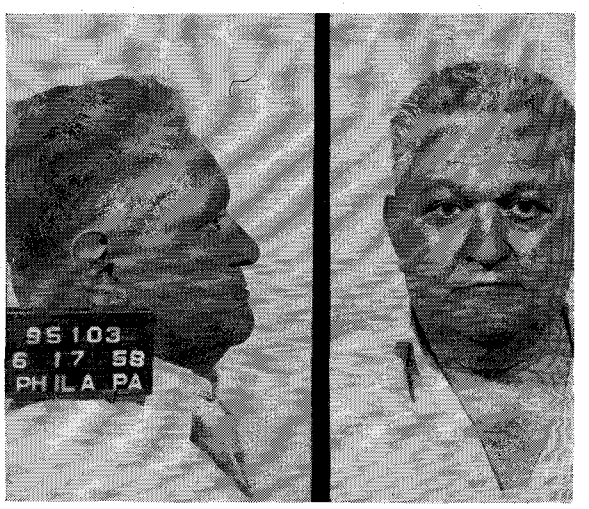
THESE GAMBLERS HAVE FOUND THE COURTROOM ODDS IN THEIR FAVOR



Anthony Provenzano: Age 25; six arrests on numbers charges—two while awaiting trial on earlier counts.



James D. Bailey: 46 arrests. Once police seized $2228 in a raid. Bailey was tried, acquitted—and the judge gave him the money.



Jack Pinkenson: 18 arrests. In his 30 years as a gambler his fines have been progressively lighter.

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racketeers in my city—and in every large city, I'm sure—know they have little to fear in the courts.

Here is the unpleasant fact about the way gambling racketeers fare in court: Less than 1 per cent of all those arrested every year in Philadelphia get jail sentences. Either the case is dismissed or the convicted wind up paying chicken-feed fines.

Recently I had fliers posted in every Philadelphia police station, listing fifty-four men and women with police records on racket and other charges. The fifty-four have 972 arrests divided among them; 562 of the pinches are for bookmaking, numbers writing, crap games and gambling conspiracies. Only thirty of these gambling arrests resulted in jail sentences. That's twenty to one you stay out of jail.

What gambling man could ask for better odds? And the odds get even better when you consider that only one sentence was for more than a year; some were as short as four days; another began as a three-month term, but was chopped to eight days.

Is that the way to punish the violators of the law and to deter future violations? I say NO.

I am not saying that magistrates and judges are pocketing money in return for discharges or easy fines. My criticism is that most judges seem to accept the convenient fiction that organized gambling is not really a serious cancer, and that the ends of the law are served by imposing a fine.

Racketeers laugh at court fines. They are just another business expense to them—and not much of an expense at that. Of those racket pinches I mentioned earlier, our records show that 143 ended with $22,000 in fines being paid. That's an average of $150. For many racketeers the fine is not even the price of a new suit.

True enough, the courts frequently order gambling defendants to pay the costs of a trial, even when they're found not guilty. Yet consider the case of one James D. Bailey, who lives in suburban Philadelphia. He's fifty-nine years old, but police records still carry his onetime alias of "Young Buck Bailey." In October of 1957 my police arrested him and eight other men in a West Philadelphia house. The police confiscated $2228.15 in cash and also forty-one pairs of dice. In the magistrate's hearing, as reported in (Continued on Page 66)

Mitchell Cohen: 32 arrests on rackets charges. Found guilty nine times, he has never served a day in jail.

THE POST'S POSITION

The article beginning on these pages will, we know, stir our more thoughtful readers to vehement rebuttal. Certainly there *is* "another side," and many, perhaps a majority, support it. Their views have been aired repeatedly in press and pulpit. The value of Commissioner Gibbons' piece, therefore, is that it presents a viewpoint seldom heard—that of the professional who must live with the moral pretenses of a nation that does not behave as it legislates.

The Post's position in this controversy is clear:

We cannot now share Gibbons' belief that gambling should be legalized. At the same time, we know that gamblers can't prosper without customers and that a society that countenances bingo and raffles for Sweet Charity's sake, and distinguishes between horse-track pari-mutuel betting and street-corner bookmaking, is guilty of no more than pious pretense.

Gambling laws today are said to be roughly comparable to the Volstead Act in the 1920's. Then, "an unenforceable statute" provided bootleggers with funds needed to finance a criminal empire. Gambling now supports the underworld—and supports it very handsomely. In doing so, it teaches millions contempt for law, corrupts police forces, exposes the double face of American morality.

Commissioner Gibbons has a point. He deserves to be heard.

THE EDITORS

WHAT FOUR LEADING AMERICANS THINK OF THE GIBBONS PROPOSAL

THE EX-PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE AND WARTIME DIRECTOR OF THE WAVES SAYS:

I sympathize with a discouraged Commissioner of Police, but I don't like the proposed solution to his problem. State-run gambling provides easy money, but it costs too much in the long run. It puts the state, which represents all citizens, in the business of doing something which is morally offensive to many—and I suspect most—of them. I doubt if changing the law to accommodate organized racketeering could really "breed respect for the law."

Mildred McAfee Horton

A MISSOURI CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE AND PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC MEN SAYS:

It appears that Mr. Gibbons bemoans the fact that less than 1 per cent of the individuals arrested for gambling offenses get jail sentences. I do not believe that a valid conclusion can be drawn by comparing the number of arrests with the number of convictions, when frequently arrests are made almost on sight and without presentable evidence of gambling. Moreover, it would be a sad day if Americans were to abandon a valid law enacted to preserve public morals, merely because the judges would not enforce it. If such condition exists, the change should be in the courts.

David A. McMullan

THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES SAYS:

Commissioner Gibbons is repeating the oldest fallacy of the human race: the idea that you can lessen an evil by legalizing it. Past history in America gives ample proof that where legalized gambling has been tried it has failed. The issue is a spiritual one, fraught with immense significance for the character of the nation. The quicker we get over the idea that getting something for nothing will build up the economic and moral structure of America, the better.

Edwin T. Dahlberg

THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION SAYS:

I do not agree with Commissioner Gibbons that state-sanctioned betting will eliminate racketeers. The difficulty in coping with this big-city problem is caused by our failure to recast our legal machinery to meet today's needs. Commissioner Gibbons' criticism of judges could best be directed toward the laws which the judges must interpret and apply. Legislation which provided mandatory jail terms for repeaters would end much of the trouble. Gibbons does not face up to the moral problem involved and the great injury which would flow from encouraging gambling by legalizing it. People respect that law which is worthy of respect, and I do not believe that a law legalizing gambling on a broad scale, such as Commissioner Gibbons recommends, is morally right nor worthy of respect.

Charles S. Rhyne

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The figure raised its arms in a gesture of supplication. Then there was a strange, animallike scream of fear.

McArdle was above superstition. Now he had a chance to prove it.

The Mystery of the Icecap

By ROBERT MURPHY

The three of them had been walking for several hours, stretching their legs and shooting an occasional ptarmigan to vary the ship's diet, and in the light, shifting mist they didn't see the stones at first. That came after the sudden feeling of oppression had descended upon them at the little valley's mouth. One moment they had been laughing at something the Eskimo Kimloktiuk—Kim—had said, and the next the feeling had got hold of them. It was as though a hovering, intangible melancholy, caused by some ancient bloodshed or great sorrow, clung to the place. Their laughter died and the talking stopped; they looked at one another in silence for a moment. There wasn't anything they could see except the small stream running through the lichened rocks and silvery caribou moss, and the misty rise of the hills beyond.

"What gives?" Randy Micheals, the helicopter pilot, said.

"I don't know, lad," Tim MacArdle said. He was the first mate of the ship, Glenloch, a converted destroyer escort sent up the Baffin

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Island coast by a steel company, carrying the helicopter to fly searches for ore deposits. A big, dark Nova Scotian from Halifax, he spoke with a faint cockney accent and had a rather overbearing air. "I feel like I've got into a 'aunted 'ouse."

The Eskimo, who was on the ship for his knowledge of the country, gave them a puzzled grin. "Bad thing happen here, maybe," he said. "We go see?"

"Sure," Micheals said. "Why not?"

They started up the little valley, walking slowly and looking carefully about, but they were nearly to the end of it before Kim stopped and pointed off to the left. There were several mounds of earth there, eroded and fading into the background, difficult to see; what had attracted Kim's quick eye was an upright thing that looked like a post, five or six feet high, bleached almost to the color of the mist. Neither of the white men would have noticed it; they hadn't grown up in a treeless country where nothing vertical occurs unless someone has put it there.

When they got to the thing they found that it stood in a break in one of the mounds, which weren't mounds at all, but circular earth walls lined on the inside with tremendous stones. The floor of the place was several feet below ground level; some of the stones had fallen into it, on top of other big, flat stones lying like platforms or benches around the walls. Clearly the place had once been a habitation and Micheals stared down into it, bemused by its look of immense and melancholy age, trying to imagine the people who could have dug into the iron-hard permafrost with bone knives and set the great stones in place. He moved over to the post and touched it; it was a piece of eroded bone, pitted by weather and time. Kim suddenly gave a low exclamation and sucked in his breath.

Micheals looked up. "What's the scoop?" he asked. He was beginning to feel a stir of excitement at the discovery. "You know something about this, kid?"

The Eskimo seemed a little excited too. "Is maybe Toonijuk," he said. "Very big people, long time ago. My grandfather tell me, Toonijuk gone long time before he is born." He pointed to the post. "This bone," he said. "Agga-wek, whale. Bone from whale mouth, part of door. Many more, maybe, to hold up skin roof. All gone. My people kill them."

"Bloody nonsense," MacArdle said. It was the first time he'd said anything. "Your people couldn't fight their way out of a wet paper bag."

Kim, who had been gazing into the excavation, turned slowly and gave him a level look; the expression of warm and cheerful friendliness that Micheals had never seen off his face was gone. Micheals thought he could read a sort of puzzlement in it, as though Kim, friendly as all Eskimos, was trying to understand MacArdle's rather stupid hostility and cope quietly with it. Ever since Kim had come aboard at Frobisher Bay, MacArdle had shown an antipathy to him—an antipathy that had been strengthened a few days later when Kim saved the helicopter by discovering in time, and correcting, a sloppy job MacArdle had made (Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff

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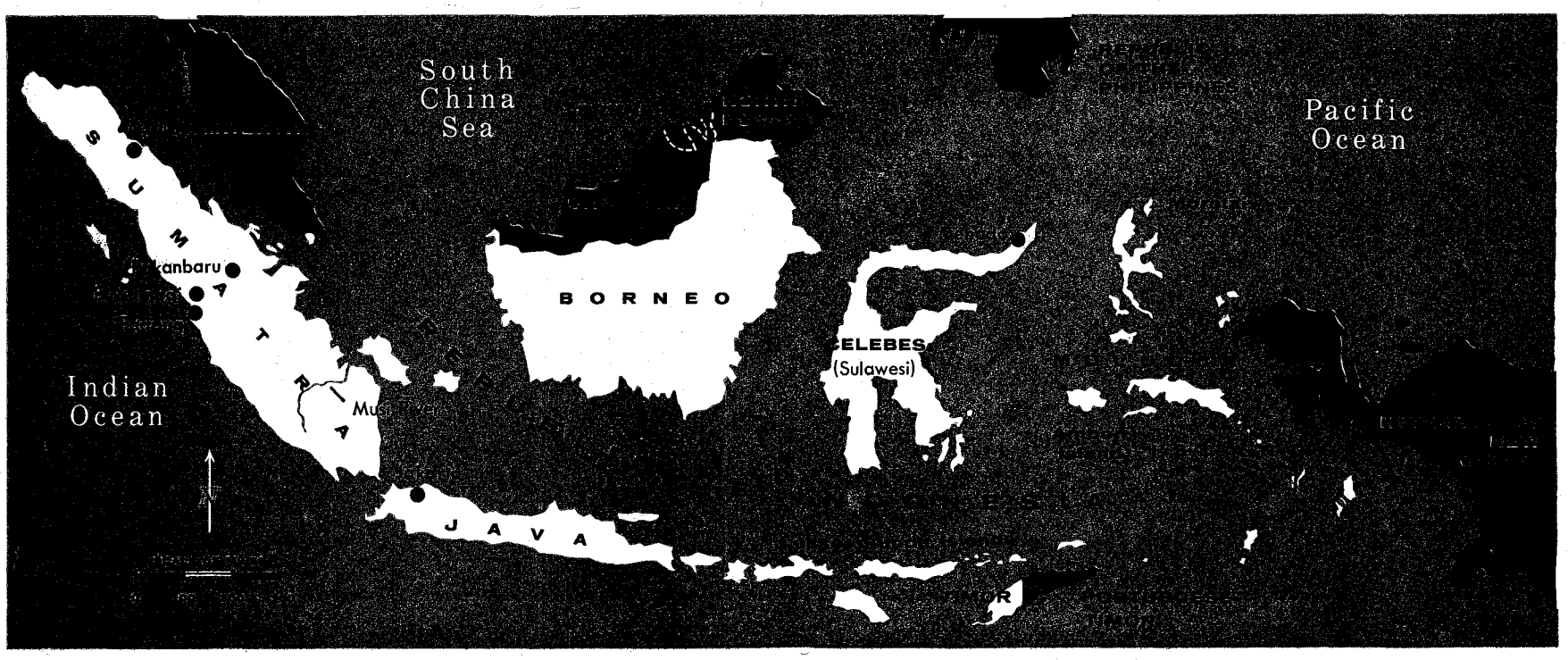

Indonesia's eighty-four million inhabitants live on an archipelago which stretches over a sea area comparable in size to the continental United States.

In the uneasy aftermath of civil war, rich, strategic Indonesia walks the perilous tightrope of "neutrality" between the Communists and the West. A Post editor reports from

The Troubled Islands of Southeast Asia

By Harold H. Martin

After his 1956 tour of Red China, Indonesia's President Sukarno (right) spoke high praise of Mao Tse-tung (left). But now even Sukarno has begun to understand that the Communists are a threat to his country.

In Indonesia, in the last tense days before the rebellion in Sumatra flared up, to sputter feebly for a while and finally die away into sporadic guerrilla war, an amiable bureaucrat of Mr. Sukarno's government at Jakarta tried to explain to a puzzled visitor how his country had managed to get itself into such a mess.

It was all very simple—and inevitable, said Mr. Ruslan Abdulgani. All that was happening in Indonesia in this troubled spring of 1958, and all that had happened, and all that would come to pass in the future, had long since been foretold. Years before the first Dutch ships had appeared in Indonesian waters, said Mr. Abdulgani, a prince of Java, who was a soothsayer by avocation, had written a book of dreams and prophecies, called the *Joyo Boyo*. It predicted the coming of the blue-eyed Dutch, and told of the sorrow the people must endure for many generations under their rule. But the people must not lose hope, the book said, for other men would come—small men with slanted eyes, whose skins were the color of the yellow water buffalo—and they would drive the Dutch away. These men—who were, of course, the Japanese—would stay during the time it took a field of corn to grow, and would themselves be driven (Continued on Page 63)

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Young and Pampered

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

She had such expensive tastes. How could any man afford her?

"The absolutely basic essentials," I said firmly to myself, "are food, clothing, rent, drugs, doctor and cleaners." Then I put my head down on that adorable little Queen Anne desk I bought last month and cried bitterly. Beside me, on a sweet tole tray which I actually stole from that antique dealer on Third Avenue, reposed at least thirty-five antiseptic-looking white envelopes containing thirty-five horrendous bills. I pushed at them with a shaking finger.

"All right, Barbara Ann Carson," I said scathingly, "see where your madness has led you. Straight to debtor's prison." Blindly I selected the least official-looking bill. "Three dozen daffodils, six dollars and eighty cents."

"What about that, Marie Antoinette?" I cried aloud. "You had to have the first daffodils to brave the snow!" Well, it had been one of those dark days when I had suddenly tired of being a junior, junior executive at Designs Unlimited. I wanted to shut out the gloom of an early April day in New York City. What better than masses and masses of hothouse daffodils on the window sill? "O.K.," I told myself sternly. "The daffodils made your heart leap up. But what about the bill for the Italian-silk chemise?"

"I can answer that too," I said airily. "I work in an office full of women looking for men. I'm twenty-three and unmarried. My basic black was so basic nobody knew I was alive. That chemise got me two dinner invitations and tickets to The Music Man."

I glanced desultorily at the next bill. "*Coeur à la crème* molds, madeline tins, *pot-au-feu* casseroles. Twenty-seven dollars and thirteen cents." Well, I come from a Pennsylvania Dutch background and (Continued on Page 79)

"Are you by any chance free to take dinner with me tonight?" he asked.

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On his 100,000-acre Catarina Ranch, cattleman Dolph Briscoe, Jr. (center), inspects rootplowing operations. The specially designed plow blade at left is the key weapon in the attack on ravaged grazing land.

TEXAS GRASS IS COMING BACK

By JOHN BIRD

For more than fifty years cattlemen have fought a losing battle against a blight that threatened to destroy the range. Here's how they have turned the tide.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

When Texans talk about their "brush country" they are guilty—for once—of understatement. For the thickets of South Texas are no modest collection of shrubbery, but rather a vicious, invading jungle that has engulfed millions of acres of once-rich grasslands, described in early days as "the best wild pastures in the world," bringing calamity that could be equaled only if all the state's oil wells went dry. For more than half a century hard-pressed cattlemen have tried to beat back this creeping blight of spiny trees and cactus, only to see it spread, driving out the prairie grass, leaving the soil as bare and unproductive as an old

Rootplowing has doubled the per-acre beef yield for Briscoe (below, with his daughter, Cele, 2).

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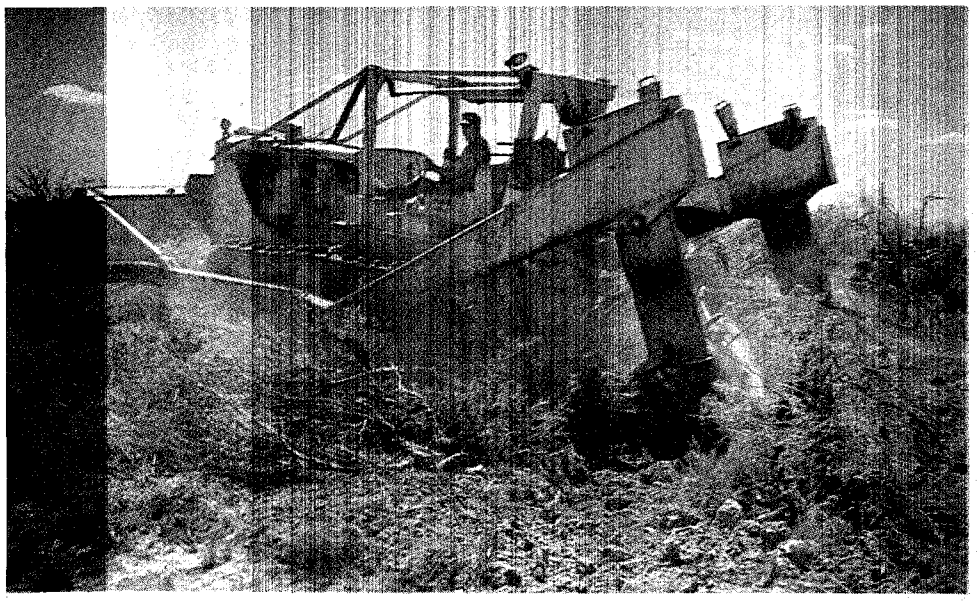


The brush killer in action: This tractor has raised its nine-foot blade (at rear of driver) to clear it before taking a new bite 16 inches below the surface.

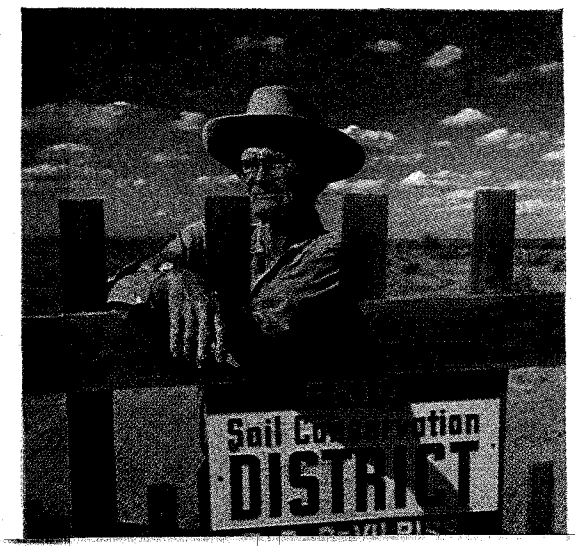
stove lid. The brush has bankrupted many a rancher. It has caused streams which once ran steady and clear to wither into muddy channels that flood wildly after heavy rains, then go dry.

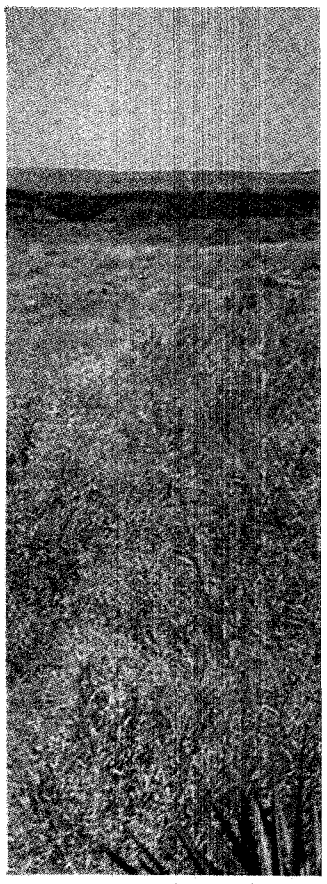
Against this background, it is no wonder that Tom G. DeVilbiss and hundreds of other brush-battered ranchers believe they are taking part in something of a modern miracle. They are seeing the mesquite, huisache, blackbrush and other invaders go down to defeat, at last, and the green grass come back. For the long, lean and weathered DeVilbiss it was a last-minute rescue of the old homestead, like something out of a horse opera. He had started ranching in 1944 when he bought a place that had been in his family—615 brushy acres along San Miguel Creek in Frio County. Two years later, DeVilbiss and his family barely escaped with their lives when a flash flood swept away the ranch buildings and most of the livestock. He moved to a higher location on his land, built another ranch headquarters, and started over again. But his prospects weren't bright. Encroaching brush and searing droughts were destroying the little grass that was left.

"I didn't have a dollar in the world," he told me. "I raised goats—the only stock that could make a livin' on this poor land."

Then four years ago a conservationist from the Frio Soil Conservation District told DeVilbiss about a newly developed method called rootplowing and reseeding, a process in which a huge, specially designed plow rips the stubborn brush out of the land, which is seeded in the same operation with new, drought-resistant grasses. The method was still somewhat experimental and it was expensive—around twelve dollars an (Continued on Page 76)

Rancher Tom DeVilbiss nearly went bankrupt before his land was saved. "Now I'm sitting pretty," he says.





Above: Before rootplowing, the

Below: Santa Gertrudis cattle g

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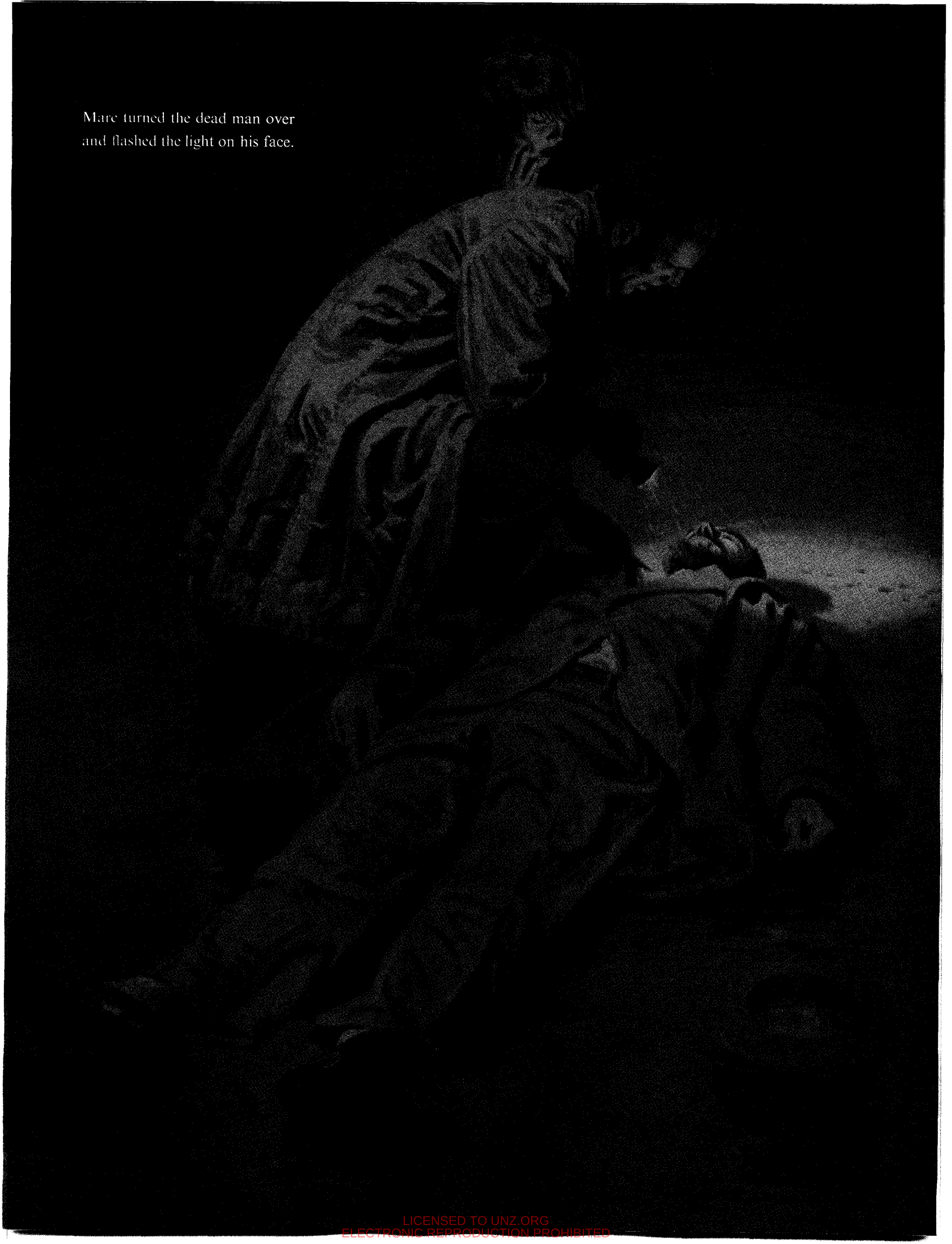
Marc turned the dead man over
and flashed the light on his face.



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He was already a hunted fugitive. And now he was involved in a murder.

ESCAPE INTO DANGER

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

Marc Hollis had been convicted of perjury for denying, under oath, that he was a Communist. John Dayn, U.S. counterspy chief, arranged for Marc to escape from custody, because Dayn hoped Marc could lead him to the missing microfilm containing top-secret information on Project M. Marc's reason for breaking loose: Dayn told him that Communist spies had kidnaped Marc's blind brother, Jamie Hollis, and would release Jamie in exchange for the film. All Marc knew was that the film was concealed somewhere in San Francisco.

Now a fugitive, Marc complicated his mission by rescuing Tresa Welar, a Hungarian refugee, from an ill-tempered truck driver. With his new companion, Marc was almost trapped by Akim, the Communist agent responsible for Jamie's abduction. But Tresa helped Marc elude Akim, and they left him, his Communist-fanatic niece, Ellamae, and his strong man, Karl, temporarily stranded. Then Marc and Tresa resumed their perilous journey.

III

Akim walked grimly through the darkness, muttering as his narrow pointed shoes pinched.

"Really, Uncle Akim," said Ellamae, at his side, her long young legs moving in an easy stride, in spite of her high-heeled sling pumps, "you should have stayed with the car. Karl and I could have walked back alone and got help and sent a tow car for you."

Akim forgot to be suave and polite and dapper. He barked at her, "I'm perfectly capable of walking!"

"Of course you are!" Ellamae's high voice was anxious, as always, not to displease him. "But it is such a waste, of talent like yours, to become weary in this ridiculous fashion."

"It isn't ridiculous! I had Marc Hollis and that girl just where I wanted them, and you and this fool Karl bungled it and let them get away!"

At his other side, Karl, who wore a neat bandage on his curly blond hair, made a furious, animal sound. Karl, like Akim, was surly in defeat. Nor did he take kindly to abuse, even from Akim. Karl loved excitement and violence, not words and theories.

Ellamae was properly contrite. "We know, Uncle Akim, Karl and I failed you. Failed the cause. But that girl looked so young and wide-eyed, and she asked me how to spell 'captive.' Why should she want to spell 'captive' when she was in the—unless she was writing a note? So, naturally, I went in to check, and when she slammed the door, I was just unprepared, that was all. I had no idea she knew who we were. I ——"

"And Karl," said Akim, in a coldly furious voice, "big he-man Karl let a hundred pounds of skinny girl knock him over like a sack of feathers."

Karl made another angry-animal sound. He had followed Akim for nine years, since Akim had taken him from a reform school. Karl had known from the first that the bond between him and Akim was unbreakable, that if Akim needed him, he also needed Akim. But that did not give Akim the right to call him names.

Ellamae was getting more anxious. She stumbled over a stone. "The girl didn't knock Karl out. She had a board. How could Karl know she had a board? If I had done my job properly, she wouldn't have been there at all. It was my failure, not Karl's. If there is an inquiry, I shall take full responsibility before the Central Committee."

Akim shouted, "There will be no inquiry! There will be no report to the Central Committee!"

In the darkness he could feel Ellamae's brown eyes peering through her thick glasses at him. "Not on you or your work, of course. But on the question of Karl's and my failing the party, our loyalty, our attitudes, there must always be a report to the Central Committee. In triplicate. You know that."

"Damn the Central Committee!"

Usually Akim bore with Ellamae very patiently, pretending to go along on party things, which actually touched Akim very little. Since they could not possibly be about him or his activities, normally reports in triplicate meant nothing to Akim. He was, in fact, glad to have Ellamae occupied with meetings and pamphlets and studies of attitudes and loyalty to the party; though, he thought wearily, she did not have to be so militant about them.

"Now, now," said Akim more calmly. "You know what I mean, Ellamae."

"No, I don't!"

"This is not regular party business." He spoke gently now, for this was the effective tone to use with Ellamae's panic. "You know that. There can be no reports on my work, even obliquely. I am astonished that you should suggest such a thing. You know our policy of strictest autonomy and secrecy. The other spy rings now operating in this country are unknown to me, and I to them. Only I and my superiors know all the members of my ring. I have secrets even from you. Agents you do not know. It must be so. No one person is indispensable. If Marc Hollis had killed me ——"

And what a fool Marc Hollis was not to, he thought grimly. *Soft, these Americans. That is why we shall beat them. And that is why I work for the Communists. To be on the side that wins in the end. That and, of course, the lovely, lovely money. The Communist Party bookkeeping is so beautifully lax. And besides the money, the pure pleasure of conquering other men's minds and bodies, seeing them bend and break.*

Beside him, Karl was moved to furious, sputtering speech, "When I get my mitts on that damn little Hungarian tart!"

"That's enough," said Akim sharply. "My niece is present."

Ellamae laughed, her short, businesslike laugh that was somehow as efficient as were her housekeeping and secretarial methods. "Really, Uncle Akim. Do you think a girl in this day and age can get a master's degree in social studies without hearing swear words?"

Akim ignored her. When Ellamae was priding herself on being modern and outspoken and emancipated, there was nothing to do but ignore her.

He said, "If it hadn't been for that Hungarian girl, Karl, you'd be in serious trouble. I want Marc Hollis alive, not dead. In another minute, by your own story, you would have choked him to death."

Karl muttered profanely under his breath and cracked his big, powerful knuckles.

Akim raised his voice and put authority into it. "Remember, Karl, I want Marc Hollis and that Hungarian girl. I had them once, and I intend to have them again. And I want them alive and in condition to think and talk. Otherwise they are no good to me."

Karl muttered sulkily, "I can't help accidents."

Akim put still more authority into his voice. It cracked like a whip, and Karl winced under it. "No accidents! If there are any, I shall personally see that you have one of your own!"

(Continued on Page 68)

Illustrated by Stan Galli

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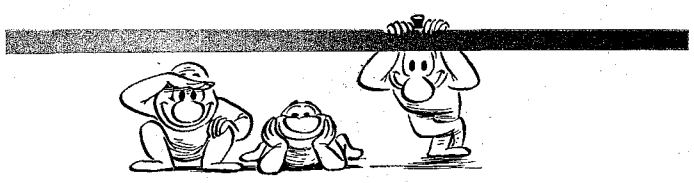
Post Scripts



Drama Criticism on the Local Scene

There has been varied dramatic fare on the boards of Maple Street this week. The critics have said:

THE YELLOW HAT: Seasoned performer Hester Milwick runs the gamut of emotions in this moving drama of a work-worn woman who asks of her drab, shabby life only a new yellow hat. Says Henry Milwick, "An old theme given new vitality by an irresistible performance."

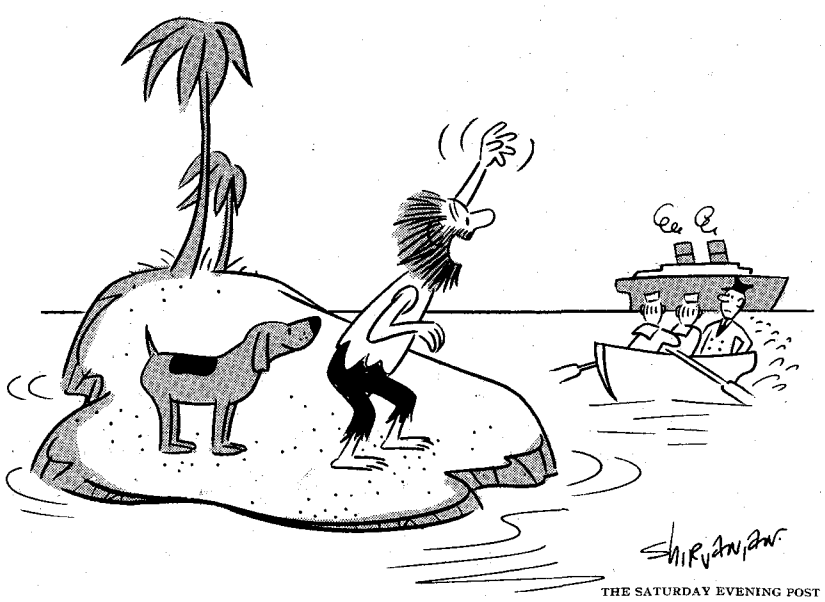
THE GRASS IS HIGH: This touching tale sees Charles Donahue as the man—severely crippled by sitting in an awkward position on the commuter train—who is driven relentlessly toward crushing physical labor by a heartless overseer. A hay-fever subplot in the second act adds little. Reviewer Mary Donahue was unimpressed. "Overdone," said she, "and weakly motivated."

SUSAN FESPER FACES LIFE: The fifteen-year-old heroine, buffeted by the storms of fate, pleads for a last brief hour of happiness with the man she loves before he goes out of her life for the entire Christmas vacation to his grandmother's house in Altoona, Pennsylvania. Clearly a problem play, the drama asks the question "Must a young girl's heart be sacrificed to the conventions of a weekday night, when she could easily do her algebra some other time?"

"Compelling," says elderly critic Edward Fesper.

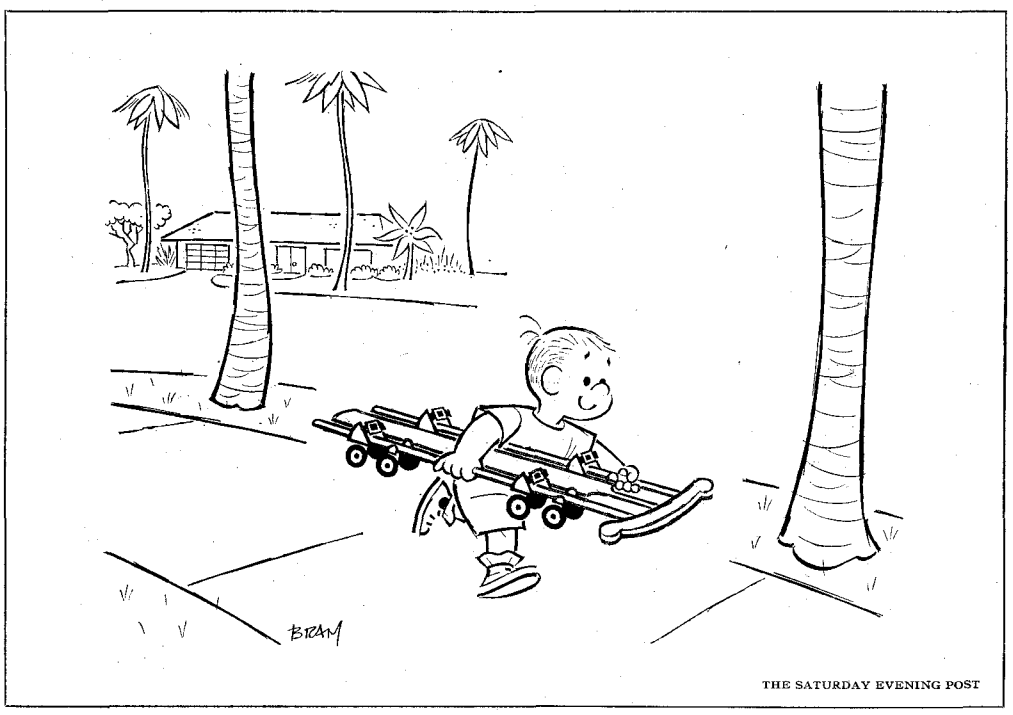
MY KINGDOM FOR A CAR!: Seventeen-year-old Myron Henshaw, Jr., is seen in the current revival of this old standard. As an underprivileged youth, scoffed at by friends and driven to near-madness by the aroma of gasoline, young Henshaw failed to convince, however. "This does not mean," says Myron Henshaw, Sr., "that we will not hear more from this boy in the future."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Arf! Arf!"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Low-Down on Bats

Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display—News Item.

After an eye-opening interview with a duck who didn't like to swim and an ant who wasn't crazy about carrying crumbs, I decided to get the inside story on bats. I happened to find one hanging upside down in our attic. Getting out my pad and pencil and adjusting my flashlight (it was dark up there), I said: "Do you mind being a bat?"

"Yes," he replied. "Frankly, I'd rather be a ball."

I ignored his riposte.

"Must you hang upside down while we talk?" I said.

"It's good for the circulation, Charley. You ought to try it."

"Do bats like belfries?"

"There are very few good belfries left," the bat said, ruffling his wings. "It gets tougher all the time to find one you can fly through without bumping into electronic chimes."

He seemed rather sensitive on this point and kept slipping off the rafter, so I changed the subject.

"Do bats do anything unusual?" I asked. "Like grow mushrooms?"

"Say that again, Herbert?"

"Grow mushrooms," I said, trying to keep calm. "I had an interview with an ant recently. Ants not only grow mushrooms but they also milk their own cows. Ants are industrious and very civilized."

"They also get stepped on," he shot back.

"Look," I said sharply. "I don't have to interview you. There's a queen bee who's dying to tell all."

"Don't get sore, Chester; I thought a little levity might brighten things up."

"Would you care to comment on the sex life of bats?"

"I'm not sure I could," he said. "It's pretty dark up here. . . ."

Closing my pad with a snap, I said: "Apparently I haven't asked the right questions, or you're being very un-co-operative. Before I go, is there anything you care to tell me about bats?"

"No, kiddo. But there's a few things I'd like to say about people. In the first place, most of them are bats. . . ."

As I walked down the attic stairs to meet the queen bee, I could still hear his voice.

JACK BROWNELL

Note Re Christmas Thank-You Notes

Please take your time, or you will be
Deplorably ahead of me.
Procrastinate a month or two,
And I will do the same for you.

MARGARET FISHBACK

The Gentle Brush

"Gregg? Herb here. About that terrific TV idea of yours. We bounced it along the conference table. We chased it down the road to see what it eats. We ran it up the mast to see if anyone saluted, and everybody admits it's heavily charged. But it's too far out in left field for today's TV viewer. Maybe in four-five years ——"

"Ann dear, you are simply a *doll* to offer to be my vice-chairman. And you'd be absolutely *ideal*. But on account of your family responsibilities and Ralph getting so upset when you overdo, I am asking Mrs. H. Hamilton Hedgewood III to serve instead. Maybe when the children are older and you have a full-time maid ——"

"Honestly, daddy, Bonnie and I have always just *loved* to have you take us to Saturday matinees and buy us popcorn, and sodas after, and all that jazz. *Honest* we have. But, well—you see I'm twelve and a half now, and Bonnie is over thirteen, and well—some of the boys in our class are going to the matinee this Saturday too—and on account of us getting older and stuff—why, we decided that from now on ——"

Dear Sir,

As chairman of the nominating committee of the Blue Marlin Yacht Club, I wish to say that we are deeply flattered at your request to join us and sincerely regret that we have completed our membership quota.

If, at some future date, one of our members should resign, we will gladly consider placing your name on our waiting list.

"Howie! How wonderful to hear your voice! It was dismal with you gone—simply heartbreak. . . . Did I *miss* you? I honestly went ape every time I thought of you and me—the way we dance together—the way we like the very same people and the very same things—did I *miss* you? Ummmmmmmmmmm! . . . A date tonight? Oh, Howie, I'm *so* sorry. Honestly, I'd *love* to see you, but, you see, while you were away I got engaged and ——"

MM PORTERFIELD

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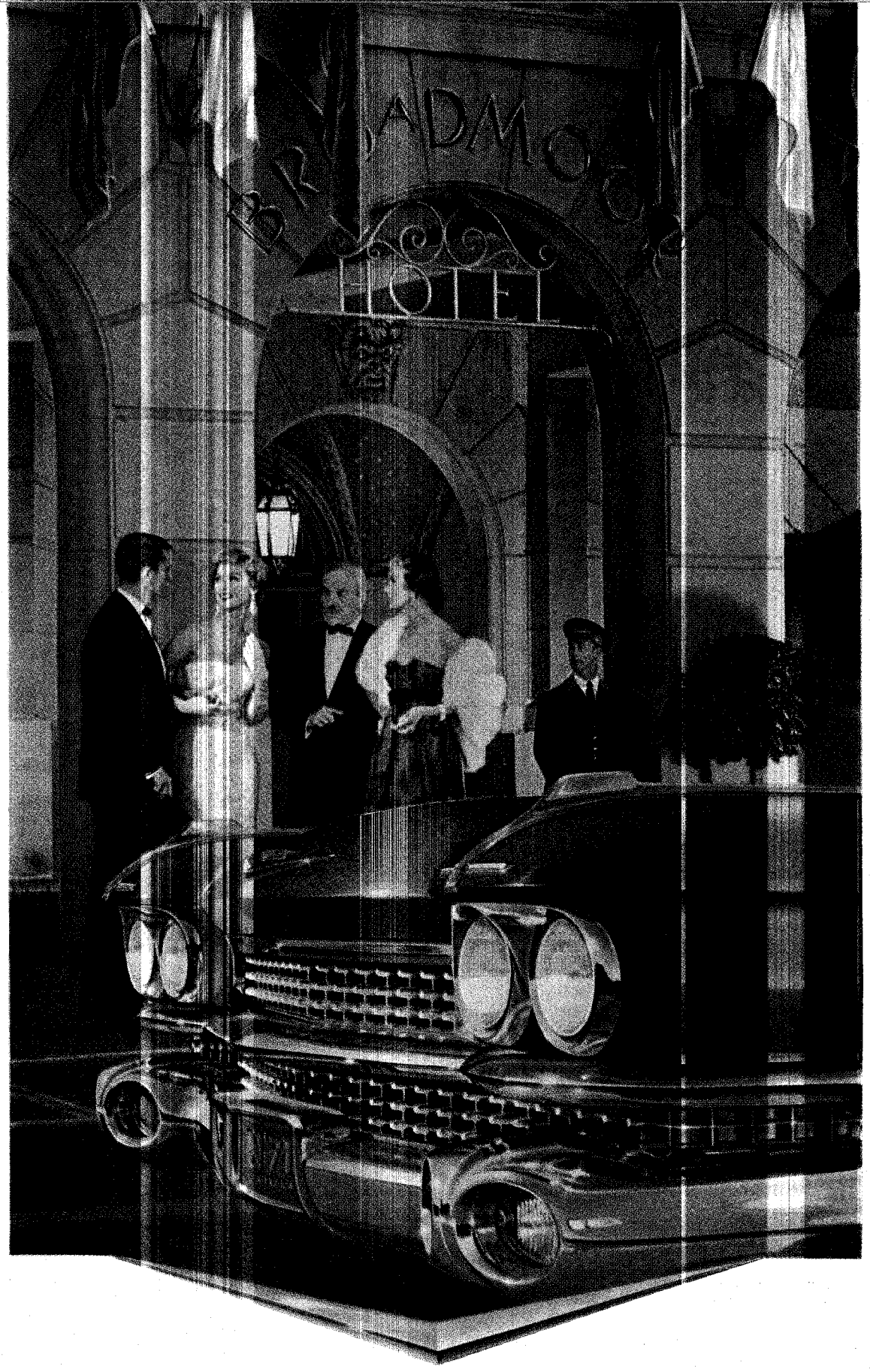
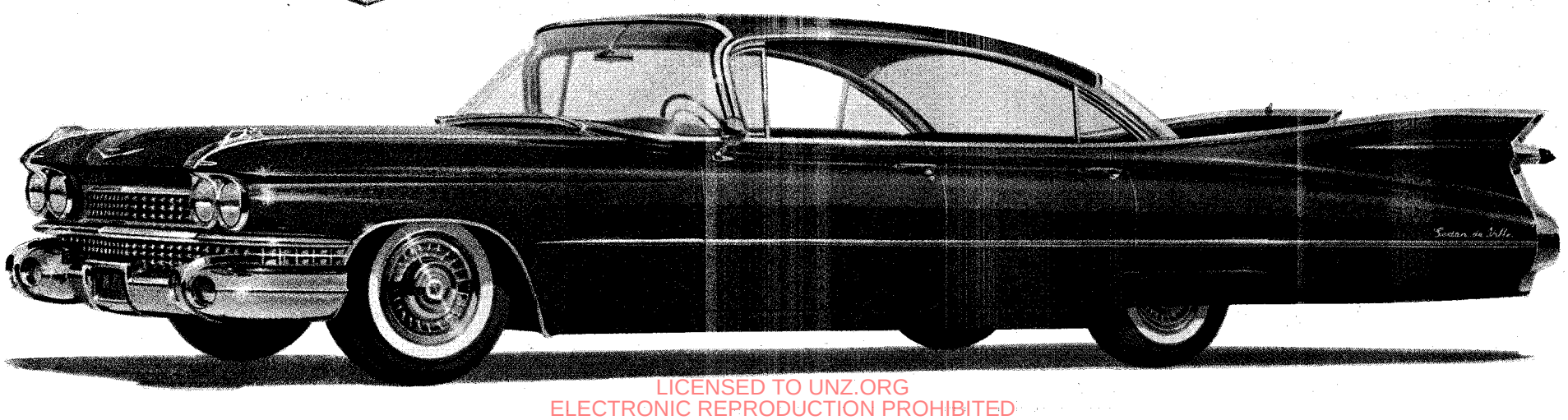
gowns by John Carter



The new 1959 Cadillac car speaks so eloquently—in so many ways—of the man who sits at its wheel. Simply because it *is* a Cadillac, for instance, it indicates his high level of personal achievement. Because it is so beautiful and so majestic, it bespeaks his fine sense of taste and his uncompromising standards. Because it is so luxurious and so regally appointed, it reveals his consideration for the comfort of his fellow passengers. And because it is so economical to own and to operate, it testifies to his great practical wisdom. The magnificent 1959 Cadillac will tell this wonderful story about *you*. So delay no longer. Make the decision now and visit your Cadillac dealer. In fact, the car's extraordinary reception has made it imperative that you place your order soon. Why not stop in tomorrow and make the arrangements?

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
EVERY WINDOW OF EVERY CADILLAC IS SAFETY PLATE GLASS

Cadillac...universal symbol of achievement



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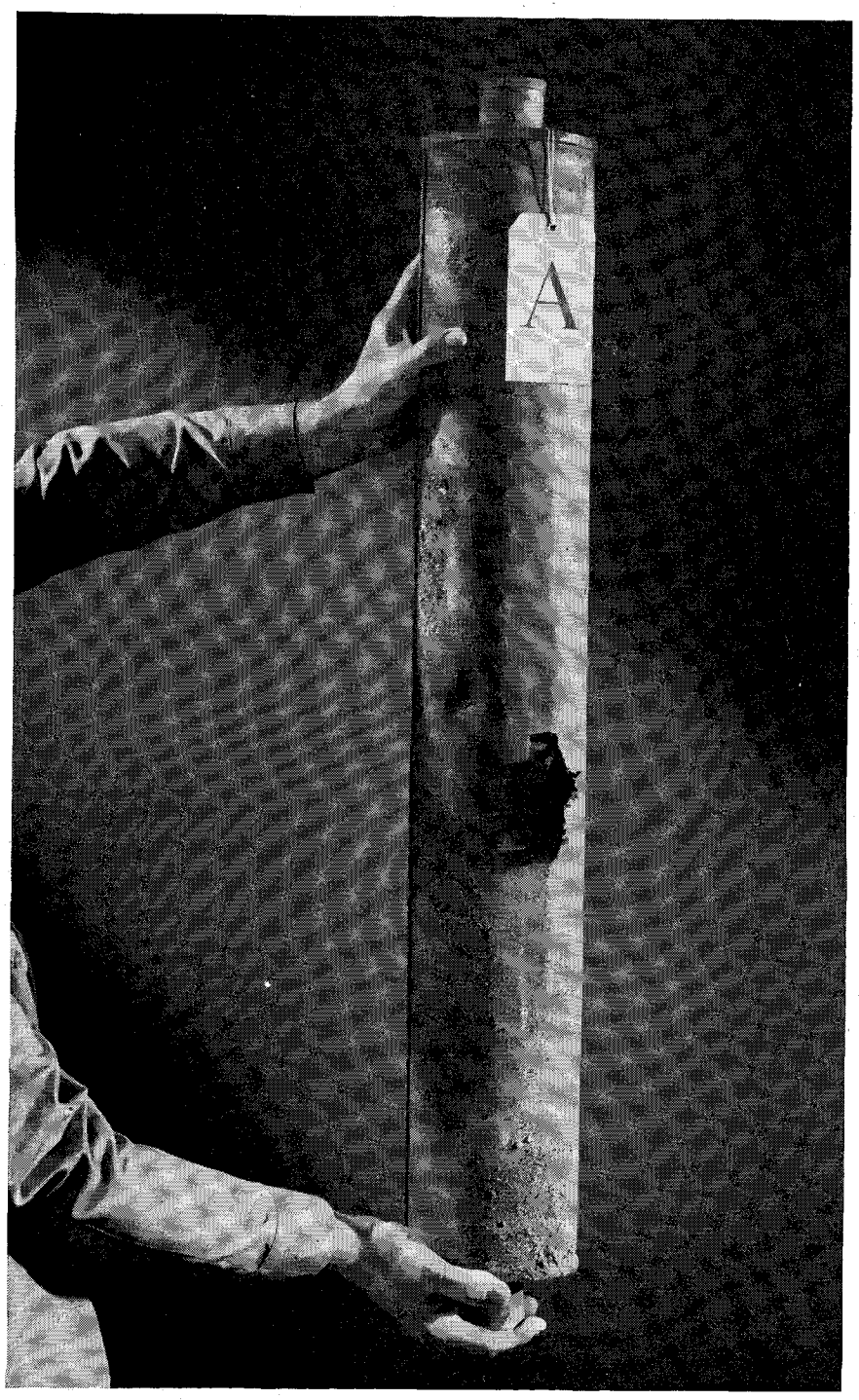
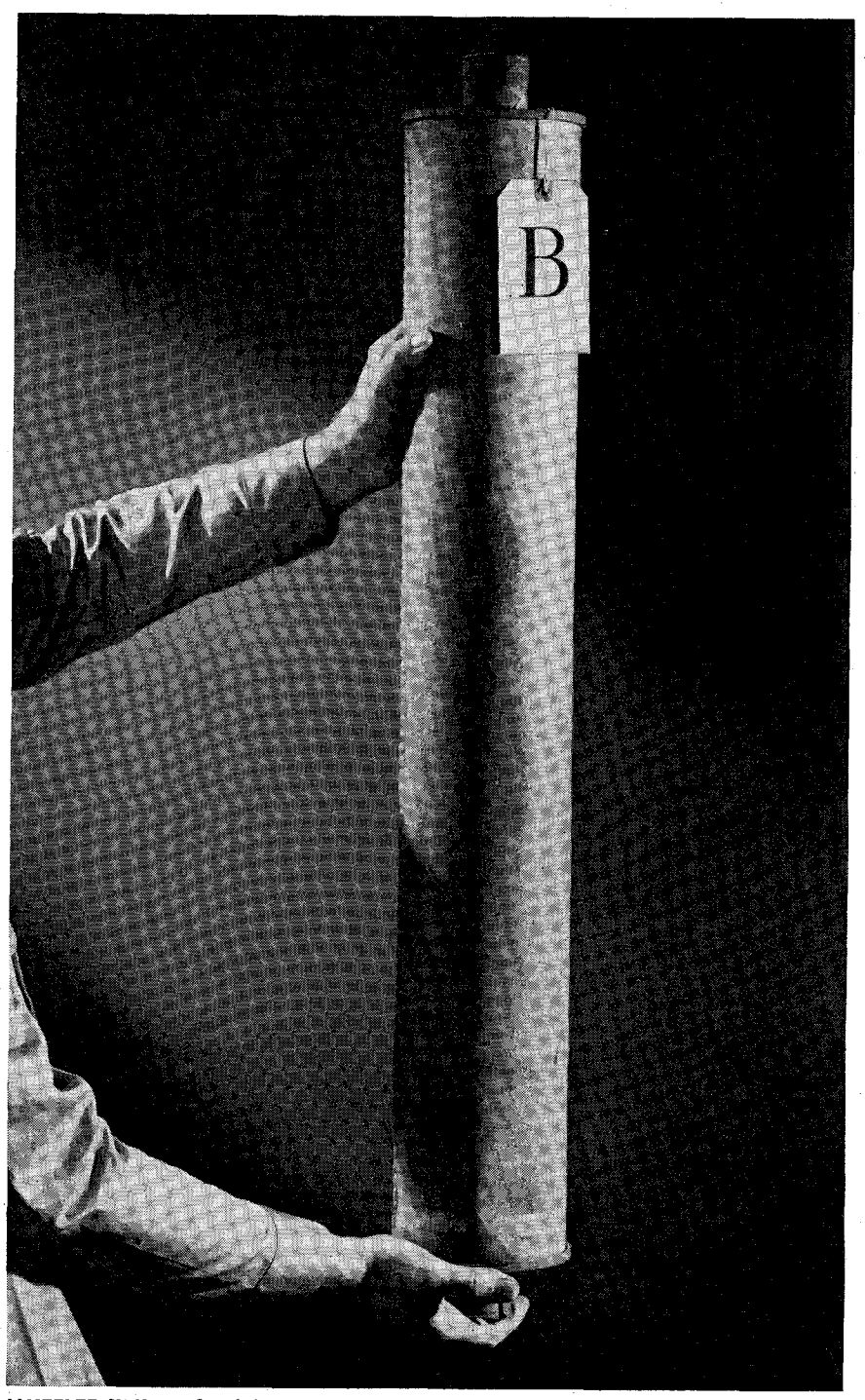


IN ACTUAL ROAD TESTS, muffler "A", made of uncoated steel, looked like this after 1½ years of use. Hot corrosive gases and liquids ate holes through the muffler.



MUFFLER "B", made of Armco ALUMINIZED STEEL, was still in good condition after 4½ years when it was removed for inspection.

Armco ALUMINIZED STEEL doubles the life of automobile mufflers, saves you money

Actual seven-year road tests show that car mufflers made of Armco ALUMINIZED STEEL normally last at least twice as long as ordinary steel mufflers.

Originated by Armco Research, ALUMINIZED STEEL is a 2-in-1 metal. It is steel coated on both sides with molten aluminum by a patented hot-dip process. From furnaces to jet engines this special steel has proved its excellent resistance to a combination of heat and corrosion.

ALUMINIZED STEEL is made to order for the exhaust systems on today's high-powered automobiles. It fights off the attack of heat, withstands highly corrosive exhaust liquids and road chemicals.

In short, ALUMINIZED STEEL in the exhaust system of your automobile saves you money and trouble. It's one of many ways that Armco Research helps you. Armco Steel Corporation, General Offices, Middletown, Ohio.

New steels are born at Armco

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The Midtown Bomber

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

There was a bomb somewhere in the crowded store. Who could find it? No one but the man who put it there.

Hidden somewhere in Gale's Department Store was a bomb. Very soon now it would explode, killing droves of shoppers. Somehow—quickly—the bomber must be found, so he could lead police to his deadly package in time.

To Barney Strand, head of the store's security force, this was a personal crusade. For his own fiancée, Lacey Evans, was maimed and blinded by the fiend's first blast. And it was to Barney that the bomber made his ominous phone calls, demanding money, issuing new threats. Somewhere Barney had heard that voice before—an educated voice, with a New England accent. But this and the probability that the maniac was a former Gale's employee who had a home workshop, were the only clues. Now Barney raced across the city in a police car, checking out suspects gleaned from Gale's personnel files, trying to find his man before the bomb went off.

CONCLUSION

Barney and Ed Delaney were skimming along a wide boulevard on the north edge of the city. The wail of the siren was reaching out before them, forming the traffic into a file in the outside lane, leaving the inner lanes free. Presently Delaney took the car up a ramp, worked through a cluttered business district and stopped before a three-story brick building.

"An apartment house!" Delaney said disgustedly. "Where's his workshop? In a closet, maybe? In the bathroom?"

And here it was again—that cruel dilemma. Time was so terribly important. They couldn't waste it in unlikely places, yet they both knew how often the unlikely was productive.

Tiredly Barney said, "He could borrow room in the basement."

"I know it!" Delaney said. "But why do they keep throwing us curves all the time? Why not one down the middle?"

"Check with Gabrino," Barney said.

He went into the building. To be painstaking when time was short was hard enough, but to spend the effort so far from the main chance was almost beyond enduring. Sam Ulrich was the main chance. He fitted the picture of the bomber so perfectly—the description, the need of money, the promise of mink for his wife, the skill and tools with which to make a bomb. And the wife! *Don't forget her*, Barney thought. *That frowzy, drinking, complaining young witch could drive a man to anything.*

His knock was answered by a woman. "Mrs. Keller?"

She was a gaunt, work-worn woman of middle years. She invited Barney in and answered his questions. Her answers sent Barney and Ed Delaney a distance of three miles to check a workshop shared with a brother-in-law, then across town to talk to Keller, who couldn't be reached by telephone. Keller's accent was Eastern, as the brother-in-law had admitted, but it was pure Brooklynese.

"Still nothing on Ulrich," Delaney said as Barney got back into the police car. "But we got a couple of more leads. The first one's out on Sunrise." He put the car in gear. "If you ask me, we've skimmed the cream off the bottle. We haven't got a name on Sunrise, just a house where one

(Continued on Page 50)

Squealing incoherently, the small man began to fight, twisting and squirming with a maniac's strength.

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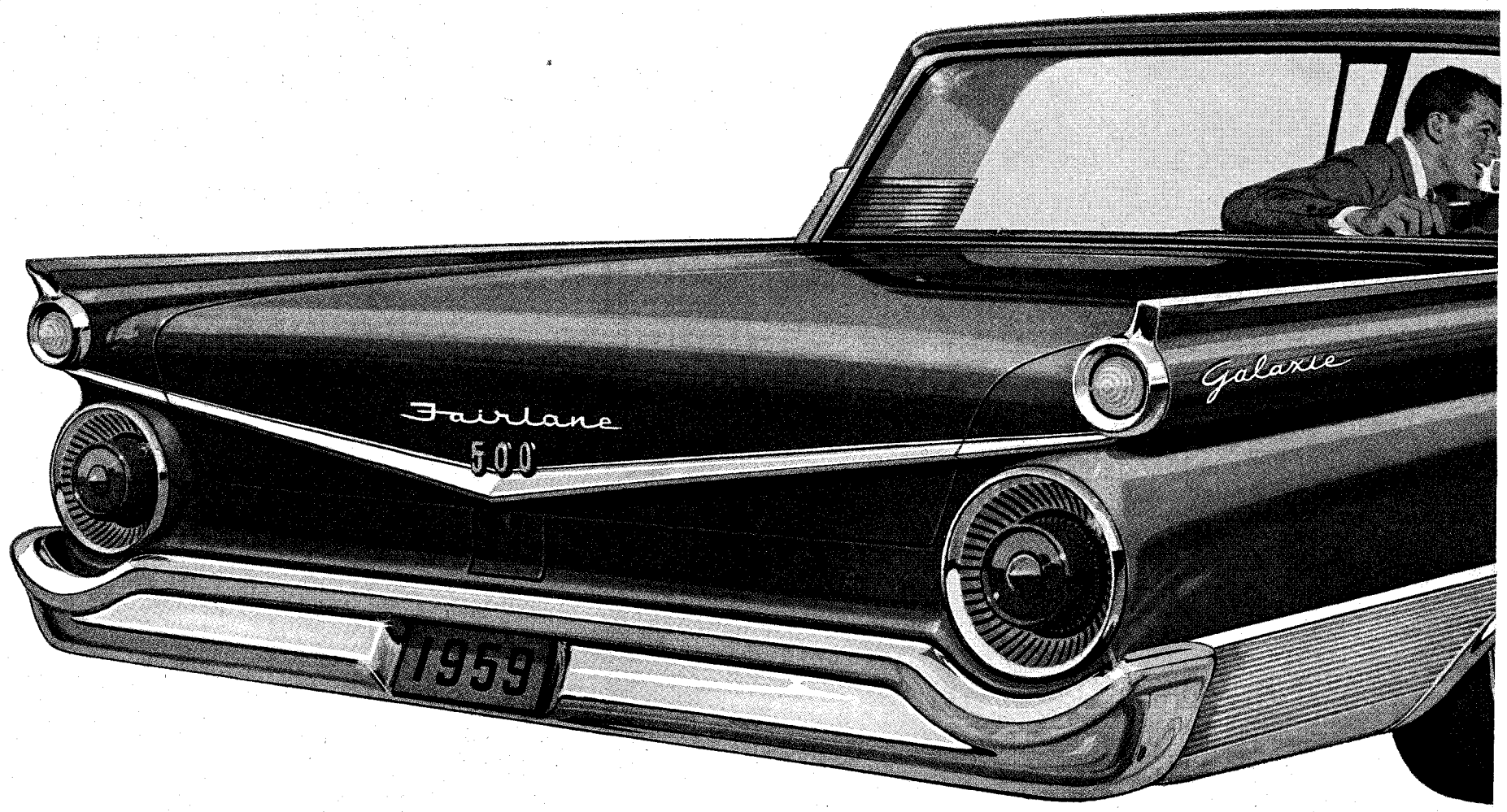
Every Ford has SAFETY GLASS in every window

Married in style to the Thunderbird...

GLAMOUR CAR OF THE



Acclaimed by the world of style

The altogether new 59 Fords were awarded the Gold Medal for their distinctiveness of style and beautiful proportions by the *Comité Français de L'Elégance* at the Brussels World's Fair.

Acclaimed by the world of fashion

See the new Ford Galaxie in a "New Galaxie of Fashion" at Bergdorf Goodman, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, The J. L. Hudson Company, Harzfeld's and many other leading stores all across America during January.

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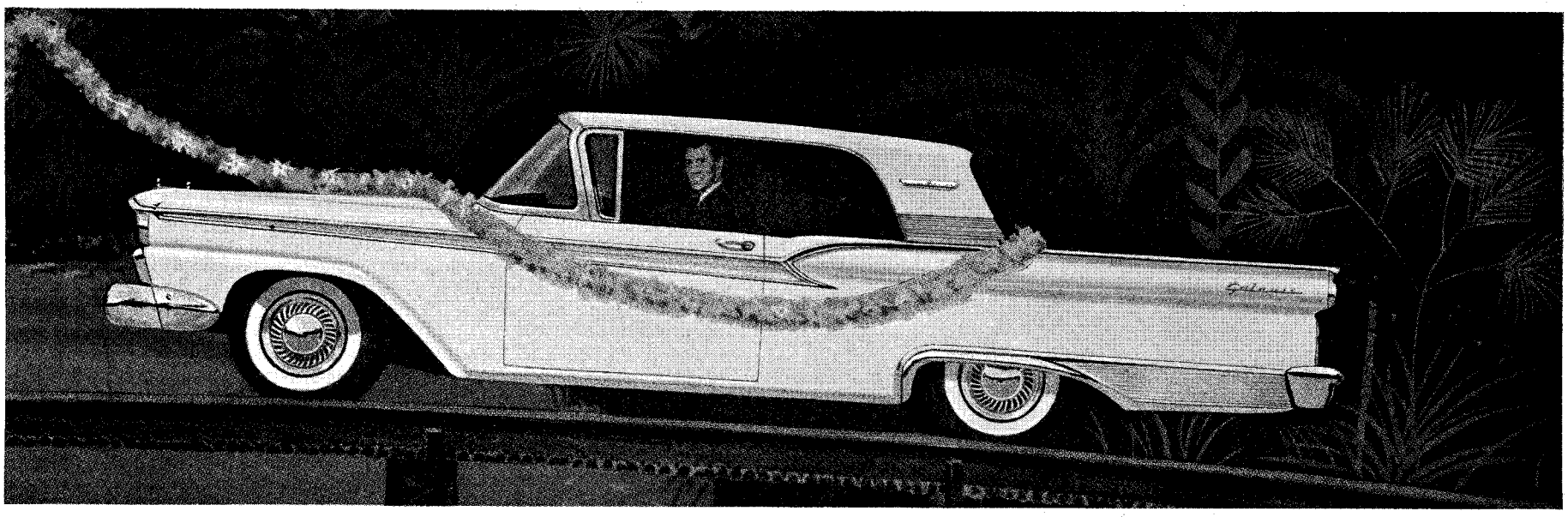

Beautiful wedding of style and luxury! The glamour of the new 4-passenger Thunderbird, *above left*, is reflected in every distinctive, dramatic detail of the new 6-passenger Ford Galaxie Club Victoria *above right*.

YEAR! Galaxie BY FORD

Newest of the World's Most Beautifully Proportioned Cars

Beautifully proportioned new Galaxie Club Victoria . . . one of six different sedan, hardtop and convertible Galaxie-styled models in the all-new line of 59 Fords.

Instantly . . . instinctively . . . you know the same men who conceived the Thunderbird must have created the Galaxie.

That Thunderbird touch of genius scintillates in every glamourous line and classic curve of this newest and smartest of 59 Fords.

There's Thunderbird genius in the eye-catching shape of the Galaxie . . . the most perfect match yet of the Thunderbird's own silhouette. And that dramatic straight-line Galaxie roof comes to you straight from the Thunderbird's own "Master" blueprint. Inside, too, the Galaxie displays an elegant flair . . . with plush, deep-pile carpeting, specially quilted and pleated seat fabrics and built-in "bolster" armrests. And for a truly command performance, the Galaxie serves you up the thrill of authentic Thunderbird V-8 "GO."

An altogether-new line of 6-passenger Fords, the Galaxie *means* Thunderbird—in every elegant, glamourous sense of the word *except price!*

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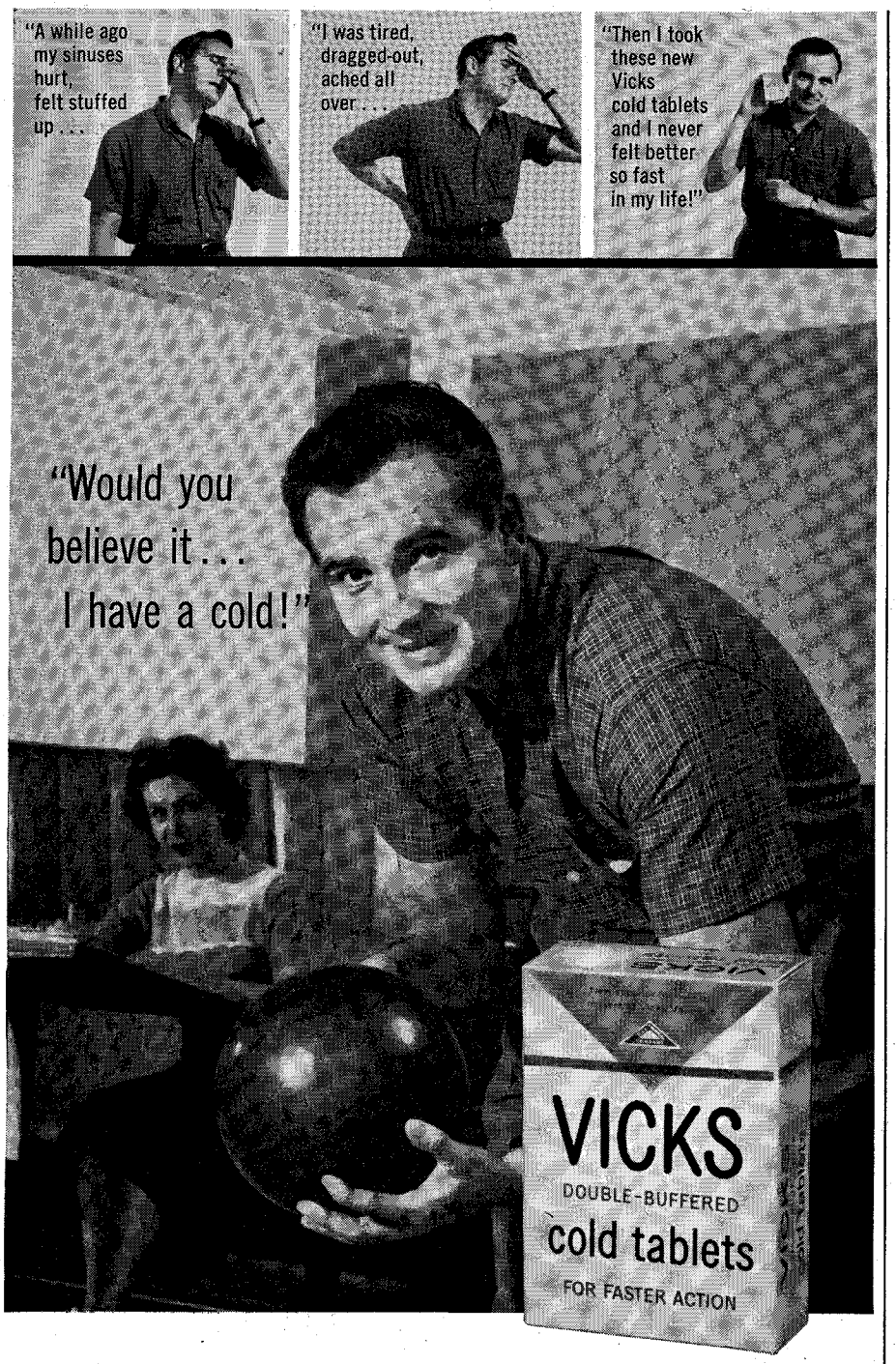
"A while ago my sinuses hurt, felt stuffed up . . .
"I was tired, dragged-out, ached all over . . .
"Then I took these new Vicks cold tablets and I never felt better so fast in my life!"
"Would you believe it . . . I have a cold!"
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DOUBLE-BUFFERED
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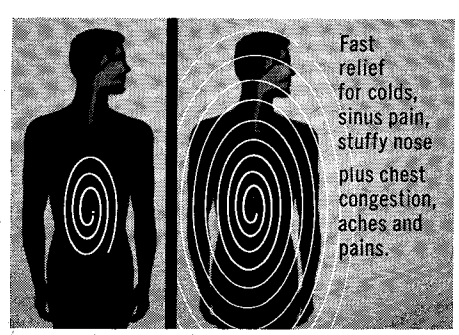
FOR FASTER ACTION

New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets act to

relieve colds, sinus pain 53% faster

than other leading antihistamine cold tablets



While the other leading antihistamine cold tablets are only partially at work . . . New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets have already rushed cold-and-sinus pain relievers into the body 53% faster.

1. Double Buffered for faster action . . . cold-and-sinus pain relievers rush into the body 53% faster than those of other leading antihistamine cold tablets tested. Proved at a famous university!

2. Relieve colds congestion and blocked sinuses . . . promote sinus drainage. Relieve sniffles, sneezes, stuffy nose, too—relief that aspirin does not give. Relieve sore throat, chest congestion, body aches and pains.

3. Pick you up fast . . . relieve that tired, dragged-out feeling of a cold with two stimulating "pick-up" medications.

NEW **Vicks** DOUBLE-BUFFERED **cold tablets**

The Priceless Gift of Speech

(Continued from Page 17)

muscles of the legs, counteracting the tendency to excessive flexion.

Freddy still cannot walk. He uses a wheel chair. But his limbs no longer toss about as they once did. And with a great deal of effort he can carry on a conversation. By grasping a stick in his fist, Fred can also punch the keys of a typewriter and write letters to his father—such items as, "This old TV set needs fixing again." Retests place his I.Q. at 100.

"We don't claim we have raised his I.Q. from forty to one hundred," Martin Berko, staff psychologist, pointed out. "We just think we have taught him to use the intelligence he had all along—and to show us he is using it." Fred was never retarded. He was just too physically handicapped to express himself.

During the years Freddy has been receiving help at the institute, he has lived in an apartment with two other handicapped pupils, first under the care of a housemother and more recently a housefather as well. Fred became too heavy for a woman to lift easily, and therefore he was placed with a young couple.

Both Carl and Freddy are beneficiaries of an arrangement which has contributed much to the Institute of Logopedics' uniquely homelike character—its housemother and family-residence plan.

The institute is less an institution than a community or neighborhood. On its forty acres have been placed 160 one-story brick colonial-type apartments, most of them arranged in groups of twelve around generous squares of lawn. A two-story clinic and classroom building, with white pillars at the entrance, stands in the center and is approached by a wide, tree-lined mall.

Stroll along this mall, Jardine Drive, in the evening and you'll see youngsters with bikes and tricycles and wagons—and some in wheel chairs or on crutches. You'll see women stepping out to call the children in to dinner, and men weeding flower gardens or shifting lawn sprinklers.

The picture of suburban family living, unexpected in a rehabilitation center, is a planned part of the therapeutic pattern of this village. It reflects the thinking of the institute's founder and director, Dr. Martin Franklin Palmer, one of the nation's top authorities on speech correction, and his attractive wife, Mary. Also a trained speech therapist, she helped her husband organize the institute in the fall of 1934, two years after their marriage.

Doctor Palmer is a tall, balding, solidly built man of fifty-three, with quizzically arched eyebrows, compelling blue eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles, and a strong, deeply cleft chin. He was graduated from Olivet College in Michigan and obtained his advanced degrees in speech work at the University of Michigan. Doctor Palmer, a former president of the American Speech and Hearing Association, believes firmly that the child with a speech defect is in special need of the widest possible variety of experiences and stimuli, things to do and things to talk about. He thinks the child should have a feeling of independence and individuality, supported by the reassuring presence of people who know and love him. These influences are often missing in the large dormitory type of institution, he has observed.

"It seemed to me," he told me, "that handicapped children would learn more quickly how to get along in the community outside if they could live in a family atmosphere, where they could join in planning family activities, help in household chores, play in normal neighborhood groups with their nonhandicapped brothers and sisters—or go off and play by themselves if they choose."

Building a college-size residence school, apartment style, would cost a lot of money, however, and Doctor Palmer's hardheaded board of directors shied at the idea when he first brought it up. But Doctor Palmer believes that if you shake enough trees, or enough shocks of wheat, help will be forthcoming. In this instance the help came from Willard Garvey and his father, who own a fabulous swath of Western Kansas and, to use Doctor Palmer's phrase, "practically mine wheat on it."

"In 1947, a good crop year, one of our men talked to the Garveys in the hope of getting a sizable contribution," said Palmer. "Willard Garvey shook his head on that. 'No money,' he said. 'But don't you want some new buildings?' He owns a construction company too. 'Get yourselves an FHA loan and I'll put up your buildings without profit.' And he did. Other businesses donated work or equipment. The Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, which has for years made the institute its national project, financed one quadrangle of cottages. We took on a bigger mortgage than I like to think about—$1,500,000—but we made the money go a long way, and in 1949 we had our cottage-plan residences and adequate clinic and classroom space at last."

Of the 160 apartments in the institute community about a third are rented, at seventy-two to seventy-seven dollars a month, to families who have moved to Wichita to place a handicapped child (sometimes more than one) in training here for six months to several years. Fathers have changed jobs, often at a sacrifice, to give their children this opportunity. Occasionally the armed services have transferred a man to the Wichita area for the same reason. Some families have temporarily split up, the wife taking an institute apartment with the child, the husband remaining at home to earn the living.

A number of pupils live in other parts of the city, and some commute from the country. Mrs. John Wedel drives ninety miles every day, round trip, to bring her cerebral-palsied son, John, in from their home at Moundridge, and has been doing so for six years. She assists in the clinic while John is having his lessons and is enthusiastic about the progress he's made.

But the children whose parents cannot come to Wichita can still have the advantage of family living under the institute's supervision. Key to this arrangement is the housemother. There are thirty-eight of these women, most of them widows whose own children are grown, and to each of them are assigned two or three children, for whom she prepares meals, mends clothes and gives care and affection.

Indeed, a housemother is much more than a housekeeper. Like any real mother, a housemother is "to listen." She must be even more perceptive in this regard than most mothers. She must listen for the troubles and the questions, both spoken and unspoken, of her speech-handicapped charges. She is expected to listen, at least once a week, while they are taking their speech lessons—given on an individual basis—and hear them practice in the evening. She must give sharp attention to their stumbling efforts at communication with her, so they will not be discouraged by failure to make themselves understood.

Typical of the housemothers is Mrs. Leona Clary, whose own children are grown and married. She also reared two

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nieces and a foster daughter. Mrs. Clary is a short, compactly built woman, with dark hair, warm brown eyes and a brisk, direct way of speaking. She came to the institute a year ago because, as she put it, "With my children in homes of their own, I needed someone to need me."

Perhaps she was oriented toward the Institute of Logopedics by another fact in her family life. Her only son was just being discharged from the Army when he heard one of the telethon appeals staged each year to raise funds for the institute. On these programs various personalities in the entertainment field interview child patients and receive telephoned pledges. A featured youngster that year was Ginny, a tiny thing with a charming smile and a very recent accomplishment. She had, at long last, learned to say one word, "Hi!" She scarcely breathed it, and it took great effort. But Fred Kelly, the performer that year—a brother of the dancer, Gene Kelly—announced to the audience: "To everyone who pledges five dollars or more I'll let Ginny say, 'Hi.'" The pledges poured in, and to each donor, Ginny piped her tiny "Hi!"

Mrs. Clary's son was one of the listeners, and he pledged most of his discharge pay to the institute. Not long afterward he married a high-school classmate who had been partially paralyzed as a result of an automobile accident.

Mrs. Clary's day at the institute begins early—as what mother's doesn't?—with children to feed and get ready for school. Her "children," whom I met at breakfast, are Barbara, thirteen, a tall, solemn redhead from Tennessee, who has a speech difficulty; Ann, eleven, also red-haired, and with cerebral palsy; and Jean, a black-eyed twelve-year-old with a merry, slightly impudent expression, a child profoundly deaf and often difficult to understand.

Each girl presents a different type of problem, and Mrs. Clary is alert to their individual needs. Ann, in a wheel chair and braces when she came here several years ago from her Florida home, was just beginning to walk alone and to talk in sentences at the time of my visit last summer. Now she proudly helped the other girls carry out the dishes, and then left for morning classes at the main building. Walking slowly, she turned at the door and said: "Good-by, all!"

"Good-by, Ann. Foot down flat!" Mrs. Clary called after her.

Turning to me, she explained, "I still have to remind Ann about her walking habits. And she needs lots of exercise for her legs. So we usually eat supper on trays on the floor and watch TV. Getting up and down is good therapy for Ann."

The girls take their turns at the dishes in the evening and help with the other housework. Mrs. Clary is teaching them to do a little ironing and sewing, and she herself has made skirts and dresses for them and costumes for their plays. She takes them on shopping trips, and they are given allowances "so we can visit the five-and-ten and let them learn the value of money—that girl Jean would hand a clerk a dollar for a paper of bobby pins and walk out without her change."

With us at breakfast was Mrs. Virgil Barritt, who joined the institute staff as a college student during its first year. One of its most experienced speech therapists—logopedists, as they call themselves here—she thoroughly approves of what Mrs. Clary is doing for her girls.

"We must try to fill in the experiences that the handicapped child has never had," Mrs. Barritt remarked. "This is particularly important for the truly speechless child. He doesn't ask you questions about things. So he must miss a great deal. You have to anticipate what his questions might have been and give him an experience to answer them. We do all sorts of things here with that in mind. For example, our trees are rather young and small, so we have brought in loads of dry leaves from outside, in the fall, and tumbled the children around in them. When we have our Christmas tree we give the cerebral-palsied children handfuls of tinsel to throw at the tree to help trim it. No matter how poor their aim is, some of the tinsel hits and sticks—and they've accomplished something."

Some of the children brought to the institute are so very seriously handicapped that no amount of instruction or housemothering could better their situation. These, regrettably, must be turned away. Others, though at first glance almost as hopeless, are in the category where intensive therapy can bring about just enough improvement to make a tremendous difference in their lives.

In discussing what can be done for these youngsters, Doctor Palmer tries to get the parents to face the problem realistically. He will ask: "What is the least amount of progress you would be satisfied with?" They may reply: "Well, if Johnny could just tell us when he's hungry, or in pain, or has to go to the bathroom." So Doctor Palmer and the parents agree on a minimum goal, work hard to reach it and frequently find they can exceed it.

"Unfortunately, with so many needing help and so few of us to give it," Doctor Palmer remarked, "we can only take those for whom we think there is hope for improvement. Someday we'd like to have enough money to set up a section of the institute for those children whom we now consider hopeless. Then, with even more intensive research than we are doing now, we might get some new answers."

Surprising and heartening results are being achieved, however, even with children who start with almost nothing. Here, for example, is a fragile, golden-haired girl of ten whom we'll call Nancy. She is one of the thousands whose brains were damaged at or before birth. The diagnosis is cerebral palsy, but this covers a bewildering variety of afflictions, and Nancy has most of them, plus aphasia. (Aphasia, too, assumes many forms, all involving loss or impairment in the use of the spoken or written language.) When Nancy was brought to Wichita a year and a half ago from Western Canada she could not walk or talk or use her hands. And she seemed to understand very little.

As if this were not enough, she had one more serious handicap. Curiously, this was not discovered until after she came to the institute; and the explanation for the delay in recognition may lie partly in the emotional pressures that often arise in the family of a handicapped child. Nancy's parents had loved her and given her everything they could think of to keep her comfortable. They had, with difficulty, accepted her helplessness, her lack of speech, even her apparently low I.Q. And in their desire to take her on pleasant outings, they had taught her to sit quietly in her wheel chair, without flailing her arms or making the vocal noises that usually mark the aphasic, cerebral-palsied child. She just "sat like a little princess doll," as one teacher put it. But the additional disability, fully as tragic as all the others, they could not accept.

When Nancy came under the intensive day-to-day observation of the institute's experienced staff, however, the truth appeared clear to the therapists. They became convinced that, although her lovely blue eyes looked at them directly when they spoke to her, Nancy really did not see. How had this fact escaped earlier observers, including the parents? Perhaps Nancy's waving hand and arm motions had been interpreted as the unsteady aim of a palsied child who could see, rather than the searching movements of a blind child. And perhaps also, to the parents, this one more burden seemed just too much for their beloved daughter to bear.

Nevertheless, by working from the premise that Nancy *is* blind, the institute staff has, paradoxically, opened up whole new avenues of improvement for her. They feel that her initially low I.Q. was completely invalid because no one knew she could not see. They think that teaching pressure, in the past, was put on her in relation to things she had not experienced, and so, bewildered, she had stopped trying. Today, when asked questions referring to things she knows about through touch or hearing, Nancy seems quite intelligent. But if you talk to her about objects that can only be seen, she makes no response.

In one of Nancy's lesson periods, Mrs. Jane Hewitt works through the sense of touch, as she would with any blind child, to give her experiences that will lend meaning to everyday words. "Give me the round stick," Mrs. Hewitt says. "Give me the square block." Nancy learns hot and cold by touching bottles of water. She is taught to put pegs in holes; to hit two sticks together, for co-ordination; to match materials by texture—two pieces of velvet, two of cotton, two of a rough fabric. She recognizes, by dipping her hand into them, a pan of rice, of oatmeal and of cornstarch—extra "sensational" because it squeaks between her fingers.

All of these "experience" lessons are in addition to, and give support to, the institute's central function, the teaching of speech itself. Working directly on the girl's speech are Mrs. Barritt and Mrs. Osborn, who is also in charge of the residential program.

Mrs. Barritt's full hour is given to practice in chewing, sucking and swallowing, primitive muscular movements instinctive to most new babies and basic to the act of forming words, but incredibly difficult for many cerebral-palsied children. A drink of water, a stick of candy, cheese sticks that "pop," all help in this learning.

Mrs. Osborn's task is to work on the specific speech sounds. One of Nancy's problems, she explains, is that all her phonation, her vocalizing, begins with her mouth wide open. The teacher is working patiently to help her close her lips while she is making a sound.

Mrs. Osborn touches the inside of the girl's upper lip with a straw, trying to coax the lip down over the teeth. This tickles, and (*Continued on Page 46*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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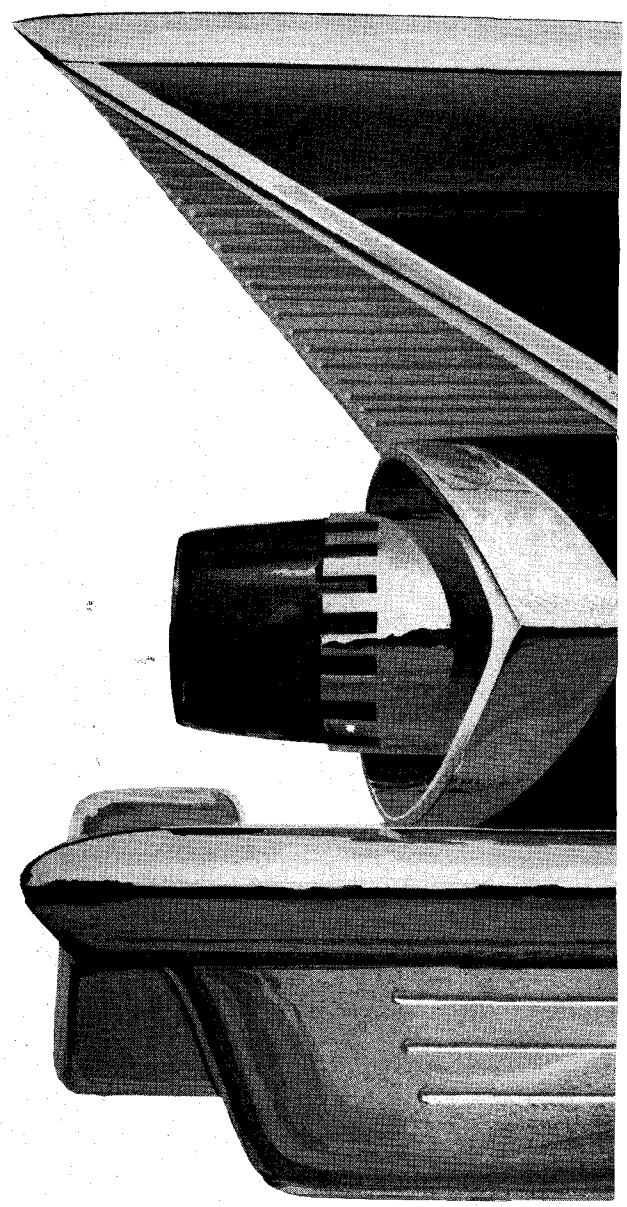

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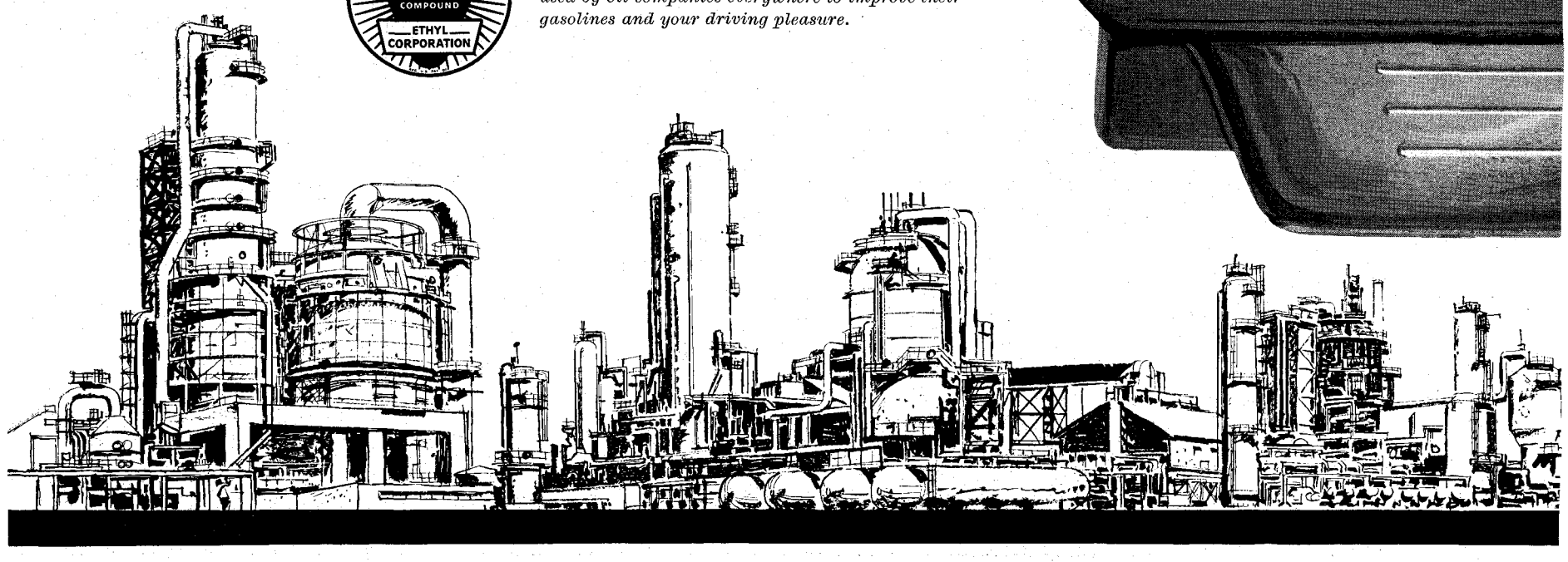

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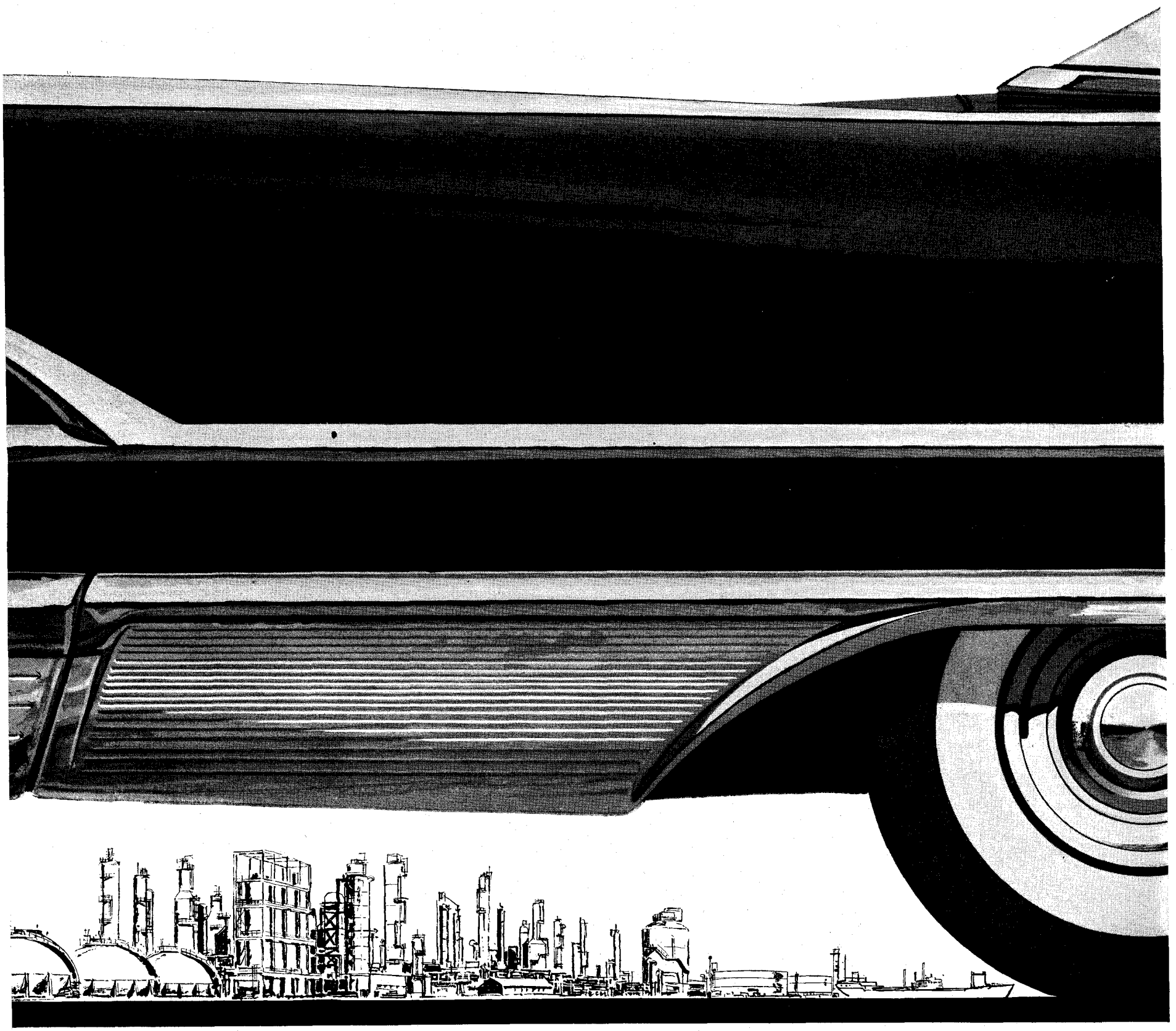

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(*Continued from Page 43*) Nancy smiles, but the reflex brings the lip down a bit.

The teacher now inserts a tongue depressor between Nancy's side teeth and says, "Bite." No response. She wiggles the stick vigorously in Nancy's mouth. "If anyone did this to me *I'd* bite." Nancy finally grips the depressor with her teeth.

"Fine! Now where's the sound?" Nancy tries to make a sound, but her teeth relax, and again Mrs. Osborn wiggles the stick.

Nancy reaches an arm around Mrs. Osborn's neck, and gets a quick hug in return. She says something vaguely like "O-bo"—a try at "Osborn."

This time, as the stick moves between her teeth, Nancy bites it and simultaneously makes a sound.

"That was right, that was beautiful!" her teacher exclaims. "That was perfect."

Mrs. Osborn lays the stick aside. "Now tell me where you'd like to go tomorrow—what you'd like to buy to eat."

Nancy makes three "uh" sounds, with long seconds elapsing between syllables, but with meaningful accent and rhythm.

"Right," says Mrs. Osborn. "*Ham*burg-er. And tomorrow you and I are going out and buy one. . . . A hamburger," she explains, "is Nancy's favorite treat. It isn't just the flavor, it is the event—a trip in a car, a stop at a drive-in, contact with new people and new voices, one more in the ever-widening horizon of experiences.

"And you see," says Mrs. Osborn, "Nancy has a definite number concept." This is plainly true. Her sounds for "hamburger" and for other words had the correct number of syllables. Her sense of language is at present a crude Morse-code sort of thing, but it is an important step toward articulate speech.

Some aphasic children not only have a number concept but also a real mathematical talent, even though the spoken word eludes them. Such a child is Robby, whose brain was injured at birth by the disease resulting from Rh incompatibility. He is almost totally deaf, which in itself makes speech-learning difficult, and other problems of this handsome eight-year-old lie even deeper. He seemed, until recently, to have little contact with what went on around him. When his father left him at the institute, Robby showed no emotion, and he hardly recognized his parents when they returned for a visit. His world is mostly numbers.

His mother used to keep him occupied by giving him a piece of chalk, with which he'd write figures up to 10,000 on the concrete driveway. Here at the institute his housemother sets difficult division problems for him to do while she washes the dishes. He has a mania for calendars, and because of this she took him to visit a company which prints them. On his way out he snatched one from a table, and when permitted to keep it he was delighted. But back at the apartment he became distressed. It took a bit of doing to discover why. The day was Monday, June 30, 1958, and on Robby's new calendar the thirtieth fell on Tuesday. He had picked up a next year's calendar.

Robby has been at the institute a comparatively short time, and although he is not talking yet, his emotional reactions already seem more normal. There are tears in his eyes now when his parents say good-by. And the first signs of a breakthrough in speech are appearing.

I watched one of Robby's speech lessons in a soundproof room, so constructed as to shut out all distractions. The instructor, Clifford Bradley, sat on a stool in front of him. The lights were turned off and we sat for a moment in blackness. Suddenly Mr. Bradley turned a bright flashlight on his own face, and pinching his lips together with his fingers said over and over "Ba, ba, ba." Robby got the idea, pinched his lips and imitated the sound. Mr. Bradley now picked up a large rag doll-baby, held it in the beam of the flashlight beside his own face and said, "Baby, baby, baby." Robby watched intently and repeated this too.

To show me how well Robby could read and comprehend, Mrs. George Smaling, the preceptor who co-ordinates the boy's program, produced some slips of paper and on each one wrote a command: "Sit down." "Open the door." "Turn off the light." Robby was quick as a whip in carrying out the written orders, and thought it a fine game until he had the light off. Then, with the help of the flashlight, he began to paw through the written slips, searching them over and over in a puzzled manner. Finally guessing what he was after, Mrs. Smaling scribbled on a slip: "Turn on the light." Robby grabbed it, grinned and obeyed the command.

It is obvious to anyone observing these long sessions of individual instruction that the program must be expensive to operate. Teaching and rehabilitative therapy cost about $125 per month per child, and if he lives with a housemother, along with two other children, his prorata residential expense is $172 a month. Actually, very few families are able to pay the full amount. Of the institute's annual budget of $900,000, only 22 per cent is met by patients' fees. Another 13.5 per cent comes from residential rentals paid by families living on the grounds. For the balance, the institute depends on the generosity of its friends—government, corporate and individual—stimulated by the efforts of its loyal board of directors, most of them Wichita business and professional men.

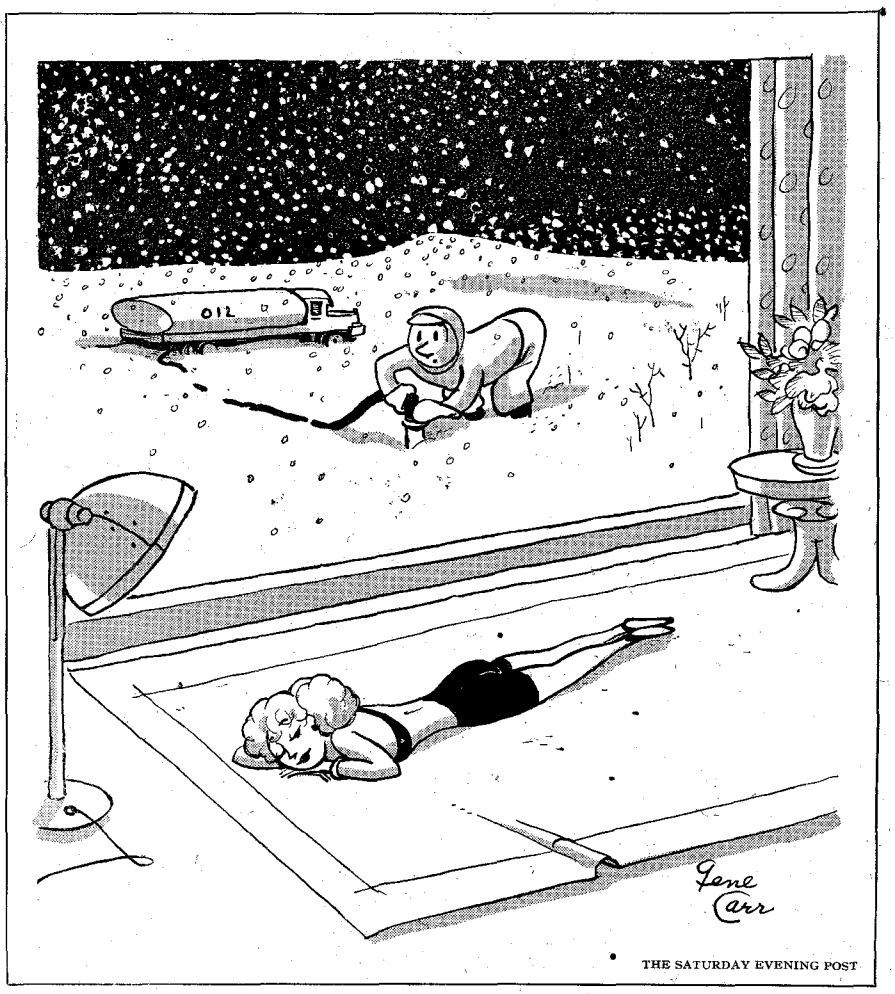
The State of Kansas contributes 17 per cent, the Wichita United Fund 7 per cent, the United Cerebral Palsy Association 8 per cent, and group and individual contributions account for most of the remainder. The Kappa Alpha Thetas, in addition to maintaining one residential court which they endowed, gave $20,750 last year to support the occupational-therapy department. Regular contributions also come from Sigma Alpha, Lambda Tau Delta and several other fraternal groups. One more source of income deserves mention. Drillers struck a little oil in the institute's back yard a year or so ago—a very small well, yielding enough to pay the expenses of less than one and a half children per year.

To all these benefactors the institute staff is especially grateful for having made the residential plan possible. For they are still haunted by memories of several early failures they feel might have been successes had residence facilities been available. One was a girl, intelligent, but almost completely paralyzed and with no speech. She was making some progress at the institute as an outpatient, but her widowed mother could find no nurse, during World War II, to care for the child while she worked. In desperation the mother placed the child in a mental institution, and in a short time, despite good physical care, she was dead. "If we had only had a place for her to stay at the institute," Doctor Palmer said, "we might have given her the will to live."

The second case was a boy who stuttered so badly that he was persecuted by other children when he was small and turned down by employers when he sought work in his teens. His mother brought him to the institute sporadically, and he began to make some improvement. But his father was unstable, the family moved often and the speech lessons fell by the way. Unhappy and frustrated, the boy began to steal to get the money his blocked tongue would not let him earn. When last heard from he was serving a sentence in the Kansas industrial school, and all hope of rehabilitation seemed gone.

Mrs. Barritt shook her head sadly as she recalled this story. "He was a bright boy," she said, "and I'm certain we could have helped him if we could have kept him here. But we then had no place to house him."

The institute's over-all score has been high, however, both for its early cases and for those treated in the new buildings.



Among the early "cases" were a number of children or young adults I had seen or written about at the time of my 1946 visit to the institute. On this second trip I made a point of asking how they had fared. Were they self-supporting, able to get along in this wordy world?

Most of them are, indeed, doing all right. Jimmy, whom I mentioned in the 1946 article and who as a child got into fights because the lads couldn't understand what he was saying, went on to excel in high-school dramatics, became head of a department in a local store, fought in Korea with the Air Force. Austin, who could only get about in a walker when I saw him twelve years ago and whose speech was very hard to understand, was graduated from a California high school two years ago, secretary of his class and president of the student body.

John, who could not speak or even crawl when his mother brought him to the institute, learned to talk and walk and later got a job with an aircraft factory, where he suggested certain process improvements that saved 50 per cent in costs. A safety engineer who saw John shuffling unsteadily past a power lathe feared he'd hurt himself, and fired him. This was a blow to John's confidence, but he soon recovered and is now a professor of special education at a big Midwestern university. Another of the early palsied pupils in the institute's files, a youth with an overwhelming speech handicap, is today a judge in a Kansas court.

Clyde Berger I remembered especially well from my first visit, and he greeted me warmly on my return. He had found the institute in his late teens, after a long childhood struggle to overcome his cerebral-palsy handicaps. At the institute he learned to walk and to speak more clearly, then obtained an A. B. degree at the University of Wichita and joined the Institute of Logopedics' staff as a librarian, a position he still holds. Since I had seen him, Clyde had completed his master's thesis, a penetrating dissertation on The Semantic Implications of Human Abnormality. He was given a tremendous ovation when he was awarded his master's degree at the university convocation. Recently he married a charming young woman who also has cerebral palsy, and they live in one of the apartments on the institute grounds.

Thadine Hedges' story is, to the Palmers, one of the most satisfying of all. She, too, came to the institute as a teen-ager, a severely afflicted cerebral-palsy patient. She made great improvement in her speech, was graduated from the University of Wichita and for a number of years was editor of the Cerebral Palsy Review, published at the institute. Several years ago she married Robert Maytum, a young man with a speech handicap, but with a steady job at the university. At the couple's request the court appointed them guardians of an aphasic child for whom a home was needed. The boy improved so much under the Maytums' care that his own parents asked to have him back, and their request was granted. The judge was so impressed by what Thadine and her husband had accomplished that he recently permitted them to adopt a handicapped child, a little boy whose stunted growth involves only his stature and not his bright and active mind.

When Doctor and Mrs. Palmer asked the Maytums why they took on these rather heavy responsibilities, they replied simply: "We think we *understand* handicapped children." If others could understand one half so well, the path of all the handicapped and speech-troubled youngsters would, of course, be immeasurably brightened. THE END

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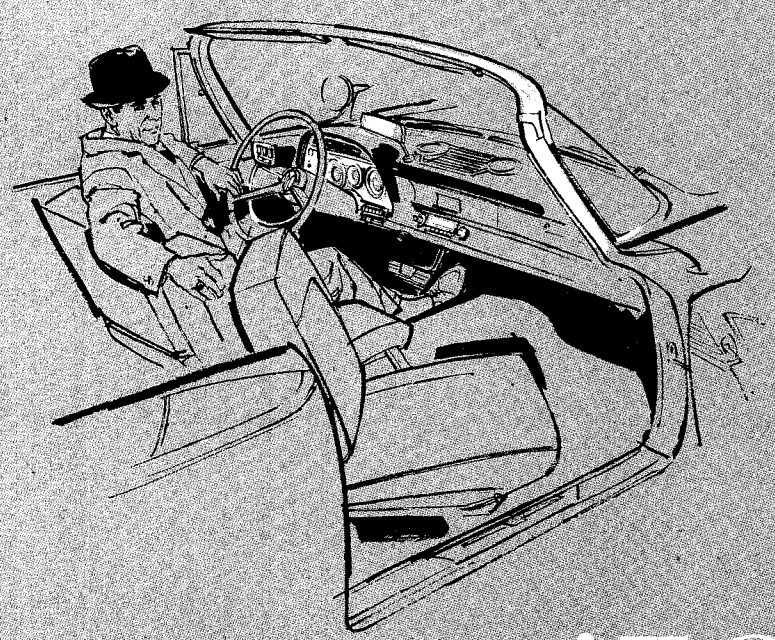

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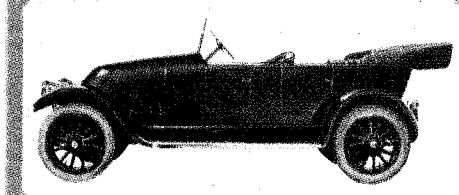
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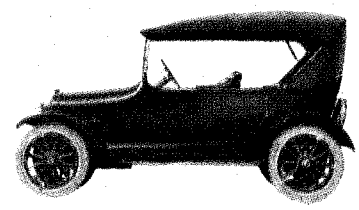
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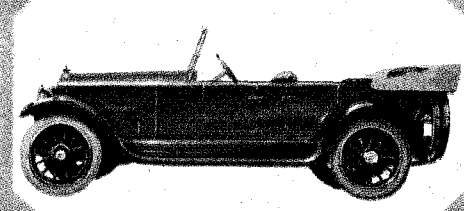
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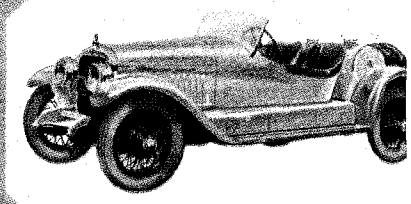
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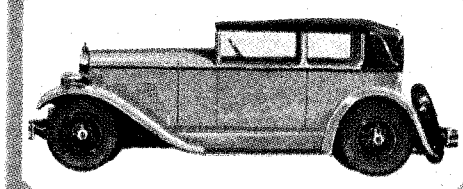
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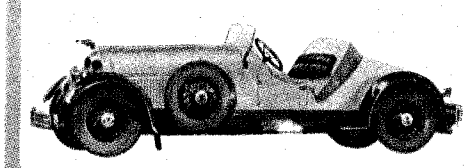
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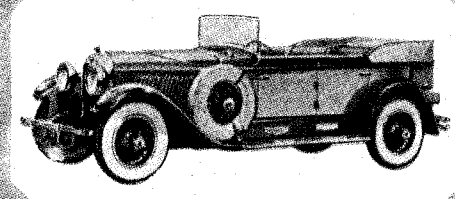
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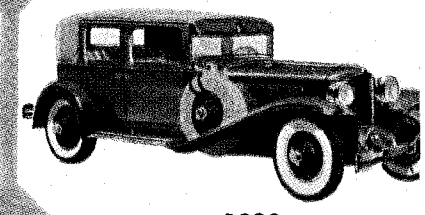
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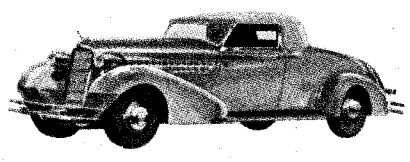
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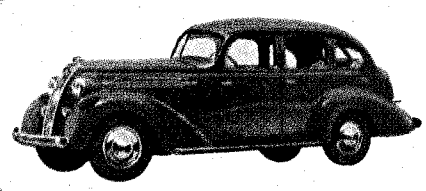
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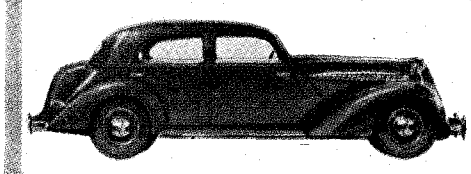
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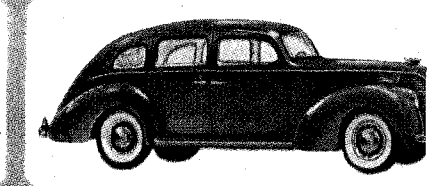
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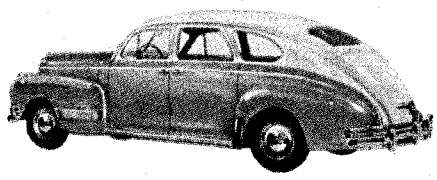
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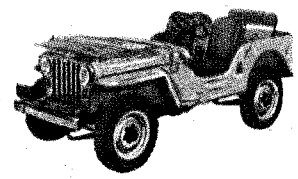
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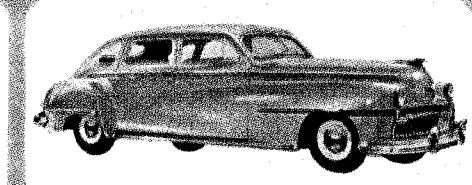
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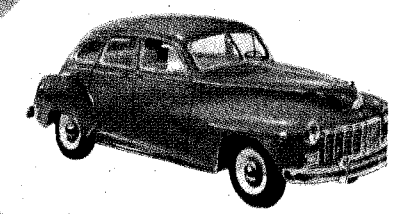
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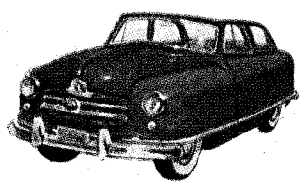
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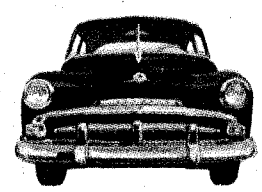
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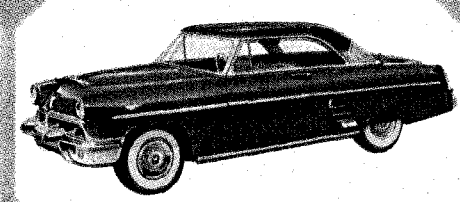
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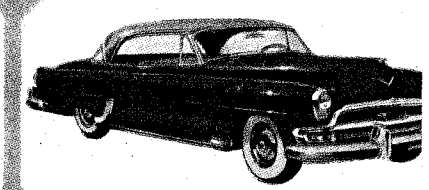
1954

Again in 1959...as in every single year for 44 co

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON

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Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

GOOD

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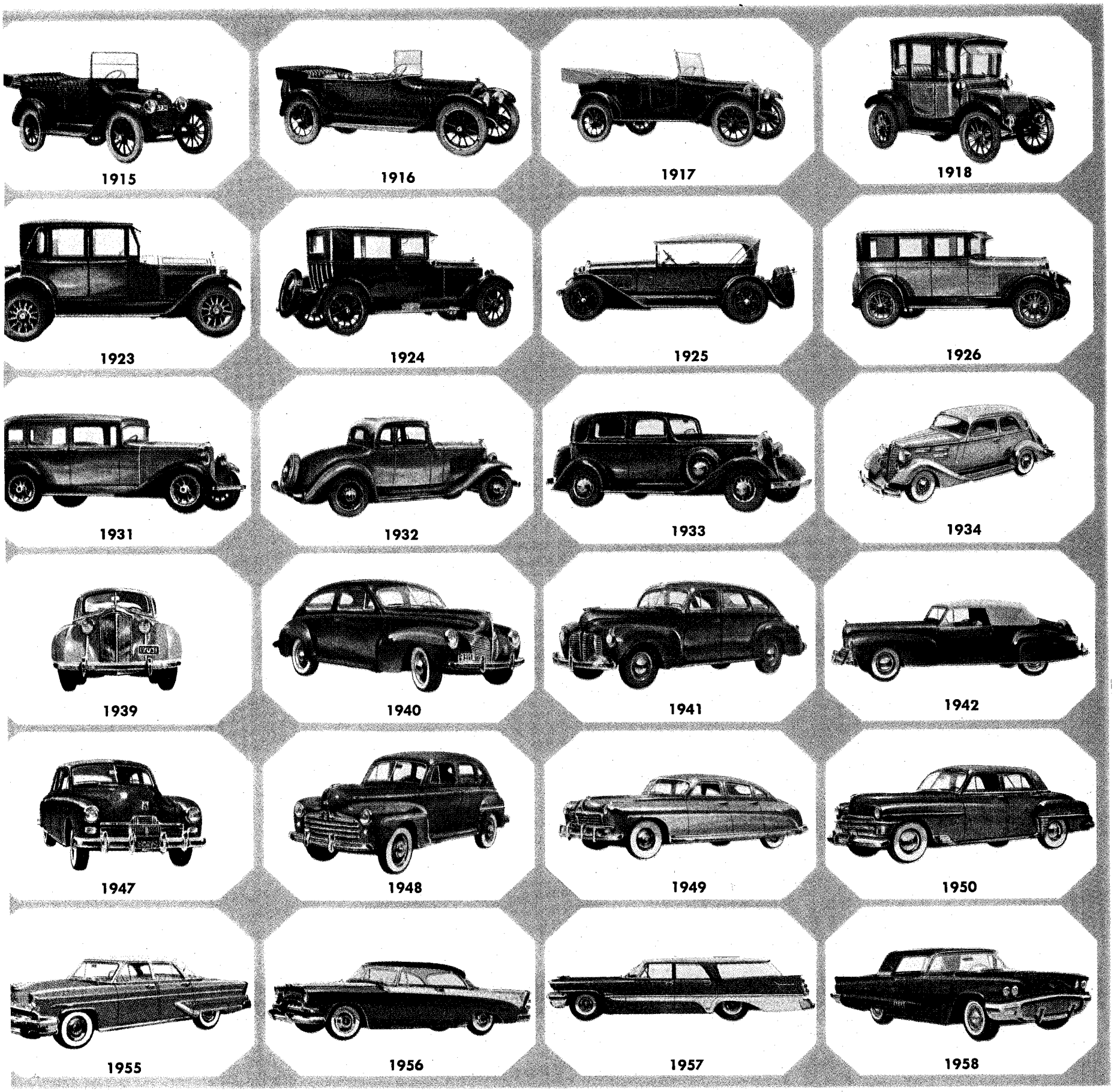

ecutive years
NY OTHER KIND

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WHY? Why do more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind? Because year after year Goodyear has never forgotten the meaning of the word "*value*."

Goodyear's position as the world's largest tire company has always been built on the plain, common-sense philosophy of giving people their money's worth . . . *and then some!* Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

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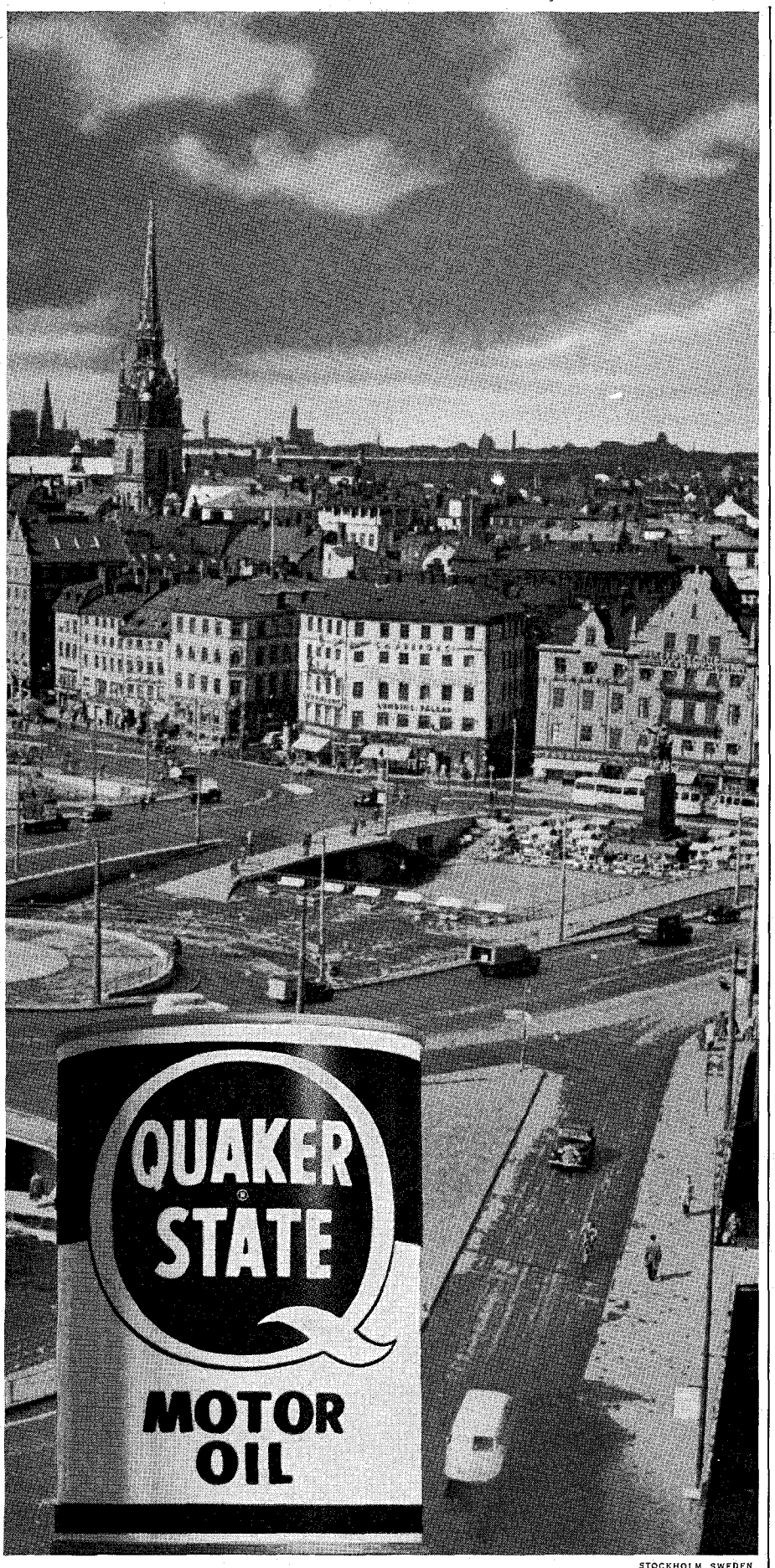

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Big news on the road today is Quaker State. This highest quality motor oil is preferred the world over by people who really care for their cars. It's refined from only the purest Pennsylvania oil stocks and specially fortified to give cleaner, longer-lasting engine protection. Why not treat *your* car to **Quaker State** . . . *it's the best motor oil money can buy!*

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

The Midtown Bomber

(Continued from Page 39)

of Gale's drivers remembers he left a metal lathe."

They found the house, a lemon-yellow Cape Cod, and found that the people living there had just moved in. The man who had purchased the lathe had moved out of the state long ago. At the next address, they found the house locked and quiet, the occupants away. A canvass of the neighborhood cleared the people. It was then two o'clock in the afternoon.

Back in the car, Delaney asked, "What now?"

"Call Gabrino!" Barney said angrily. "Get more names!"

But Gabrino called them. "Brace yourself, Barney," the captain said, and Barney's knuckles whitened as he gripped the microphone. "Scratch Ulrich—we've cleared him."

"What?" The word held real pain.

"You heard me. He's not our man."

"But, for the love of Mike! Where's he been ——"

"He's an inventor," Gabrino said patiently, "he thinks. He built a gadget in that shop of his—a rig that fastens to the bumper of your car and squirts paint on any car that backs into you. He's been trying to interest capital, he says. He looks for it in bars and taverns. That's the big score he was going to make for his wife. The guy's a hopeless lush, Barney."

Barney felt as if he had come suddenly to the edge of a precipice. How could he go on? There was only emptiness beyond, no path to walk, no place to stand.

Gabrino said, "I've got more names, Barney. But I'll level with you—they've been scraped off the bottom of the barrel. Long shots, a hundred-to-one and better. You want to take them? Or d'you want to come back and let the department run them down?"

"Give them to the department," Barney said. "But I'll stand by a while to cover anything hot they may turn up. Ask them to look first for that New England accent."

"Will do," Gabrino said.

Barney sat a moment in glum despair, as near to giving up as a man could be and still go on. A place to go—a way to go beyond the precipice edge? That was the question.

"I can check with Lacey," he said finally. He explained to Delaney who Lacey was and described the work she'd been doing, as Delaney drove toward the hospital. "We didn't honestly expect her to do anything with those tapes. But they gave her something to do. She was still in the ball game, still needed. And it kept her mind off her eyes."

"What about her eyes? Will she see again?"

"I don't know," Barney said. The question had been crowded out of his mind the past few days by the press of other things. Now it came back to tear at him as it always did. He rubbed his face with shaking hands. "They don't tell me anything, Ed."

"You'd think they'd know by this time."

"Maybe they do," Barney said.

At the curb before the hospital, Delaney said, "Don't rush it, Barney. Anything comes in, I'll nip up and have you out of here in nothing flat. What room is it?"

"It's 359, North Wing."

He left Delaney and went into the building. It was two-thirty in the afternoon, visiting hours, and the corridors were crowded. The floor supervisor was busy explaining something to an elderly woman. Barney was beyond the desk before she recognized the set of his shoulders and called him back.

"I have a message for you," she said. "I've been trying to get in touch, but you're a busy man, it seems."

"These past few days," Barney agreed.

"Doctor Whitney wants to talk to you." The supervisor was a little embarrassed. "But I don't know where he is now. He left the floor and probably the hospital."

"D'you know what he wanted?"

"No, I don't."

And that was a small, white lie, Barney knew at once. Her eyes said she knew, and her eyes were very concerned. Barney felt a wash of pain—good news belonged to everyone, only bad news had to come from the doctor alone. After a moment, he was able to speak again.

"Will you try to find him, please?"

She nodded hurriedly. "Where will you be?"

"With Miss Evans. For a while, at least."

He went into Lacey's room. "Hello, Kitten!"

"Oh, Barney!" she said. "Not yet!"

She was bright and busy. Reels of tape were set about carefully on the bed, a clipboard holding penciled notes was beside her. The private nurse was standing beside the tape recorder, looking mussed and tired and driven.

"What d'you mean, not yet?" Barney asked.

"I haven't got anything for you yet," Lacey said. "It takes so long to memorize all the voices, and all the words, and —— But we've been working, haven't we, Miss Peters?"

"Good heavens, yes!" The nurse smiled wanly at Barney. "She isn't a patient; she's a Simon Legree. I've got whip marks all over me."

"You're good kids, both of you," Barney said. "I know you haven't had much time, but I could hope, couldn't I? I need all the help I can beg, borrow or steal."

"Is it that bad?" Lacey asked.

"It's tough," Barney said. "Has someone read you the papers? D'you know how we stand?"

"Yes, and I wish they hadn't opened the store!"

"Kitten, the man promised to wait," Barney said. "Cramer wouldn't gain anything by closing the store. He'd have to open it sometime, and when he opened it, we'd have this to face—six months, even a year, from now."

"But we might find the man in a week."

"And might not find him in a year," Barney said. "We haven't got a lead worth mentioning. I thought I had it this morning, but no luck."

"Tell me about it," Lacey said.

Barney told her.

"Barney, I'm sorry. You must be exhausted."

Her hand hunted his, and he gave it to her and felt the sympathy in her fingers. *One in a million, this girl,* he thought.

"Barney," she said after a moment, "I haven't been much help. But maybe—well, something occurred to me while I was working on these tapes. Maybe it's silly, maybe not. I'll tell you, anyway."

"I'm the man who will listen," Barney said.

"It would take quite a man to do what I'm thinking," Lacey said. "But it's not impossible. Barney, a thief puts on a mask when he robs a bank—before he robs it. This voice we've been looking for, couldn't it be a mask?"

"You mean not his normal voice?"

"One he invented to use when he talked to you."

"But I recognized it. I've heard it before."

"You couldn't remember who he was," Lacey said. "And this may be the reason.

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You'd heard the voice, but you hadn't heard it with the New England accent."

"But, Kitten," Barney protested, "that voice, that New England accent, is the only real lead I've got. Take that from me and I'm dead!"

"I'm probably wrong," Lacey said.

"No, don't let go because it hurts," Barney said. "I'm a grown man, I can take a licking. It puts me clear out of business, but ——" He left the sentence unfinished.

"Barney!" Lacey said. "Where'd you go?"

"I'm right here," Barney said. "Hunting around in the dusty corners of my head." His face was taut, his eyes were alive with thinking. "How many men did I clear this morning because they didn't have the New England accent? Most of them! There was Keller, there was Jensen, there was Clark —— Clark is the man! His voice rang a faint bell, but without that accent I passed it by. But that mouse, that mild little guy!" Barney shoved to his feet, upsetting the chair.

Frightened, Lacey said, "What's wrong? What ——"

Barney planted a quick kiss on her forehead. "A guy named Barney Strand—that's what's wrong!" He was on his way to the door. "I'll keep in touch."

In the hall he began to run. He passed the desk of the floor supervisor without a thought. He heard her call his name, but there wasn't time to stop. He ran down the stairs and out of the building. Delaney saw him coming and opened the car door.

"Wind 'er up, Ed."

Delaney wound her up. They were going seventy behind a yelling siren in a matter of seconds. Not until then did Delaney ask his question. "What happened?"

"She gave me a lead—left on Forty-fifth, Ed!" And then Barney told Delaney about Roy Clark.

"If he rang a bell, how'd you go past him?"

"I wasn't working, I guess. Just going through the motions. Ulrich was the man! I was so sure of it I'd quit hunting."

Then he called Gabrino and told him what they had and where they were going. He asked for a couple of cars to meet them there. Delaney got them to Clark's in a hurry. One car and two patrolmen were waiting. They'd just arrived, they said. Barney sent one of the patrolmen with Delaney to cover the rear. He and the other patrolman took the front. There was no answer to the ringing of the bell.

"He flew the coop," the patrolman said.

"Maybe," Barney said. "Let's kick it in."

"You can't do that!"

"The hell I can't!"

Barney drove his shoulder against the door. The patrolman added his shoulder to the next effort and the door burst open. They covered the rooms quickly. All were empty. Barney let Delaney in the back door. "Nothing out there," Delaney said. Barney found the stairway to the basement and clattered down it. Here was the workshop. Padlocked cupboards lined the walls.

"This is the place!" he said.

"Not so fast, Barney," Delaney said. "A lot of people have a shop. It takes more than that to convict a man. We had more than that on Ulrich!"

He was right, Barney knew.

Clark could have gone away for any of a dozen innocent reasons. And without specific evidence, the mere fact of a shop was not at all conclusive. And where was the specific evidence? The shop was spotlessly clean. Barney cursed. He couldn't be stopped here—he wouldn't be stopped! He took a wrecking bar from a rack and attacked the locks on the cupboards. The three patrolmen watched with shocked, agonized faces.

"You're cutting your throat, Barney," Delaney said.

"Ear to ear," Barney agreed.

The cupboards contained small tools of all descriptions. There were boxes of carefully sorted nuts and bolts and screws. One cupboard was devoted to things electrical, parts of appliances, wire transformers, motors and such. Other cupboards contained plain junk, carefully and neatly squirreled away.

Barney pawed through it all in desperate haste. He passed a yellow cardboard box twice without opening it, though the contents were obvious enough from the label.

"Shotgun shells!" he said suddenly and went back for the box. "What the devil's the matter with me? Shotgun shells I want!" He set the box on a bench and tore it open. "Six shells missing!"

A patrolman said, "He likes to hunt and ——"

"A shotgun shell was the heart of the bomb that blew up my office." Barney said. He whirled. "Is there a gun in the house? A gun of any kind? I didn't see one."

"We'll look," Delaney said. There was no gun.

Barney left the two new patrolmen at the house and took Delaney back to their car. On their way again, siren screaming, Barney called Gabrino and told him what they'd found. He gave Gabrino a careful, detailed description of Clark and asked for an all-out search. "Clark's our man," he said. "I'll bet my life on it. I'll give you any odds!"

"An hour ago Ulrich was our man," Gabrino said. Now Barney knew the reason for Gabrino's lack of enthusiasm. "I bet my life on it with the chief. I got him to put the whole department on Ulrich. It went up like a lead balloon."

"This's different!"

"You say," Gabrino said. "Don't get me wrong. I'll check him out. As for you, Barney, stay out there and wait for word from the chief. Let's don't go off the deep end again."

"Deep end or no, I'm coming in!"

"We don't need you. I've got an army ——"

"Paul, I talked to him!" Barney was almost yelling. "He knows I'm close, even if I missed him. Before, he had nothing to worry about; he was nobody. Now he's on a list—he's got to worry! If he's going to plant that bomb, he's got to plant it quick—the quicker the better. And he isn't home!"

"What does that mean? He could ——"

"To me it means he's in the store!"

"You're swinging wild, Barney."

"I'm coming in."

"But why?" Gabrino protested. "I've got an army, I tell ——"

"You've got an army," Barney said, "but I know his face!"

Barney was shocked when he saw Gabrino. The big man was sagging, as if partially deflated. His color was muddy, his eyes bloodshot, an overnight beard was gray on his cheeks and jowls. How many days had the captain been working with very little rest? How many hours with no rest at all?

"I'm not sick!" he yelled at Barney. "I'm tired! Look at yourself in the mirror—you're walkin' death. I don't say no because I'm tired. I say no because you're so punch-drunk you're swingin' at the ring posts!"

"I'm not, Paul!" Barney was leaning stiff-armed on his desk across from Gabrino. "I know the man's in the store, or has been. He has planted the bomb or is going to!"

"How d'you know?" Gabrino asked. "All right, Clark sounds like the bomber. All right, he wasn't home! But that doesn't make a package. Why does Clark have to be here? There's the whole wide world, isn't there? He could have jumped in his car after he saw you and hit for the hills. And that figures. Before he could bomb the store and maybe get away with it because we didn't know him. Now we know him, and he can't get away with it. So he wouldn't risk it now."

"You're making sense," Barney said. "I'm just playing a hunch. All right. But at least give me this: There's a chance he'll play it my way. Will you do that?"

"I will."

"If there's a chance, we've got to give it everything!"

"I am," Gabrino said. "I've told the chief. There's an APB out for Clark. The people here are alerted. You gave me the description, and I passed it out."

"That's not enough!" Barney said. "We've got to stop people coming into the store. We've got to let the people inside go home as fast as they want to."

"Me close the store?" Gabrino asked. "You're nuts! Cramer would hang me by the thumbs!"

"I'll talk to Cramer," Barney said.

He left the office, forcing himself to move at no more than a fast walk. Even here, on the eighth floor, where there was very little to interest the public, the corridors were crowded. *Like sheep waiting in a stockyard slaughtering pen!* Barney thought bitterly. He went past Mrs. Baker, Cramer's secretary, without pausing to ask permission. John Paul Cramer turned away from a window as Barney entered.

"Strand!" His face tightened. "What is this?"

The small man's voice was not sharp, clear and cold, as it usually was. Sleeplessness and worry and strain had scarred him. His face was gaunt, his eyes overbright. *All of us*, Barney thought. *We're right on the ragged edge.*

"An emergency," he said. "I need your authority."

As quickly as possible, he gave Cramer the information he had. Cramer was angrily skeptical at first—he'd heard about Ulrich too—but he could not refuse to act when Barney pointed out that every possibility had to be covered. And half measures were unknown to the man.

"I'll clear the store." He reached for the telephone.

"No, for the love of heaven!" Barney said.

Cramer stared, unbelieving. "I don't trust your judgment very much, Strand, if at all. But I won't take needless risk with human lives. If you think ——"

"*You* think, Mr. Cramer!" Barney said. "We can keep people out if we give them some excuse, like an unexpected order from the fire department. But we can't do anything with the people inside the store but let them go home as they will. You certainly can't clear them!"

"Why not? If there's danger ——"

"Mr. Cramer!" Barney pleaded. "Once the order is passed, once that first woman screams—and some woman will scream—there'll be a panic like nothing in the world before. Each man, woman and child will think the bomb must be in the package nearest him and they'll run. They'll pile up at the elevators, on the stairs, at the doors—they'll kill themselves by the score! You know they will!"

Cramer knew it; his face went paper-white. "Lord have mercy!"

"Yes," Barney said. "Now I'll see about Roy Clark."

Perhaps it was because bad luck can't go on forever. Or perhaps, because of Cramer's prayer, Providence did intervene. Whatever the reason—and Barney didn't inquire into it at all—a hand seemed to lead him directly to Roy Clark. Clark's hat, his topcoat, the shape of his back, did not distinguish him at all from several other men looking at socks in Men's Furnishings. But Men's Furnishings was only the third place Barney looked; Clark's shoulder was the first to feel the touch of Barney's hand.

"By all that's holy," Barney said. "I've got you now."

"I—I don't know what you mean," Clark stuttered, and his sick look of fear made that a lie. "Let go of my arm, sir! There's some mistake." The other customers were taking notice; he appealed to them. "Gentlemen, help me ——"

"Store security!" Barney said and showed his badge. "This man is a wanted thief, a shoplifter." His hand was like an iron claw fastened on Clark's upper arm. "Go on with your shopping, please." He took Clark out of the group and to the stairs. There were excited voices behind him, but no alarm. He took Clark up the stairs and to his office.

Once inside, once the door was closed and the sounds shut in, Barney turned Clark to face him, and the back of Barney's hand slapped Clark across the face hard, and then hard again. Clark squealed in pain, tears bursting from his eyes. Then he caught Barney's coat, pulled himself close, hiding his face against Barney's chest. Barney was trying to pull loose, when Gabrino came around his desk like a furious bear. He tied up Barney's arms in a bear's grip.

"That's enough!"

He tore Barney away from Clark. Jim DeRose, a plain-clothes man who'd been talking to Gabrino, caught and held Clark. In a moment the blind fury left Barney, left only cold fury in its place.

"This is Clark," he said. "This is the bomber. He owns the voice I've been hearing on the telephone, and I don't need the accent to know it. Four years ago, when I was on the force, this little guy reported a stolen car. I talked to him then. He didn't (*Continued on Page 54*)

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Hasty Judgment

By R. H. Grenville

Winter, I said, is skinflint mean:
A tightwad season that grudges green,
Has only a frosty word to say
And is quick to foreclose on the light of day.

But here is a morning Croesus rich:
Weeds decked with diamonds, and every ditch
A giant's coffer heaped high with swirls
Of flawless crystal and matchless pearls;
With a pine-rich tang in its wine-sweet air,
And peace for the taking everywhere.
So I come to learn, with months as men,
Who judges in haste must judge again.

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His savings are working for him

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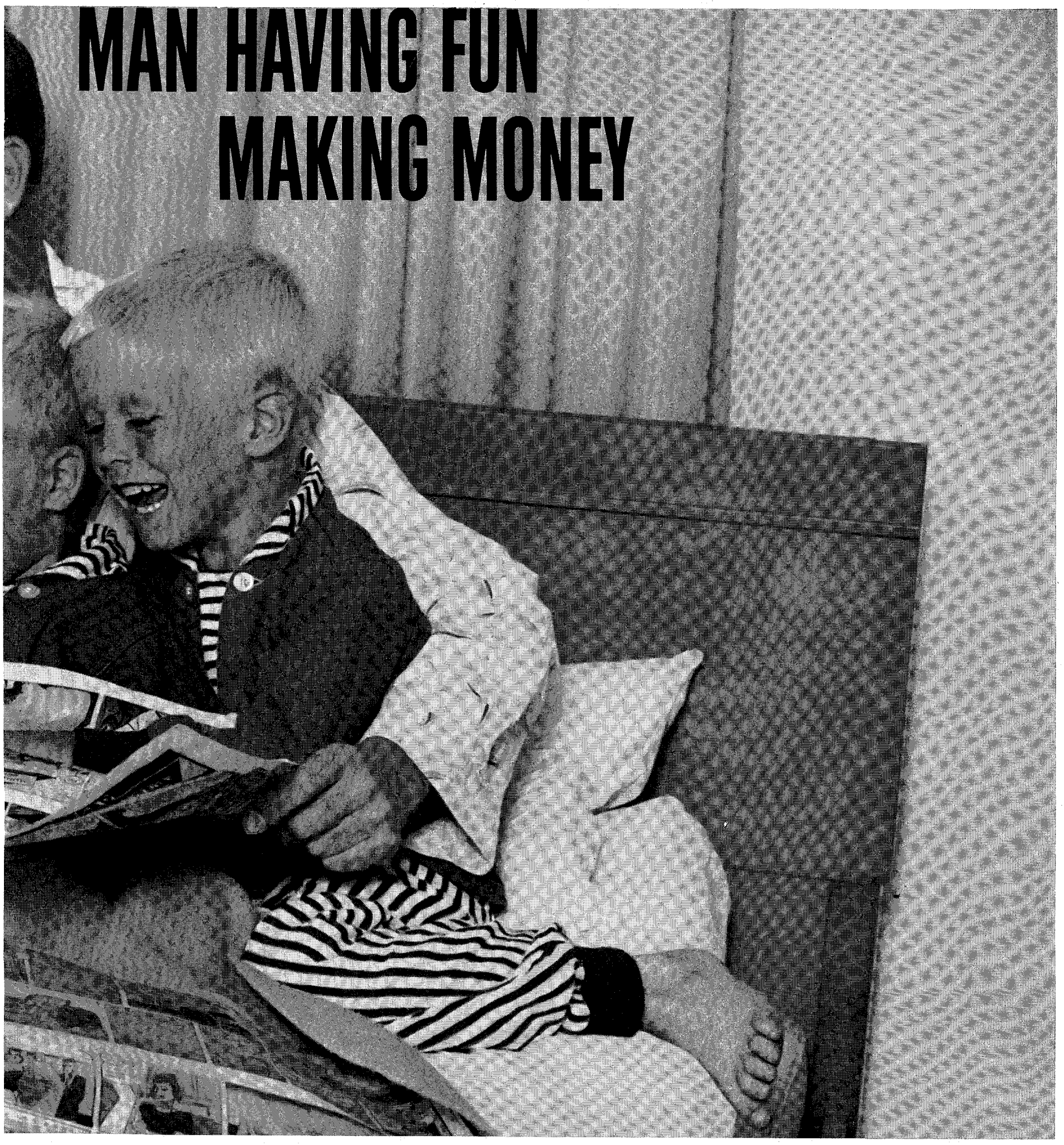

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(*Continued from Page 51*) have an accent and he doesn't now, but he can fake one."

Clark said, "You lie!"

Barney lunged, breaking partly free of Gabrino's grip. He did not come within several yards of Clark, but the small man squealed again in fear and clawed his way behind Jim DeRose, pleading for protection. Gabrino cursed Barney, turned and drove him against the wall. Barney didn't fight him. He waited until he could meet Gabrino's eyes.

"I'm all right, Paul," he said. "Let's talk to the man."

"Keep your mitts off him!"

"I will."

Roy Clark was put in a chair. Barney, Gabrino, Jim DeRose and two others who came to help began to question him. Clark was frightened at first. But it soon became apparent that Gabrino was not going to allow any violent treatment. Then a measure of confidence came to Clark. His mouth firmed up, and his eyes sharpened. He denied everything over and over again.

"You're not this kind of a fool," Barney said. "I'd expect you to lie if there was a chance you could make the lie stick. But there isn't a chance. My testimony will convict you, and the shotgun shells, and all the rest you know the police will find in your basement—and you've had it! Why make a fool of yourself? Why don't you clean it up? You've got nothing to lose. Take the credit!"

Clark gave the idea some thought. All criminals take a certain pride in their work, but unlike most craftsmen, they can seldom talk about it in safety. Occasionally, when the safety is gone, when there is nothing to lose, a criminal will cop out in detail, just for the chance to brag. It had happened to Barney before; he could hope it would happen again. And it did.

Thoughtfully, trying to control a small smile, Clark said, "You have a point, Strand. A very logical point. I have nothing to lose. So"—he shrugged his narrow shoulders—"I will confess. I'm your man."

Gabrino said, "Well, now! Tell us about it, Mr. Clark."

"I approached the problem with considerable ——"

"Just a moment!" Barney said. "Clark, you told me you made a second bomb—a bigger one. I didn't find it in your basement. Where is it?"

Clark stared at Barney, eyes shining. Then he made a nervous sound, thin, high-pitched, almost a giggle. "Wouldn't you like to know?" he said.

"I would," Barney told him.

"I'll tell you this much, Strand," Clark said. "It's in the store, hidden away, just as I promised you. It has a timing mechanism." He looked at his wrist watch. "It will explode very soon now."

"Where is it?" Barney asked.

"I won't tell you," Clark said. "Somewhere in the store—that's all I'll say. A package, like a thousand others." He began to smile as he became aware of his power, of the dramatic situation he controlled. "I alone know where it is and I won't tell you. You have the whole store to search, and you don't know how much time you have." He looked at his watch again. "I assure you, there's very little time."

A gasp from Gabrino jerked Barney's eyes that way. The captain's face wore the stunned, agonized look of a man who has been shot in the stomach. The captain turned, almost blindly, and lurched from the office.

"Clark, don't be a fool!" Barney said. "You've got only a prison term ahead of you now. Do you want to die in the gas chamber?"

"They don't execute the insane," Clark said. "And I'm not sane—I'm not at all sane."

"Sane enough!"

"No," Clark shook his head, "I'm afraid not."

Barney stared at the small man, trying to control himself. How long would it take to convince Clark he was sane enough, under the law, to execute? Too long, he was sure. Barney left that task to Jim DeRose and the other plain-clothes men and went after Gabrino, closing the door behind him. Gabrino had frightened the wits out of the young girl who had taken Lacey's place in the outer office. And she was frightened with cause. Gabrino was leaning on her desk, barely able to hold himself erect, face sagging and gray.

"Barney!" he said hoarsely. "Is he telling the truth?"

Almost as sick, Barney said, "I'm afraid he is."

"Will he let it go all the way?"

"I don't know," Barney said. "He's got us on our knees. He's having a ball. And he thinks he's crazy enough to beat the gas chamber. Maybe he is, at that. Reason doesn't mean a thing to him. He doesn't care how many people might die."

"What am I going to do?" Gabrino struggled with his breathing. "I could get it out of him in time, but I don't know how much time there is."

Gabrino jerked suddenly erect. "I've got to clear the store!"

"No!" Barney caught Gabrino's arm. "You'll spook them and they'll stampede! You could kill a hundred!"

Gabrino stared at Barney. "You're right."

"You know I am."

Hoarsely Gabrino said, "But I've got to do something!"

Barney turned away, beating a hard fist into a palm. "Where is the bomb, Paul? Where would he plant it? Where would he have to plant it?"

"How would I know? Anywhere. On any floor from the roof to the basement, in any department, under any counter."

"We can narrow it down. We've got to."

"Tell me how," Gabrino said.

"Not Women's Wear—a man would be conspicuous. Not Furniture—so few people go there, he might be remembered. That's the clue, Paul. He knows the place is loaded with police. He'd be very careful." Barney's lean face was taut, sweating. "The fourth floor is Shoes—nobody would notice an extra box. Or the basement—that's always crowded."

"Why did they have to civilize cops?" Gabrino asked. "If I could use my hands on him for just five minutes!"

Barney's eyes were on Gabrino. "I found him in Men's Wear. We can eliminate that department. He wouldn't hang around an area where he'd left the bomb. Sporting Goods is a possibility."

"Barney, you can't hope to find it!"

"I've got to!" Barney said.

"There's no way ——"

Suddenly Barney said, "Give me that weasel! Let me take him with me."

"I can't let you."

"I'm not going to beat him," Barney said. "I'm going to use him. He's yellow, Paul; rotten yellow clear through. You saw the way he climbed the walls after I slapped him. He's not afraid of the gas chamber; he thinks he can beat it. But he'll be afraid of that bomb if he thinks it's going to blow him in a thousand pieces. He'll scream like a gun-shot hog!"

"Where will you take him?"

"One place at a time." Barney's voice was jarring. "How else can I do it?" He hesitated a moment, torn with conflict. Then he said, "What can we do about the crowd, Paul? We can't put out a blanket order to clear at once, but d'you think we could thin the crowd a little? I mean talk to them a few at a time, walk them out, if necessary, then come back and get a few more? We can't just do nothing at all!"

"I guess I've got to try," Gabrino said helplessly.

Barney said, "Check it with Cramer. If any man alive can figure an answer, he can. I'll take Clark now."

For Clark, the hunt through the store began as a game, a child's game made completely adult by the aspect of violence. A small prize or a small forfeit was not going to be the result of success or failure. Continued life for a dozen or more people, or a sudden, violent destruction was what the balance held.

He entered into the spirit of the thing. He walked between Barney Strand and Jim DeRose, underplaying the role, amused, smiling. He did not concede the men even a small chance of finding the bomb in time. How could they in a store so vast, with places of concealment beyond number? So he could be generous in a small degree and derive certain additional enjoyment from the gesture.

"Gentlemen, may I say you are cold? Very cold, indeed. You would get warmer as you climbed."

Barney's eyes met Jim DeRose's over Clark's head. Whatever the pleasure Clark got from the gesture, they were grateful. If he was guiding them right—and they had no choice but to accept every small help without question—Clark had just eliminated the entire basement. They went upstairs at once.

Barney said, "You made the whole bomb yourself, Clark? Including the timer?"

"I most certainly did," Clark said. He lifted his amused eyes. "If you're trying to trap me into disclosing the fact that it's a ticking mechanism that might be heard, I'll save you the trouble. It's completely silent, an acid fuse. When the acid eats through the material of the trigger retainer, the trigger will be released and the bomb will explode."

"How long does that take?"

"Depends on the acid and the material," Clark said.

"That's right," Barney said. "And there isn't a man alive who can say how long it will take a certain acid to eat through a certain material under all conditions. You can't know within a half hour when the bomb will explode."

"I tested it thoroughly. It was accurate within five minutes four times in succession. I assure you ——"

"There were temperature changes," Barney said quietly. "Carrying it in, there was a lot of movement, a lot of stirring of the acid. Fresh acid all the time on the material. These things could mean an hour's difference. Isn't that right, now that you think about it? The bomb can go any time. It can go as we walk by."

"I know when it will go," Clark insisted.

But Barney had caught a note of uncertainty in Clark's voice, and so had Jim DeRose. They worked on it quietly as they moved about the store, increasing that uncertainty, changing it slowly to fear.

And they watched Clark's face closely. It was a transparent face; doubt concerning the timing device was clear. Fear, then, fear of being hurt in a premature blast would show as clearly. As long as there was no fear, an area could be called safe, and in this way they eliminated area after area with some speed. *But don't look back*, Barney told himself grimly.

The Perfect Squelch

The Canadian, in the United States on business, suddenly realized that he had to cash a personal check. Politely he approached the hotel's young assistant manager. To his dismay, the young man was anything but cooperative.

"You must show us something that we can accept as positive identification," the young manager asserted. "Calling cards, club-membership cards, that sort of thing won't do. We have to be very careful, especially with visitors from remote places."

Pausing for this lecture to take effect, the assistant manager unbent slightly and suggested: "A driver's license with your photo would do. You do have drivers' licenses in Canada, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," the Canadian replied evenly. "For dog sleds, of course."

Paul A. Gardner

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The police were busy thinning the crowd. Barney saw them working with such care that only an eye as concerned as his would be aware of the fact. A man or a woman, talking to a small group, smiling, gesturing easily, joking, looking rueful, amused—there was no cause for worry, no cause for alarm.

But one loud noise, Barney thought. *The sight of a youngster running, a foolish woman's scream* ——

The responsibility, the blame for the panic that might easily occur, was not being left to the police alone. Barney saw John Paul Cramer in the women's shoe department, and he heard a little of what Cramer was saying: "There's no danger, ladies. The city fire department has requested we close the store early today for a routine inspection. We must do as these good people ask. Please leave without being angry, and come back very soon." A disappointed host, to all outward appearances, and nothing more. And this was the man who had been unsure of his physical courage.

Paul Gabrino followed Barney and Clark and DeRose at a distance, going with them from floor to floor. Behind him, a half-dozen of his people, men and women, were moving as he moved, stopping as he stopped. They were the shock troops, ready to act in case panic flared, ready to clear an area at Gabrino's signal. And they were completely serious. They might be given only a few moments in which to work, and the chances were very good that more police than customers would die in the explosion.

Barney felt a new tension in Clark's arm as they reached the fifth floor, and he saw that Clark's smile had become a little fixed. This was the television department. There was row upon row of sets in operation, and many people standing about watching the programs. A man could loiter here without being noticed and could leave a package easily. But aside from wetting his lips several times, Clark showed no real concern.

They went on. Refrigerators, washing machines, kitchen ranges and similar items were sold on this floor. A bookshop used a large area, luggage another. They went through them all without an important reaction from Clark. They took a moving stairs to the next floor.

And Clark's tension increased again. At least, it seemed to Barney that it did. And then he wondered. Was it only his own tension? Certainly he was strung as tight as a man could be without breaking. His face was sweating, he could feel the cold run of sweat down his ribs.

"Play it safe," he said to Clark. "Cop out now and save yourself. We're getting closer all the time. If you don't get blown to bits, you'll be trampled to death in the mob."

"You've passed it!" Clark said. "It's below us!"

That was a lie, clearly. Clark's smile was gone now, his lips were bloodless. Barney and DeRose forced him into a corner and tried to break him down with vicious whispers, with threats, with lurid pictures of death and destruction. But Clark would not give in. Barney and DeRose led him through the sporting-goods department. Each step seemed to increase Clark's tension. But he seemed not to be concerned about the present area, but on some area still ahead. Desperately, almost frantic, Barney looked at the signs that marked each department on this floor, trying to find one more promising than another. Kitchen Supplies, Dishes, Hardware, Garden Supplies, Home Workshop ——

"That's it!" Barney said. "Damn it! I should have come here first. What do I use for brains?" He turned on Clark. "I'm right, Clark. It's the home-workshop section, isn't it? You've bought enough things there. You know it well. A man like you wouldn't be noticed. You could leave a package there."

Clark's face was stiff, frozen.

"You've got it!" DeRose said.

He took one of Clark's arms, Barney tightened his grip on the other, and they took Clark straight into the heart of the home-workshop section. There were perhaps fifteen customers in the immediate area and three very busy clerks. Several of the customers turned, mildly curious. Barney was all too aware of them.

He whispered to Clark, "Where is it?"

Clark was unable to answer.

"It's here," DeRose whispered. "He's going like a Geiger counter. Barney, these people ——"

"Yes."

Barney signaled Gabrino. Gabrino and his people acted at once, with haste but with infinite care. A policewoman suddenly appeared between two men near Barney. She slipped a hand beneath the arm of each, smiled at them, whispered something, and they walked away. She left these two men, and they went on, whispering to other men, who in turn went on, whispering to others. And she came back. The men of the police were doing the same thing smoothly, quietly. In a very few moments, there was no customer and no clerk within a hundred feet of the department. And the circle was widening, the floor emptying, as the people went downstairs. Panic? There was none.

When Barney was able to breathe again, he vowed that never again would he think of the public as a senseless flock of sheep. They were men and they were women and in his eyes now each one was ten feet tall.

"You, too," Barney said to DeRose, and DeRose went away.

"Now it's just you and I," Barney said to Clark. "And I promise you, Clark, that we'll stay here until it happens."

"Let me go," Clark said hoarsely.

"I will not!" Barney said savagely. "You tell me where that bomb is, or you'll die here! Tell me now!"

Hysteria defeated him. Clark went out of his mind. Squealing incoherently, the small man began to fight, twisting and squirming with a maniac's strength. Barney could not hurt him, to hold him in this condition was a waste, and Gabrino was coming toward them. A shove sent Clark stumbling into Gabrino's arms. Barney turned back to hunt furiously among the packages for the bomb, among packages it would have taken hours even to count.

"Barney!" Gabrino said. "Leave it, you fool!"

Barney didn't hear him. He didn't see Gabrino pass Clark on to DeRose, and scarcely felt Gabrino's hands upon him. He had been living with the fact of the bomb, hunting it, in a sense, for so long he couldn't stop now. He shook free of Gabrino and kept digging through the packages. In a moment a great flash of light burst behind his eyes. He felt no pain ——

"I tell you, he's going to be all right!" Gabrino's voice was harsh and worried and blustering. "I know how to use a sap! I've been using one for years. And I didn't hit him hard. He's just so doggone bushed he can't come to, that's all."

"*Bushed*" *is right*, Barney thought.

He couldn't move. He felt as if an enormous weight were pressing down upon him. His throat was closed, silent and dust-dry. There was an unholy ache in his head.

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Doctor Whitney said, "You could have cracked his skull!"

"I didn't, did I?"

Barney tried very hard and said, "What about the bomb?"

"You see?" Gabrino said. "I told you." And then Gabrino leaned over Barney. "It went off, laddy buck. About two minutes after I clipped you. And you can thank me for that; you'd be a basket case if I hadn't. I mean to tell you, that was a lot of bomb!"

Barney pushed Doctor Whitney's hands aside and sat up. "Was anyone hurt?"

"A few nicks, a few bruises," Gabrino said. "A woman twists her ankle, a kid falls down the stairs—that's about the size of it. But that department's a wreck, believe me!"

Barney fell back and closed his eyes. "Thank you, Lord," he whispered.

Brusquely Doctor Whitney said, "If you people will please stand back, I'd like to let a little light into this pit of gloom. . . . Barney, listen to me."

Barney opened his eyes. "Yes?"

"I've been trying half the day to get hold of you," Doctor Whitney said. "I wanted you to be with Lacey when I told her. She's going to see again, Barney. As well as ever in the left eye, something like fifty per cent in the other."

Barney sat up with a snap. "Let's go be with Lacey now!" he said. "Paul, I need a car. I need a siren."

"One each, coming right up," Gabrino said.

A cast on the leg, a wheel chair, dark glasses—these are not becoming things to a bride at a wedding. But what can you do with a man who simply will not wait? Still, even with a cast, the lips are sweet, the vows are binding, the marriage is secure. And another thing, you can't fly to Hawaii with a man for two weeks, all expenses paid by the boss, unless you're married somehow or other.

Thinking back about the wedding, Lacey found she didn't mind at all. How could she care, with the sun so warm on her face at Christmastime, the breeze so pleasant? Hawaii was a good place to be. Newly married, with a happy and contented man, with a future hardly less than elegant ahead of them, it was pure bliss.

"I like you," she said to Barney. "But maybe I like Mr. Cramer best."

"He's fine," Barney agreed. He was lying with his face to the sun, half awake. "But you'll decide I come first when you get your strength back. There are so many things we can do together . . . like dancing and playing golf and riding surfboards."

I Crossed America in a Moving Van (Continued from Page 21)

furniture from California to New Jersey. There was already a grand piano on the truck when it arrived at the house in Covina. Left over from another load, the piano had been loaded in Torrance, California, and was going to Lake Mohawk, New Jersey.

There was still some space in the van after the Barkdulls' things were on, but it was then too late in the day to leave. At four the next morning, the big yellow, red and green semitrailer rumbled up in front of my house and stopped with a hiss of air brakes. The driver got out and stowed my suitcase in the cab. I climbed up into the seat and took a curious look around. I seemed to be very high off the ground. Behind me, crosswise of the cab, was a comfortable bunk with blankets and pillows. On the dashboard were the usual dials, plus a tachometer and air-pressure gauge. There was also a hand brake valve for the trailer brakes. Otherwise it looked like the interior of a vintage automobile.

"Hated to get you up so early," said Charles Bell, the driver, "but I've got nineteen pieces of furniture to load in Phoenix, for Washington, D.C., and I want to get them on yet tonight."

He started the truck, which had an eight-speed transmission—and springs built for heavy loads, rather than for passenger comfort. In a truck you rediscover your spine; you sit up straight.

It was dark when we hit the freeway. Another big semitrailer truck passed us. Charley blinked his lights. The other driver blinked back as he pulled into the lane in front of us. "Anything you want to know, you'll have to ask," Charley said. "I don't know what would be interesting to you about this job."

Another truck passed us. Again that quick exchange of signals. "That, for instance," I said. "What did it mean when you two blinked your lights?"

Charley explained: His own signal meant, "You now have room to pull in front of me." The other driver's reply said, "Thanks, I will now do so."

Each knew what the other was going to do, and when. These thoroughly professional truck drivers are traditionally the safest and most courteous drivers on the road. A woman stuck with a flat tire on the highway may not think so, as truck after truck roars past her. These men are keeping to a schedule. They can't stop—this time.

Sooner or later one will. They even signal one another about such things. We caught several of these signals—two blinks of the lights, which Charley answered. When dawn came creeping across the desert and lights were turned off, the oncoming drivers held up two fingers instead. I asked Charley what this signal meant.

"Maybe an Interstate Commerce Commission inspection, or a police weight check, or an accident," he said. Or it might mean a woman with a flat tire, dangerously close to the fast traffic lanes. All the signal means, really, is "Watch out ahead!"

In a truck-stop café in Beaumont, California, we got an explanation. There on a blackboard was the warning. I.C.C. CHECKING AT BLYTHE. Interstate drivers must keep a daily log accounting for every hour of their time. You may be sure that every man brought his log up to date before leaving Beaumont.

It was hot on the desert after the sun came up. Charley held to a steady fifty-five miles an hour, mile after mile. This, I was to learn, was characteristic of him. Charley Bell is a steady man. He likes steady work and making steady progress on his route. His nerves remain steady in maddening city traffic, and he keeps a steady eye on engine temperature and oil and air pressure.

Charley drives his truck, which is licensed for a gross weight of 40,000 pounds, some 60,000 miles a year. He has driven in every state in the Union except the newest one, Alaska, and in two provinces of Canada. In twenty years he has paid only one five-dollar traffic fine, and his collision damages have totaled less than $100.

Charley is forty-five years old, a burly man who is taller than he looks. A tobacco-chewing former cowboy and farmer who used to ride broncs in rodeos to earn extra money, he lives in Brighton, Colorado, just north of Denver. He had to quit school after the eighth grade and is determined that his three sons will have a better chance.

"It's a lonesome job, but I like it," he said. "I get home about once a month, and if I don't, my wife flies out to meet me and rides with me for a few days. I get home for the elk season and Christmas, if I have to park the truck empty somewhere and fly home."

Charley is a partner, rather than an employee, of Aero Mayflower Transit Company. Charley owns the tractor—the front half of his semitrailer—and all of the tires. Mayflower owns the trailer and pays the license fees in every state but Arizona, which has a trip-permit system. On the tractor are twenty-two metal license plates, seven paper stickers and thirty-two painted numbers—on the trailer, twenty-four painted numbers and ten metal plates.

All drivers wish that the forty-nine states—Mayflower was serving Alaska via the Alaska Highway long before it became a state—would unite on a uniform licensing system. They resent stopping at every state line for weight and mileage checks. They blame the "railroad lobbies" in the state legislatures for maintaining the present system.

Certainly the railroads have no reason to make things easy for the nation's 11,000,000 trucks. According to the U.S. Census Bureau's Statistical Abstract, of the 574,834 million-ton-miles of freight hauled in 1939, the railroads got 64.39 per cent, or 370,150 M.T.M. Trucks got only 52,821 M.T.M. or 9.19 per cent of the total. And even then the railroads were in serious financial difficulties.

By 1954, the latest year for which these figures are ready, total freight was up to 1,124,462 M.T.M. But the railroads' share had fallen to 49.50 per cent, or 556,557 M.T.M. Meanwhile, trucks had accounted for 19.09 per cent, or 214,626 M.T.M. The balance, in both years cited, was hauled via inland waterways, pipelines and airways.

It isn't our purpose to adjudicate the struggle between rail and highway carriers. Let's just agree that in a door-to-door operation, such as moving household goods, the truck enjoys a decisive competitive advantage.

Mayflower, with headquarters in Indianapolis, is one of the world's largest movers of furniture. The company keeps some 1050 trucks on the road, 900 of them "lease rigs" like Charley Bell's. People prefer to move between school terms; so, for the summer rush, Mayflower hires 300 to 500 more trucks from the 650 agents who, like Calmay in Los Angeles, represent it in cities all over the nation.

Last year Mayflower moved 372,000,000 pounds of furniture 57,000,000 miles for 93,875 families. These were all long moves. Short hauls are handled by local agents, who also pack furniture for the long hauls by Mayflower and then unpack it at the other end.

It's a big business and, as Charley said, it's one in which a man without much education can still make good money. Lease drivers make from $6000 up to as much as $12,000 a year, depending on how good business is and how hard they want to work. Luck counts, too. A driver unloading anywhere must take his turn at the next load out, and it may or may not be a good one. The heavier the load and the farther it goes, the better it pays.

Charley has $6000 invested in his tractor, which he bought used, and in tires and equipment. All are paid for. So are his home and new car. And when his youngest son was ill two years ago and the bills exceeded their hospital insurance by $2200, Mrs. Bell was able to write a check for the difference. Things like that make Charley realize how lucky he is to be a lease driver. "How else could I do it with only an eighth-grade education?" he asked.

Under ICC rules, Charley may work only ten hours a day, sixty hours a week. Mayflower disciplines men for being habitually late or for wearing dirty uniforms. "And," Charley said, "for bad driving. When I started here, they gave me two accident-report forms. 'You may need a second one,' they said, 'but take our word for it—you'll never need a third one!'"

The ICC check we had been warned against was actually held at Ehrenberg, Arizona, across the Colorado River from Blythe, California. Inspectors swarmed over and under the truck, checking brakes, lights, steering and other equipment. They had already put four trucks "out of service" that day; none could be moved until they were repaired. The day before, fifteen had been sidelined.

It's a tough system, but it's one of the reasons why the interstate trucks have such spectacular safety records. The National Safety Council statistics tell the story. Last year, of all vehicles involved in accidents, 86 per cent were passenger cars, 11 per cent trucks, even though the average truck's annual mileage is around five times that of the average car.

When I saw the stuff to be loaded in Phoenix, and the space left for it, I said it couldn't be done. Charley just grinned. "The main thing is to take your time," he said. "You can't jam stuff in. It's got to fit."

It fitted. We spent the night in Phoenix. Charley sleeps in his cab. He has curtains to give him privacy at night, and his shaver plugs into his cigarette lighter. With first daylight, he first starts his engine, because his brakes won't unlock until he has built up air pressure. He dresses, puts away his curtains and shaves. He washes wherever he stops for breakfast.

"Is it true," I asked as we pulled out of Phoenix shortly after daybreak, "that wherever you see the big trucks parked, that's where you'll find the best food?"

Charley tamped his cheek full of scrap tobacco. "Or a pretty waitress," he said thoughtfully.

Actually, he said, most of the food is pretty bad all the way across the country; and that's the way it turned out, legend notwithstanding. Drivers have to park where there's room for their big rigs, and the man with that much land on a key highway often has a monopoly. Frequently he exploits it by hiring pretty waitresses and skimping on the food.

Truck-stop cafés are exchanges for information about highway conditions, detours, weather, and so on. There had been some bad accidents on one new highway in New Mexico and some hot controversy over it. A state trooper said that the paving was too slick in wet weather and not very good in dry. A state engineer retorted indignantly that the paving was a standard engineering formula.

The drivers sided with the trooper. Listening to them over their coffee, I got the distinct impression that this was more than a mere engineering theory to them:

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"I ran that stretch bobtailed in last week's rain, and I sawed down every grade."

"Yeah, she fishtails the minute you squeeze down."

"Yes, all you can do is pull down into the big hole and let her groan. Big Bad Joe is right!"

"Bobtailed" means tractor only—no trailer. "Sawing" is zigzagging to avert a skid. "Fishtailing" is when the trailer skids, as you "squeeze down," or apply brakes. "Pull down into the big hole" means shift to a lower gear, and that's when the transmission groans. "Big Bad Joe" is a policeman—any policeman anywhere.

Charley took the Barkdulls' furniture across the Great Divide in the Rockies by way of Colorado's Wolf Creek Pass. As we climbed toward the 10,850-foot summit, he showed me where a truck coming down this grade had gone over the side only a few weeks earlier.

There had been two men in the rig, which carried clay sewer pipe. At one point, the grade levels out a little for a few miles. "Some of the boys think they've got it made," Charley said somberly, "and they let her get to rolling too fast."

Apparently this had happened. Suddenly the grade steepened, just above a blind right turn, with a rock wall on the right, the canyon on the left. The driver squeezed down too late. His brakes burned out instantly, but he did pull down into the big hole. He was going too fast, and it tore out his transmission. The intense friction melted the gears into shapeless blobs of seared steel.

He still might have "fishtailed" the curve, but that would have smashed any oncoming car "like stepping on a bug," as Charley said. There was no car coming, but the driver didn't know this. He made one last effort to stop, by throwing the trailer into a skid against the rock wall on his right.

The trailer stopped—but the kingpin snapped and the tractor kept going. It hurtled into the canyon as though shot out of a gun. It fell 500 feet, the two men probably still alive in it, before striking solid rock. It hit once, bounced high, and then rolled the rest of the way to the bottom; and now the two men were dead.

There was no marker here, any more than there are markers at any of the places where drivers have ridden trucks to their deaths, rather than kill someone else. Only rarely is it their fault—a car stops suddenly in front of them, a child runs across the road. It's the driver's code to stay with his rig, and in a surprising number of cases, the only damage is that done to his immortal soul by his incendiary language. So skillful are these men that they can squeeze through some fantastically tight places.

We spent a night with Charley's family in Brighton. Lauris Reed had been in college, studying to be a missionary, when she met Charles Bell, who was then farming. Now, some of her friends tell her that they wouldn't put up with their husbands' being away from home so much, and Mrs. Bell isn't very happy about it either.

"But a man must do what he thinks is right," she said. "There are a lot of things in life that we have to learn to like, and Chuck is right—our sons are good boys who deserve a chance."

Lowell is a junior at the University of Colorado, majoring in chemistry. Lynn, fourteen, is in high school. Jeffrey is three, and only recently is able to remember his father between trips.

Outside Fort Morgan, a herd of antelope went skimming across the prairie. Nearing the Nebraska line, we began to see the cornfields that stretch one third of the way across the continent. You have no idea how immense our central granary is until you have plodded across it, at a monotonous fifty-five miles an hour, in a truck.

Not until we were in Iowa did we see a policeman. The coast-to-coast automobile driver may feel that policemen lurk everywhere, ready to jump out at him—and he's right. But between the police and the drivers of the transcontinental trucks there is a relationship of mutual respect based upon the fact that most truck drivers obey the traffic laws.

"There's been a big change in policemen in the last twenty years," Charley said. "There are still a few who have their hands out, but most cops today are young career boys who are just trying to do a job. We don't ask any favors, and we help them whenever we can."

Crossing Iowa in the rain, we saw the driver of an oncoming truck hold up two warning fingers. Just over the hill were three smashed cars. A state trooper had stopped a big semitrailer truck that was running a mile ahead of us. Its driver was piling out with his arms full of signal fusees as we came in sight.

Charley blinked his lights: *Do you need more help?* The trooper waved us on through. The other truck driver threw out his blazing fusees to protect the wrecked cars. Then he took the trooper's flashlight and handled traffic, while the officer attended to the injured.

The big trucks carry not only fusees but also, as a rule, fire extinguishers, first-aid kits, tow cables and tools. Drivers understand traffic and are not afraid to take charge. If it's necessary, they've got the vehicle that can block all traffic. Charley has seen men, women and kids with their brains and intestines smeared all over the road. He has pulled wrecked cars apart so the dead-wagon men could get at the ghastly mess inside. Of all their jobs, drivers hate this one worst. To them, it all seems so unnecessary.

Most accidents, Charley says, are caused by speed that is *excessive under prevailing conditions*. Truck drivers reduce speed sharply when it starts to rain, whereas the average automobile driver thinks in terms of the legal speed limit rather than road-surface conditions. That's the difference, and it's a big one, as you realize after you have watched a truck driver's endless alertness to his ever-changing environment.

In return for the help they get from truck drivers, traffic police on many of the toll roads encourage trucks to exceed the speed limits during the low-traffic hours of midday. That gets them off the roads before the heavy traffic of late afternoon. It also encourages the truck drivers to use—and therefore help pay for—the turnpikes. A top speed of fifty on the downgrades means half that on the upgrades, for a truck, and that's far too slow, considering the high tolls. So the police shoo them on through at the top automobile speed of sixty to seventy, and everybody's happy.

If truck drivers get along with policemen, their relations with their own union are at least ambiguous. I found drivers all the way across the country touchy about the scandals in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. I'm sure that most over-the-road drivers feel a deep loyalty to their union. It's a link of fellowship on a long and lonely highway, and it has done a lot for them.

But not nearly enough, I think most of them feel. "Look at the difference between Charley Bell and me," one irate man said. "The big outfits like Mayflower live up to their contracts. Charley would be called on the carpet if he faked his log to hide the fact that he drove more than his legal ten hours a day.

"Me? No man alive can drive the miles I'm supposed to make in ten hours. I'm on 'hot time' two hours a day, and if the ICC ever catches me, do you think the union will go to bat for me? Hell, no! They'll slap a fine on the company—but I won't get paid for that time. I'll be lucky not to be fined myself!"

Drivers resent the filthy bunkhouses and baths across the nation. They wish the union would police these places, and this would seem to be a legitimate union function, but it's one the Teamsters have ignored.

These things leave the men bewildered—and touchy. For whatever it's worth, my conviction is that they'd cheerfully walk out in a defensive strike against "union-busting." But no Teamster official should count on rank-and-file loyalty in a contest with the law over internal corruption. Every driver who ever has had to sleep in one of these stinking bunkhouses or who has run on "hot time" because of a private deal between his boss and his union business agent will be cheering for Big Bad Joe.

Night brings out the freighters—the two-man rigs, bigger and faster than ours, that keep a taut schedule between regular terminals, one man sleeping while the other drives. Night also brings out the teen-age girls who hang around the truck-stop cafés in the small towns of the Midwest, chiefly Nebraska and Iowa. It's not a pretty picture that these kids make, but the local law-enforcement officers seem to be blind to it.

We crossed the Mississippi from Davenport, Iowa, into Rock Island, Illinois. And just across the Indiana line, at the junction of Federal highways 30 and 41, we ate at what drivers call "the best truck-stop café in the country." There was ample parking space, and good, clean, reasonably priced food. It was so unlike the average truck-stop café that it deserves mention by name—Sauzer's Waffle Shop—and may its kind increase!

We had left California on Wednesday. On the following Wednesday, from Bowling Green, Ohio, Charley wired Mrs. Barkdull, who was visiting in Cincinnati, that we would unload at noon Friday in Westfield. I didn't see how we could make it, and I said so. We still had that stuff to unload in Washington, D.C.

"We'll make it!" Charley said. We didn't—not quite. We spent Wednesday night in Hagerstown, Maryland. Thursday we unloaded in Washington. That night we got as far as Thorofare, New Jersey.

Because Charley took time to have the truck washed, removing the accumulated dirt of thirteen states and the District of Columbia, we were ten minutes late getting to the Barkdulls' brand-new house. They had just "closed" on it, taking title officially at ten A.M. Mr. Barkdull was awaiting on the front steps. Janet and Ricky had already made new friends in the neighborhood, and were nowhere in sight.

Mrs. Barkdull was wandering from room to room, in her eye the look of a woman who is aching to get settled down, but who is at the mercy of mere men. We had stopped at Lincoln Storage Warehouses, the Mayflower agent in East Orange, for two helpers. Mrs. Barkdull came out to watch Charley unlock the van. She stood at the door to tell the men where everything belonged.

She had it all planned. The rugs were put down. The beds were set up. Dishes were unpacked. At first the chairs and tables just sat there uneasily where the men put them, looking embarrassed, like strangers. Mrs. Barkdull went through the house, straightening them an inch or two, treading out a wrinkle in a rug, moving this lamp a little nearer and that one a little farther from its companion chair. "That picture," she said thoughtfully, "doesn't belong on that wall, does it?"

Suddenly it was a home.

Charley still had to deliver a piano to Lake Mohawk. Then he would return to East Orange, there to be loaded out for Miami or San Antonio or Seattle or New Orleans or somewhere. As soon as he knew, he would call his wife and let her know.

On the road across America, he had said, "Sometimes I get so low-down lonesome on this job that I don't think I can take it another day. Then I put in a call to Lauris, and—well, you know! After I talk to her, why, everything's all right again."

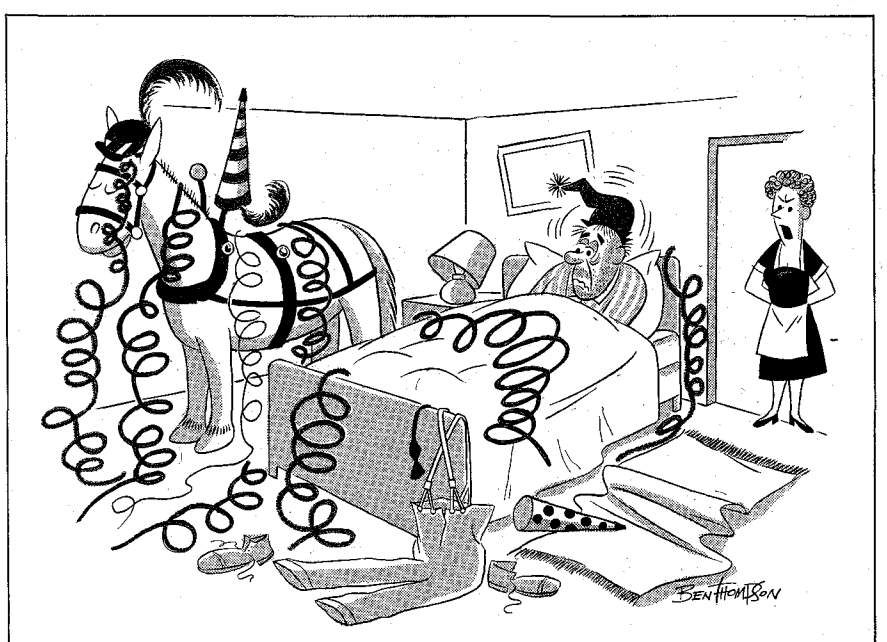
Now we shook hands. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" Charley said.

"Yes," I said, "I'd like to hear your horn."

Early in the trip, I had noticed his patience with the dawdling drivers who irresponsibly wandered around in front of our ponderous outfit, never bothering to signal. They were asking for it, but they never got it. In 3335 miles, not once had Charley so much as moved his hand toward his horn button!

"You can't fight traffic," he said. "You've just got to go along with it."

THE END



"Oh, don't worry about what you're going to do with it. . . . You also bought the man's wagon and his milk route!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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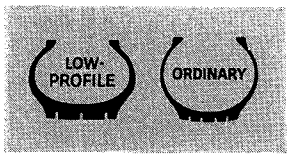

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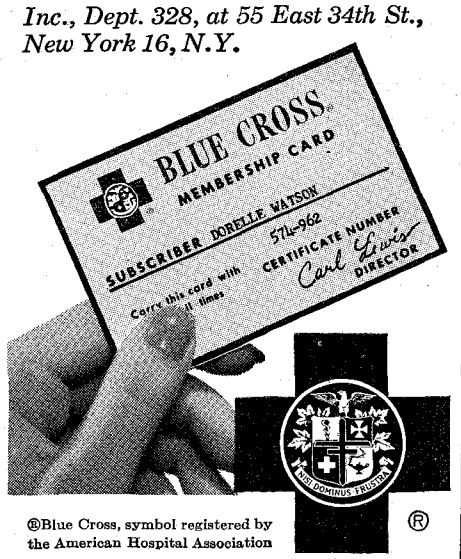

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Hate Match

(Continued from Page 18)

in to the CO—some business about a foreign patient—as a girl came out of his office, briskly snapping a rubber band over her shorthand pad and clipping a pencil into the pocket of her blouse. Not at all the usual dark, pudgy steno with mouse whiskers on upper lip. This girl was tall and purposefully striding: tawny blond, with big, misty gray eyes and honey skin—that Gothic heritage which turns up now and then in Spanish families.

When I'd finished my business, the clerical staff was leaving, and I caught another glimpse of her, curving an aqua convertible expertly down the steep drive. Maybe I should have gone back and found out who she was, but the CO hadn't been seeing eye to eye with me, and I'm not too enterprising about girls. Now, though, if she was one of Don Ernani's guests, I'd find her. Under my poncho again, I made the door.

A Carib servant opened it, but Don Ernani was waiting in the hall. He always reminded me of one of Goya's sturdy, dapple-gray chargers. Today he seemed restive, anxious. His welcome, though, was urbane as usual, almost sonorous.

"Ah, Major Peter Anson, Don Pedro my friend. Now, indeed, we shall have good fencing this afternoon: yourself, M. de Rohan of the French Embassy, your young crony Balfour of the British—although those two must leave early. And, beside them"—he shrugged slightly—"some others. You will dress, please, in the first room on the right at the head of the stairs. I would show you, but must await other guests."

Letting the Carib take my poncho, I asked casually, "Who else will be fencing?"

"Señor Juan Ferria. And some of his friends."

I almost dropped my sword. Those fellows! At this house!

Don Ernani led me toward the shadowy stairway, out of his servant's hearing.

"Donna Yndia insisted I invite Ferria today."

"Maybe that's smart politics, sir. Maybe she feels feuding doesn't pay."

"Politics? If that were all!" He was clearly moved, but squeezed the passion from his voice and went on dryly. "Between you and me, old soldier and young, there can be confidence. This is the matter of Carmen, my granddaughter, a secretary at your Gorgas Hospital—Donna Yndia believes girls should be busy. But there, at one too-large staff reception, the liberty was taken of presenting this Ferria to her. Now she refuses to drop him." Angrily he shook his classic gray head. "How can a young girl claim the right to choose her own friends? Bah! I admonish. But it is hard, said Plutarch, for a man who has lived in one age to plead before another." And he damned our generation with a gesture.

I knew about the Gorgas CO's well-meant but very mixed parties. My chief kept trying to tell Big-hearted Eddie that Latin America didn't understand our free-and-easy Stateside social ways. I could see the girl's interest, though. Ten years, and Ferria might be someone to reckon with in these parts. Among women, I heard, he was already a success. He'd make a girl feel worldly and mature. What I didn't understand was Donna Yndia's attitude—getting Ferria asked into this house and encouraging Carmen's friendship with him.

Just then the door opened once more, and Don Ernani left me. As I went up to dress, the smell of mildew, which haunts Panama houses in the rains, turned to poliler odors of flowers and a faint drift of scent. At the head of the stairs I opened the first door to my right.

"Hah! You, Major Anson?"

Donna Yndia sat before the mirror. At the v throat of her red dressing gown the gorget of garnets glowed sullenly. Her face and neck were textured like thin brown paper many times folded and smoothed, and against this skin her hair she was brushing showed ash-white and vigorous.

She wagged the brush at me. "Dispense with apologies. My brother did not attend when I told him this morning I am changing my room. Each month I move. My brother is for the old ways. Me, I like change."

"Well!" The word from the corridor behind me was amused but clear as a small silver leaf tingling on a vine of sound. "Well, Tía Yndia! Who is this latest indiscretion of yours?"

I turned. It was the girl of the aqua convertible laughing at us. Today her dress was aqua, too, and it gave her tawny hair the patina of old gold in a painting varnished long ago.

Donna Yndia chuckled. "Alas, I am too old for romance. And you know quite well who this is—after all your questions about him at lunch. Major, my grandniece, Carmen Somena, who will now show you to my room of yesterday. As soon as you have disposed of him, Carmen, go downstairs. Señor Ferria is your guest. Be attentive to him."

I saw Carmen stiffen. Temper there—quick enough to make her forget she and her Tía Yndia weren't alone.

"Why can't you let me make my own decisions?" she flared. "First grandfather plays the heavy parent. Now you practically tell me to make a pass at Juan Ferria."

"Hah! It is only that Señor Ferria may feel awkward here at first. A good hostess should be on hand to cover small gaucheries, perhaps to make excuse for them." She waved her brush airily. "Surely you wish him to make a good impression? Now go. An old woman's toilet still has its secrets."

Aloofly Carmen led me down the corridor. I'm not very deft with women, but I could see she was ready to bite someone's—anyone's—head off. Maybe the idea of having sometimes to apologize for Ferria was new to her. She'd probably seen him only against his own or a general background. I took care to change the subject.

"The other day at Gorgas," I said, "I wanted to ask the CO who you were. But he wasn't in a mood for romance either."

Suddenly she laughed. "You did rather upset him—insisting on a guard over that Czech refugee. And saying the Czech was only faking sick. As it turned out he *was* faking. You're in G2, aren't you?"

"One of the errand boys."

"Well, here's Tía Yndia's old room. I think you'll find everything you need."

I laid my bundle of fencing clothes on the bed and my sword on a bare table. In the natural, businesslike way of one used to such things, she crossed the room to look at the weapon.

"Did you put on that *pointe-d'arrêt* yourself, major?"

Indeed my sword showed an overlarge splice of waxed thread mounting the small tacklike *pointe-d'arrêt* onto the blunted tip of the blade. The blunt tip alone often slips off the tight canvas of a fencing jacket without a judge seeing a touch has been scored. But a point picks up cloth—maybe flesh too. A judge can't help seeing—nor your adversary feeling—a hit then.

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"I'm all thumbs at binding on those things," I admitted.

She smiled companionably. "So is my grandfather. I have to mount his points for him. A big wad of thread distracts the eye. I'll do yours if you like."

"Would you?"

She slid the sword familiarly in carrying position, hilt up under her arm. "I'll have it ready when you come down."

At the door, though, she paused, searching a moment for words, unconsciously pressing the sword to her side like some sort of talisman. Suddenly it was as though the competently poised young woman had stridden off down the corridor in gold-and-aqua perfection, leaving a little girl with big, mist-gray eyes to deal with her problems.

"How would you rate Señor Ferria?" she asked shyly. "As a swordsman, I mean."

"Tops. He's worked under that Cuban master who visits Panama now and then. And he flies down to Bogotá often. There's a famous *salle-d'armes* there."

"I know. I was pretty sure of that part. But other things about him—some of them rub one the wrong way. Maybe he's not to blame, really. Maybe it's just the crowd he has to run with. I want to be fair."

She paused a moment, looking down at my sword under her arm. "So far, I've never let him call at my flat in town. But don't you think a girl has to make her own decisions about people? Men do."

The trouble with driving a midget car is that your knees interfere with your vision.

E. J. KIEFER

Carmen Somena with the world before her and her back to the wall. Yet how could I answer honestly without angering her as Don Ernani had done? Between Carmen and me, though, there was no great gap of age. That fact might help.

"Men talk a lot about choosing their friends," I told her slowly. "Actually, most of us don't choose. We just drift. And wonder later how we got bracketed with a crowd we've come to dislike."

She didn't flare up. Instead, gravely, she seemed to be considering. "You're telling me to make up my mind right now about Juan Ferria, one way or the other, aren't you? How can one judge before all the evidence is in?"

"When will that be?"

"There's no deadline, I suppose. Something has to happen—then one sees."

As the rains drag on, you tauten. Emotions get close to the surface, like a bruise under the skin. And some sudden contact is poignant. I'd seen her only once before, but ——

"Carmen," I said. "Carmen ——"

She looked up at me now. The mist-gray eyes widened. Then she went off down the corridor, my sword in her charge.

When I came down in fencing clothes, the long, one-story wing of the dining hall was crowded with men and women politely stirring currents of talk and scent. Rain drummed incessantly on the high-peaked roof like the beat of an incongruous jukebox one can't turn off.

Ferria and one of his friends were dressed and ready too. Ferria's face was delicate, almost Greek, and his haunches in the close-fitting white trousers were thick like those of Don Ernani's Carib doorman. In this rather stately room, his group sounded shrill; above themselves, perhaps, at having cracked at last what must have seemed to them a citadel. At the moment, sword under arm, he was being overgallant to Carmen and Donna Yndia.

The long dining table had been moved against one wall and on it lay various swords and masks; among them my own weapon. Now its hilt was marked with a shred of aqua silk, color of Carmen's dress, and my *pointe-d'arrêt* was neatly remounted. I laid my mask beside it, and turned to make my manners to those in the room I knew.

Toby Balfour, gaunt, sandy, impatient, was talking to de Rohan. The high-buttoned collars and long plastrons of their fencing jackets made the latter, with his pointed, fox-red beard, look more surgeon than diplomat.

Toby hailed me: "Afternoon, Pete. Now maybe we'll get started. My chief's giving a do for his new opposite number from San Something-or-other, and de Rohan and I have to show up there later." He looked around the room a moment. "De Rohan's saying this lad Ferria can't be such a bad hat since Don Ernani asks him here."

The Frenchman was long on faith and charity. Perhaps that was why he was left in this backwater; quietly doing his desk routine, exercising his whippets each morning on the Amador golf course, swimming each afternoon behind the shark net off the causeway of the Fortified Islands. Now he added: "The ladies seem to find Ferria presentable—or do they?"

For, as we glanced over to the group around Donna Yndia, there was a bit of drama. Carmen had dropped the handkerchief Panama ladies kept in their hands this weather. Quickly Ferria picked it up. Instead of giving it back to her, though, he boisterously avoided her outstretched hand. He stepped back. He wound the bit of gauze around his sword hilt, like a cotillion—or a tourney—favor, damn him.

I started over toward them, but just then Don Ernani called for attention and the room stilled. Two Carib servants began unrolling a long rubber mat down the center. The afternoon's assaults-at-arms, Don Ernani announced, would now begin. As host, he went on urbanely, he preferred not to act as judge. Perhaps Señor Mendez—he motioned to a fat little man always at Ferria's elbow—would be kind enough to referee? Good. And perhaps the other fencers would permit him to call early the bouts of the Señors de Rohan and Balfour, since they must soon return to town? *Gracias*. Then, *señoras, señors;* the first bout.

Toby Balfour and a friend of Ferria's now came on the mat, presenting to Mendez the tips of their blades to have the *pointes-d'arrêt* daubed with disinfectant. Then they pulled down their masks and faced each other. Mendez spaced them apart until, standing erect with sword arms outstretched, their points did not quite meet.

"Step back, please," Mendez commanded. They took their crouch. "Fight!"

Toby's style I knew. It was his opponent I wanted to watch, and he looked pretty good. Ferria, more smoothly built, would probably be even better. For a while the two felt each other out; constantly, sinuously weaving but still well apart, their swords twitching in small arcs like the tails of crouching tomcats. A layman might have thought the flow of motions aimless, but actually each was a gambit, an opening feint for some more violent follow-up. If refused or countered, that tactic was dropped and a new line begun.

Carmen, across the mat from me, was watching closely. Suddenly she leaned

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forward. The sword hand of Toby's foe was rising, slowly, a little higher with each move: the big bell-shaped guard of his hilt covering less and less of the underside of his forearm. Bait. Bait. But Toby, always impatient for action, took it; lunging for the offered opening—and was put away neatly by a stop-thrust to the mask.

There were five of us fighting in this round-robin: twenty bouts, all told. In the crowded room, as the afternoon went on, some guests watched; others conversed quietly, drinking black Boquete coffee or taking wine with Don Ernani, who moved among them, stopping, though, to call up each successive bout.

Ferria won from his friend—almost too readily, it seemed. He beat Toby, too, as I feared he might, but his win over de Rohan was a surprise. That was a long, clashing fight; the two closing and subsiding like gamecocks, points ringing on bell guards so that often Mendez knocked up the swords and halted the assault while he redaubed their points with disinfectant. De Rohan was feeling his age, but Ferria, seeming a bit out of condition, needed these respites even more. The last rest gave him the edge.

In my bouts I was lucky. After watching the one between Balfour and Ferria's friend, I knew the latter was a teaser with a fast riposte. It was a matter of feinting just enough to draw the riposte, then parrying and going in.

Toby and I had each other taped, of course. A few minutes of jabbing around for the hand, and he'd get bored and drive at the body, leaving his upper arm open to a flick from above as he tried to close.

De Rohan, as I said, was slowing down a good deal in this steamy climate. When our bout came, he was really tired, and as soon as it was over, he and Toby made their good-bys and left for their official affair in town.

Finally, at the afternoon's end, Ferria and I were called up for the last bout. Neither of us had a touch against him. Rain on the roof seemed to drum up like a vaudeville orchestra for the climax of an acrobat's turn.

As Mendez daubed our points I glanced around the room. Don Ernani's attention was still strictly on his guests, not the fencing. So was Donna Yndia's, although she shot glances to the mat now and then. But Carmen, by her, was watching Ferria and me, frankly and curiously. Since the handkerchief business she'd avoided both of us.

Suddenly Ferria, by my side, startled me to look at him. His eyes were on the bit of ribbon, aqua like Carmen's dress, which she'd used to mark my sword hilt—and which I'd left there for luck. His mouth, no doubt beautiful in repose, was retracted like a red rubber band, but his whisper was silky: "Too bad, *señor*, our blades are not sharp. But Yanqui courage is scarcely up to that!"

And then Mendez was saying: "On guard. . . . Step back. . . . Fight!"

There's a lot of nonsense talked about fencing: secret thrusts, disarming attacks, watching an opponent's eyes. Don Ernani's guests might know too little of swordplay to catch the fine points, but enough not to expect theatricals; and of course I couldn't see Ferria's eyes behind his mask. But fencing, riding, sailing, flying a light plane—in those the important sensing comes from touch. I edged in a little to cross the last six inches of our blades; to feel his sword. No nervousness there; just the vibrant tingle of mastery.

I backed off then, to exploit my reach. I was lankier than he, and that meant three things. As long as we tried for each other's hands we were on equal terms, for the swords were the same length. If he went for my body, though, my extra arm length gave me the chance to intercept his attack by a stop-thrust while his point was still short of my chest; to hang him up on my own point. But only if I kept my sword free. If he could "bind" my blade, though, turn my point aside and get in past it, the advantage would all be his, for at in-fighting his shorter arm would have the better of it.

To throw him on defense I began working at his hand: beat and jab; beat, pass point under his blade and jab; beat, pass under and back and jab again. Repeated beats, sharp blows on a man's blade, make some fencers nervous; egg them into wide, convulsive, right-left parries. Not Ferria, though. His parries stayed smooth and circular, counterparries all. They took care of my one-two's in a single motion—and did something else as well: kept his sword circling to start a bind, the strong twist that could throw my point outside his body and let him come in with bent-arm thrusts.

Just in time I sensed that, for then the bind came. He got my sword all right, carrying my point outside. But in the split second that his own point was out of line, too, I tightened and held it there as he jumped in. Unable to free his sword and shorten his arm, he leaped back, but I kept after him, closing with him in a corps-à-corps; giving him no chance to pull back his arm and stab before Mendez would have to break the clinch.

The sides of our masks grated together and I heard his spitting whisper: "Go find yourself women in the Caledonia."

Mendez made us break then. And from him I got a bad surprise. My attacks and follow-up clinch had driven Ferria back toward his end of the mat, where finally he'd no longer have room to jump away but must stand and slug it out at the distance I set. Instead of putting us on guard where we were, though, Mendez brought us back to the center of the mat.

It was all to do over. But you don't argue with the judge. Blandly he was repeating: "On guard. . . . Step back. . . . Fight!" I had two against me now: Mendez as well as Ferria.

I kept on working for Ferria's hand. That was the target I wanted to hit—where Carmen's handkerchief was wound between his hilt and glove. The twist of his counterparries got wider and stronger, whipping my forearm with his limber, three-edged blade. With the *épée*, the dueling word, only the point counts, of course, but I could feel welts rise under the tight canvas of my sleeve. I'd have a stiff sword arm soon. And this whipping wasn't the patent sort of foul a judge would have to call. Ferria could plead excitement. But his blade wasn't nervous. It was wholly controlled.

Suddenly he changed his tactics; stopped countering and feeling for another bind, but began hard jabs at my own hand. I couldn't understand. Covering my hand's my long suit—as it has to be with a long man. He wasn't seeing any opening there. Nor finding any. Yet again and again his point jolted on my bell guard, and Mendez had to knock up the swords to redaub Ferria's.

During one such interval I told him: "You're going to break a blade in a minute, Ferria."

Mendez cut me off: "Please, it is not permitted to talk on the mat. Now again. . . . On guard. . . . Step back. . . . Fight!"

And at once Ferria, knocking my point aside with a hard beat, thrust for my hand again, this time with the weight of his shoulders behind the attack. Again I took his point on my bell guard. His blade bent—bent downward. I heard a snap and tinkle. I saw a three-inch sliver of his steel fall to the floor beside the mat. Then, as he seemed to stumble forward with the impetus of his attack, I felt a needle pain as the sharp end of his broken sword entered my thigh.

There was a gasp from the room. Mendez knocked up the swords. This didn't count as a touch of course, this accident, but Mendez was solicitous.

"If Señor Anson is hurt I will end the match. Señor Anson desires ——"

Default the bout? Not unless they made me.

I glanced down. No blood yet—wouldn't be much anyway from a puncture, and the doubled canvas of the cuisse under my pants would take care of it.

"I'm O.K.," I said. "We'll finish this. Get yourself another sword, Ferria."

I watched him go over to the table. I also watched him wind Carmen's wisp of lace around the hilt of his new weapon. Then Mendez, for the last time, called: "On guard. . . . Step back. . . . Fight!"

My thigh was stiffening fast. It was Ferria who drove me back now. I gave ground as slowly as I could, but Ferria forced the fighting, closing in and stabbing. In one corps-à-corps he managed to bang my thigh, and I felt a little sick.

I knew I was losing ground. But it was Mendez' business to warn me when I got to my last yard; when I was in danger of defaulting the bout by backing off the mat. Suddenly, at my feet, I saw the broken tip of Ferria's old sword—where I'd noticed it while I waited for him to rearm—almost at my end of the mat. But from Mendez no warning came.

Only one way to regain distance fast. Dangerous; it was giving Ferria the best chance to "take" my sword; but he'd not expect it, thinking he had me on the run. While he drew back a second now for breath before a new attack, I rushed him with my arm straight out, an "arrow" for his mask.

His hand came up to beat away my point. With the motion, a bit of that hand, behind the bell guard, lay open. I flicked my point down into it.

I felt my point jolt—rip through the palm of his glove—tear and slide between palm and hilt. I saw him wince. I'd won.

So I lowered my sword, waiting for him to admit the touch, waiting for his friend Mendez to knock up the swords and end the bout.

Neither made a sign. Both stood pat. The guests? But for them it had happened too fast. And it was the sort of touch laymen would scarcely see.

Then, in that second of waiting, Ferria leaped at me. Before I could raise my blade again, he lunged in, and his point bent on my chest.

This was a touch none could miss. Mendez stepped between us, clapping Ferria on the back. "Señor Ferria wins!"

Don Ernani? He'd have seen my touch. But he was over by the table, calmly instructing a servant. He couldn't have been watching. Should I make my own protest? And start an ugly fuss in Don Ernani's house? Just a fencing match, after all. I saluted Ferria and Mendez, then left the mat.

Yes, I withdrew—and that was the moment when Carmen strode up to Ferria. Her clear voice quieted the room. The people around him, congratulating him, opened a way for her. Everyone was looking and listening now.

"Señor Ferria, I'll have my handkerchief back, please."

Ferria's elbow held his sword against his body, his forearm hiding the hilt.

"A moment," he stammered. "I must ——"

He started over for the table, away from her. But his elbow loosened with his turn, and she was too quick for him. Her hand darted to his hilt, twitching the hidden bit of lace from it.

And then—she held it up—in the sight of everyone. It was white no longer. It was red—blood-soaked.

Disdainfully, she let it fall on the mat at her feet. And moving through a shocked silence, with only the sound of rain beating on the roof above, she walked the length of the room and out through the hall door.

Passing me, though, she said four quiet words that only I could hear.

The room came to life. Mumbling hurriedly, Ferria and his gang got out. And now I wanted to leave, but Don Ernani was busy with other guests, suave as though nothing had happened. Donna Yndia I didn't see. I'd make my good-bys later.

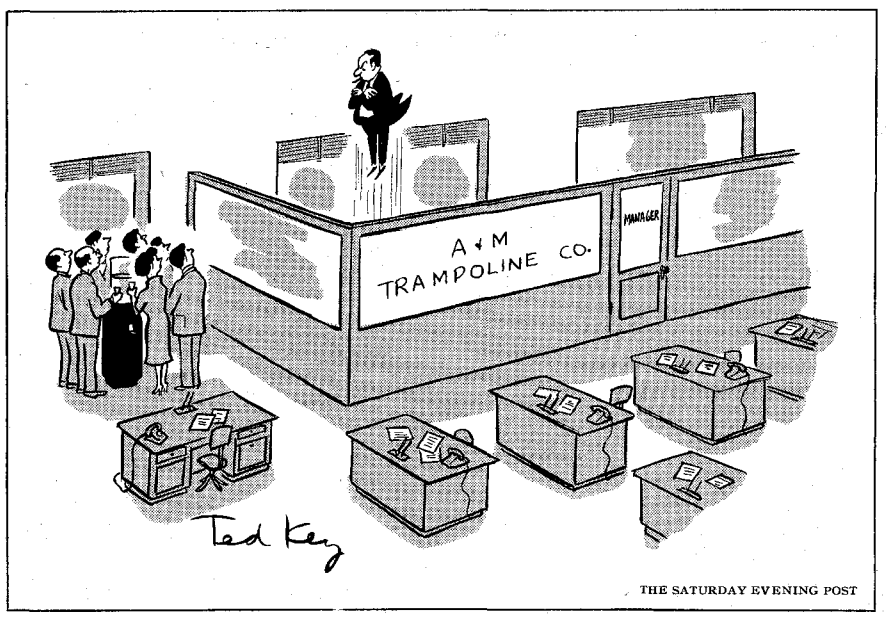
Up in my dressing room again, I stumped my stiffening leg to the window. In the court below, the aqua convertible was gone. Well, a quick stop at Gorgas dispensary; then take Carmen up on what she'd just told to me. But behind me, from the open door Donna Yndia spoke.

"You showed dignity when you did not protest Ferria's false touch—*muy caballero*. And you made our Carmen see what manner of man he is. She was superb, was she not? What did she say to you as she left?"

There'd be no secrets from Donna Yndia. I laughed. "Nothing dramatic. She said 'Amadon six-nine-eight.'"

"Hah! The telephone of her apartment. Hah! I leave you to dress and be on your way. I am not, after all, too old for romance."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Troubled Islands of Southeast Asia

(Continued from Page 30)

out at harvesttime. Which is why, said Mr. Abdulgani, for three years he and all other Indonesians who knew the prophecy hopefully planted patches of corn around their houses and tilled them assiduously, to the bewilderment of the Japanese. Then when the yellow-faced men were gone, the book said, there would come the "crazy time," when brother would be turned against brother, and all the people would be troubled and confused.

Obviously, said Mr. Abdulgani placidly, this was the crazy time. But it, too, could be borne with fortitude, for soon it would end, and a King of Love and Justice would come, bringing peace and happiness to all of Indonesia.

No one, including our experts in the State Department, who must analyze what's happening in Indonesia today and nervously try to predict what may happen there next week, will argue with Mr. Abdulgani's description of his country's situation. It is still a "crazy time" in Indonesia, where, despite a surface peace maintained by force of arms, brother is still pitted against brother and the people are troubled and confused. It has long since become clear to most perceptive Indonesians that their president, Mr. Sukarno, is not the long-awaited King of Love and Justice who can unite the land and lead it into the ways of peace. It is also clear that, unless some strong unifying force does show up soon, either in the form of a wise leader or a powerful, honest and effective political party, the country may soon disintegrate, with a violence that can shake all Asia, into a dozen warring states.

The stillborn revolt that turned the eyes of the world toward Indonesia last spring was over, as a military action, almost as soon as it began. But the issues that brought on the rebellion, that drove many of Indonesia's most able and patriotic leaders into treason against their government, still exist to trouble and divide the country. The nation's proud motto, "Unity in Diversity," at the moment is a mockery.

Whether the country will remain divided depends to a great degree upon whether or not Indonesia can find a solution to one basic controversy which even the United States, after 180 years of political debate, and a great and bloody civil war, itself has not been able to resolve. The issue which divides and troubles Indonesia is the one which troubles all governments which cling to democratic forms—the issue of the rights of states versus the authority of a strong central government.

When the Dutch, in 1949, finally relinquished political control of the islands and the people they had governed for 350 years, they gave their Indonesian successors some avuncular advice. They, the Dutch pointed out, had been able to govern Indonesia as a unitary state because they were a single people with a single goal—their own profit. The Indonesians, on the other hand, would have to try to govern 84,000,000 people, living on scattered islands sprinkled over a sea area bigger than the continental United States, not by force or the threat of force, as the Dutch had done, but by the willing consent of the governed.

Whatever Holland's motives might have been in suggesting that the Indonesians set up a federation of autonomous states, the Indonesians saw in it nothing more than a ruse, a Dutch effort to divide and rule, and they rejected it angrily. The government of Mr. Sukarno, therefore, attempted to control every aspect of Indonesian life from Jakarta, sending its Javanese bureaucrats to the farthest reaches of the far-flung archipelago, to the outrage of the proud Achinese, Menadonese, Bataks, Bugis and Menangkabaus who lived in the outer islands. The result has been that, since the day of its birth, the shaky central government has been plagued with riots and rebellions, of which the Sumatra revolt was only the latest and most threatening.

The administrators from Jakarta were, and are, amiable men, with all the charm for which the Indonesian, whatever his tribal heritage, is famed. Many of them also are incompetent, for the Dutch, unlike the British in Burma, Ceylon, Malaya and India, never took the trouble to train a cadre of Indonesian civil servants. Unfortunately, too, in many cases they proved to be dishonest. Even Mr. Abdulgani, high in the councils of Mr. Sukarno, was at one time convicted of "unwittingly" misusing public funds by the illegal purchase of a limousine.

The greatest irritant to the peoples of the outer islands, though, has not been graft, nor incompetence, but Jakarta's overweening greed. The island of Java is one of the world's richest agricultural areas. It is also one of the most densely populated islands on the face of the globe, giving residence to 52,000,000 of Indonesia's 84,000,000 people. It is all Java can do, therefore, to feed herself. From the sparsely populated outer islands, from Sumatra, Celebes, Borneo and the Lesser Sundas, come the oil and the rubber, the pepper, the coffee, the copra, the palm oil and the tobacco which earn for Indonesia the bulk of her foreign exchange.

Unfortunately, however, little of this wealth which the outer islands created in the past has come back to them. Java got the schools, the roads, the power plants, the bicycles, the kerosene, the flashlights, the hair oil, the mirrors and all the other bright baubles which the wealth of the outer islands earned.

Nor have the outer islands been pleased by what they considered Java's strong leftward drift. The most populous island of the world's biggest Moslem country, whose people believe there is no God but Allah, in the past few years has seemed determined to embrace the doctrines of the Communists, who deny the existence of any God. Most disturbing of all was the fact that this drift to the left was set in motion by the beloved Bung Karno himself—Brother Sukarno—whom the islands still revere as the father of their freedom.

Mr. Sukarno, in 1956, had visited the United States, where he had spoken well of Abraham Lincoln while thousands cheered. He had been to Detroit, to see the fabulous production lines, and he had inspected huge highway and power projects where great earth movers were working. He had gone on to Russia, and from there to Red China, where he had seen great things being accomplished by men and women laboring with picks, shovels and hand baskets in the ancient Oriental way. He had returned to Indonesia to speak in high praise, not of the great things he had seen in the United States, which obviously were beyond the power of his nation to accomplish, but of the great things China was achieving under the wise and benevolent guidance of Mao Tse-tung.

He thereupon evolved something he called his *konsepsi*—a "guided democracy," bearing only a superficial resemblance to the parliamentary democracy of the West. He had given great encouragement to the Communists, placing Red-tinged ministers in his coalition cabinet. He had set up a National Council to advise this cabinet, making sure that labor unions, youth groups, intellectuals and other leftist elements of the populace should have full voice. This caused raised eyebrows in the West, but Mr. Sukarno, with his flashing smile, urged Western diplomats not to be alarmed. He was merely seeking to apply to the national scene the ancient techniques of the village council, in which every man would have a voice. To many thoughtful men in his government, including the vice president, Doctor Hatta, who resigned, this was not a satisfactory explanation. Mr. Sukarno, they felt, was wittingly or unwittingly delivering his country to the Reds.

Out of these dark threads—incompetence and dishonesty in government, failure to share the wealth with the areas that produced it, and the threat of a Communist Indonesia—the fabric of revolution was woven. In Central Sumatra, Colonels Hussein and Simbolon began to bypass Jakarta. They sold Sumatra's rubber in Singapore and used the foreign exchange obtained thereby to buy the things Sumatrans needed and wanted. In Celebes, Colonel Sumual bartered his region's copra in Manila in return for materials for building roads and schools. In South Sumatra, chubby, schoolteacherish Colonel Barlian sold his region's coffee, rubber, pepper and tea to Singapore, and dickered with West German engineers for the construction of great dams, aluminum plants, and fertilizer factories on the Musi River. In Achin and the Moluccas, growers of pepper, rubber and copra traded where they pleased, paying no tribute to the central government. With the barter boats plying the rivers, bribing their way past government gunboats sent to stop them, the government at Jakarta soon was being bled white. In time, about all the revenues still coming in to it were the royalties and taxes paid by the great oil companies, Caltex, Stanvac and Shell, who politely refused to turn their contractual payments over to the regional commanders, and the taxes gathered from the huge British and American rubber and tobacco plantations in North Sumatra.

At first the dissident commanders had bartered separately, swapping boatloads of rubber, coffee, pepper or tea for an equal value of rice, building materials and road machinery, to the great enrichment of the Chinese traders in Singapore. Soon, however, Doctor Sumitro, a brilliant Dutch-trained Indonesian economist, a onetime Socialist finance minister, deposed for alleged malfeasance in office, organized the barter trade. From a secret office in Singapore, he set up a company which co-ordinated the buying and selling of the outer regions' goods. He sold at the going market, bought what was needed at the lowest price, and built up a war chest for the troubled time to come.

Mr. Sukarno's answer to this economic sabotage was typically Indonesian and indirect. There was one force, he knew, that could unite the millions of Indonesians and make them one in purpose—their common hatred of the Dutch. Dutch political control had ended in 1949, but Holland's economic grip on the country had not loosened. Fifty thousand Dutchmen were still in the country, operating an economic empire of plantations, mines, shipping lines, banks and export-import houses, valued at $1,570,000,000. It was an easy matter to convince the people that their economic troubles stemmed from the presence of these financial overlords. It was easy, too, to find an excuse for seizing the Dutch-owned properties. In the political agreement of 1949, the question of the ownership of Western New Guinea—known to the Indonesians as West Irian—had been left for settlement at a later date. Now Mr. Sukarno, directly and through the U.N., called upon the Dutch to give up this almost worthless land.

Backed by the Australians, with the tacit consent of the United States, the Dutch refused. The angry Indonesians, led by the Red-dominated labor unions, physically seized and took over Dutch banks, plantations and business houses. The government sanctioned the seizure and, in a matter of a few weeks, stubborn Holland had lost an economic empire it had taken her three centuries to build.

The seizure may have diverted the people's minds for a moment from the disintegration of their republic, but it did nothing to solve their financial troubles. Dutch ships lay dead in the water at Jakarta and Singapore, while Indonesian exports piled up on a thousand tiny wharves scattered among the islands. Garuda, a fine airline, reduced its schedules as Dutch pilots and mechanics packed up and went home to Holland.

Losing heavily by the barter trade, dying economically by its own hand as a result of its expropriation of the Dutch properties, the government of Indonesia seemed tottering on the brink of complete collapse. All that remained, the rebels felt, was to strike one more blow, a political blow that would bring it crashing down. In his cool and pleasant bungalow at Padang, in Sumatra, Colonel Simbolon, clad in a blue sport shirt and two-tone moccasins, spoke in parables as he outlined for Western journalists the rebels' plans.

Long ago, he said, a prince from Java had come into Sumatra leading a fighting carabao, which challenged the local bulls and put them all to flight. Under the rules of this contest, he said, the land then belonged to the Javanese, and he took its riches for his own coffers. Finally, in his triumphant march, he came to the mountain country around Padang, and here again he issued his challenge. Unfortunately, though, the people had no fighting bull to match against the fierce beast from Java. So they took a little carabao calf away from its mother and kept it penned up alone until it was ravenous with hunger. Then they strapped sharp knives on its head, in the place of horns, and turned it into the ring with the champion. There, in its desperate, plunging efforts to nurse, it so gored and wounded the invading bull that he fled bellowing home to Java.

The time had come, said Colonel Simbolon, to turn loose the sharp-horned calf. The commanders of the outer areas had met and drawn up an ultimatum. They would demand the creation of a senate, so that the domination of the lower house by populous Java could be offset by an upper house. They would demand that the respected Doctor Hatta and the highly regarded Sultan of Jogjakarta be empowered to form a new cabinet with no Red-tinged ministers in it. They would demand both political and financial autonomy for the outer regions, including a full share of the oil revenues.

What would happen, somebody asked, if the central government answered this political challenge with armed invasion? That, said Colonel Simbolon confidently, they would never do.

"We are weak, but they are weaker," he said. "If they should send troops here, we would destroy them."

He then went on to explain what would happen. With Central Sumatra up in arms, South Sumatra under Colonel Barlian would join the fight. In the North, the fierce Achinese would move against the great plantations around Medan. In

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Sulawesi, Colonel Sumual would strike with fire and sword. In Jakarta, Colonel Lubis would loose his teams of trained saboteurs to terrorize members of the government in their beds at night. And once the nations of the West understood that the rebel government was fighting to free Indonesia from the threat of Communism, they would give it recognition and aid it with arms and men.

All of which, of course, proved to be the purest fantasy. The legal-minded Doctor Hatta and the Sultan of Jogjakarta ignored the rebels' pleas to join their cause. The tottering government at Jakarta pulled itself together and defied the ultimatum. Mr. Sukarno denounced the rebels as traitors, and a tough and able young chief of staff, Gen. Abdul Haris Nasution, planned and mounted a combined paratroop-and-amphibious invasion of Sumatra.

The rebels, who had never thought that things would come to such a pass, refused to fight. In South Sumatra, Colonel Barlian sat uneasily on the fence, providing no soldiers for the rebel cause. In the north, the Achinese, who never in history have fought for anyone but themselves, made no move. In Jakarta, Colonel Lubis' terror squads, if they ever existed, remained quiet. As government troops came ashore on the east coast of Sumatra, singing, playing guitars and feeding bananas to their pet monkeys, not a rebel shot was fired. At Pakanbaru, when Nasution's paratroopers jumped to seize and protect the American oil installations, the rebel garrison melted away into the jungle. They left behind, to the embarrassment of our government, a supply of air-dropped bazookas, rifles and light machine guns—American-made weapons bearing markings on their boxes indicating they had been supplied by our allies, the Nationalist Chinese on Formosa.

There is no denying that our Government, and all the rest of the free world, felt a deep sympathy for the rebels and wished them well. We have no reason to love Mr. Sukarno, despite his fair words in praise of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. We still remember that he was an active Japanese collaborator, receiving decorations for his services to Tokyo while American soldiers and sailors and marines were being killed in the Pacific. We also have had good reason to be disturbed by his government's soft attitude toward Communism, for a Communist Indonesia would be the greatest blow to the free world's cause in the Far East since China joined the Soviet bloc.

It is equally certain, however, that the United States Government officially did nothing whatsoever to aid the rebel cause. The American-made arms that were dropped to the dissident units were bought by rebel agents in the open market. Allan Lawrence Pope, the American pilot shot down while bombing a central-government troop convoy off Ambon Island, was a soldier of fortune, hired to fly bombing missions for the rebels for $10,000 a month. The plane he flew was a battered relic of the Indochina war, long since put up for sale to anybody who wanted it. We may have given the rebels sympathy. We gave them no real help.

It was well we didn't. Four months after the ill-advised ultimatum, it was obvious that the revolt in Sumatra had failed. Padang and Bukittinggi, supposed rebel "strongholds," fell without resistance, and the rebel leaders fled to hideouts in the hills, where, as this is written, they still remain. Flushed with triumph, General Nasution loaded fresh battalions aboard ships at Jakarta and moved them 1500 miles to assault the rebels under Colonel Sumual, still defiant in the Celebes. At Morotai the old World War II airfield which the rebel planes used as a base was taken after brief resistance. Not long afterward, in North Celebes, Colonel Sumual's capital, Menado, fell.

Here the revolution, which had justice on its side, but no determined leadership, died in a sputter of small-arms fire. As of today, the central government holds the cities, the ports, the road junctions and the river crossings. The rebels hold a few villages and strike occasionally at isolated government garrisons in hit-and-run raids by night.

In one respect, though, the rebellion did not fail. The government is at last aware that many of the things the rebels demanded were deep-rooted in the needs and desires of the people. Central Sumatra, rich in oil, with unworked deposits of coal and gold, and unlimited potential in water power, is today in the same state of development as were the southern highlands of the United States a hundred years ago. Government investigators, following the troops, have examined the potentials of the great, rich, empty land.

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Small Protection

By Norman Nathan

A tiny cover
Seals out fright
As the child wraps
Himself from night.

How magical:
A fleecy shield
Is stronger than
Swords giants wield!

At times I'd like
To snuggle back
To that warm world
Large blankets lack.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Their reports imply that the central government will now begin to develop there the roads, schools, dams, power plants and factories that the rebel leaders had demanded for their people.

Also, in Jakarta, there is growing evidence that even Mr. Sukarno has begun to understand that the Communists are a real and present danger to his country. In a reshuffle of the cabinet, a minister of known Red leanings was deprived of his portfolio. The Nationalist Party, which in the past has given aid and comfort to the Communists, now is denouncing its one-time bedfellow. General Nasution, the chief of staff, and actual ruler of the country during its period of martial law, is believed to be unfriendly to the Communists, and has forbidden them to hold demonstrations designed to inflame the people against the West. By Nasution's order also, the general elections of 1959, in which the Communists would have been sure to show great gains, have been postponed.

These things, from our standpoint, are hopeful signs. Our stock in Indonesia reached its lowest point in the early days of the revolt, when the central government believed, or pretended to believe, that we were officially, and with malice aforethought, giving aid and comfort to the rebels. A great deal of that distrust has been wiped out in recent months. The $7,000,000 worth of rifles, pistols, jeeps and military radios which the Indonesian Government had sought unsuccessfully to buy from us before the revolution is now being supplied. A shipment of 35,000 tons of rice did much to relieve distress in hungry Java—and helped also to smooth the troubled diplomatic waters.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that isolated anti-Communist statements, and a few anti-Communist actions, mean that Indonesia is turning away from the Soviet bloc to seek the protection of the West. While we sell her rice and small arms, Russia is selling her fighter planes, bombers and cargo ships, and Red China is sending her rice and cotton cloth. When General Nasution banned Red demonstrations against the West, he also forbade pro-Western elements to hold anti-Communist meetings. There are also those who hold that the postponement of the 1959 elections did no disservice to the Communists. It gives them another year of quiet infiltration before they must reveal their strength publicly at the polls.

The best that can be said for Indonesia at the moment is that she is desperately striving to walk a tightrope between the two great contending powers. She strives, her diplomats say, for independence and neutrality, seeking help where she can get it, but avoiding commitments that bind her either to us or the Soviet bloc.

We can hardly quarrel with this ambition. It is to our interest, though, that she shall be truly independent, and we would hope that her neutrality would be strongly leavened by friendship.

How to create this climate of "neutrality in our favor" in a nation which, through bitter experience, is still distrustful of the West, is the ticklish task that faces our diplomats, our military and our aid agencies in Indonesia. It is further complicated by the fact that any effort we make to strengthen and stabilize Indonesia militarily—and only by military strength can the country be kept at peace long enough to achieve political stability—alarms and angers our NATO allies, the Dutch. The Soviet bloc, undeterred by such considerations, can make spectacular contributions of jet fighters and bomber planes and cargo ships, all of which could be used for the invasion of West Irian which Mr. Sukarno has been threatening. We, out of deference to the Dutch and to the Australians, must confine ourselves to light arms, useful in quelling internal unrest, or small craft suitable for chasing smugglers, but of no value to a force moving against West Irian.

There is one great field, however, in which we can help the Indonesians without causing the Netherlanders to get their Dutch up. In his address before the Colombo Plan Conference in Seattle in November, President Eisenhower outlined as our goal in Asia the creation in backward countries of "a momentum of economic progress that will enable them to go forward in self-reliant growth." No country in all the Far East offers greater opportunity for such development. Rich in resources, lacking only in technical training and capital, Indonesia, if ever she could get over her distrust of those who want to help her, could someday become the richest nation in Southeast Asia.

Before that comes to pass, however, she must make up her mind what she wants to be. Her leaders fulminate about converting her former colonial economy into a national economy, but they cannot agree on the form the national economy shall take. They agree that they do not want a "capitalistic" economy of free competition and private enterprise, for that would violate the ancient Indonesian "adat," based on mutual aid, working together and a familylike society. They agree that they do want a "democratic" system; but not the democracy of the West, based on the will of the majority, for that violates the old Indonesian belief that decisions must be made by everybody, sitting around and talking until a point of mutual agreement is reached.

Unfortunately, though, trying to govern a nation of 84,000,000, who vary widely in religion and culture, by the methods used in a little peasant village has so far proved almost hopeless. It has resulted in endless oratory, couched in terms of florid nationalism, with little or nothing constructive being done. The end product was the indecisive government which the rebels sought to overthrow.

Now, Indonesian leaders admit, somebody has got to start making decisions, adat or no adat. A tentative start has been made. Recently, after years of bickering, a law governing foreign investments was passed, over the bitter protest of the Communists. It was vague and fuzzy, and it will attract little foreign capital, but it at least represents an admission that Indonesia needs, and will accept, help from the outside world. There is some hope, too, that a new mining law soon will be written, so that Stanvac, whose present fields will run dry by 1975, and other companies can develop new areas known to be rich in oil.

Our cue at the moment, therefore, is to tread softly in Indonesia, find out the areas in which we can help her and then help her all we can. Already a great deal has been done. Throughout the troubles of last year, ICA kept up its program of assistance, by which, in seven years, we have spent $42,000,000 on some forty technical projects designed to teach the Indonesians how to do things for themselves, from healing the sick to growing fish in ponds. The Export-Import Bank has lent the Indonesian government $100,000,000 and, determined to play no favorites, Mr. Sukarno has borrowed another $100,000,000 from the Russians.

All we have done so far, of course, is a mere drop in the bucket compared to the aid which the country could usefully absorb. Experts who have studied its great potential believe that $100,000,000 a year, if wisely spent over a period of a few years, could give the country economic stability. Half of it could be used to provide rice and textiles from our surplus stocks, so that populous Java would not remain hungry and out at the seat. The other half could profitably be spent on spectacular developments in the outer islands—a highway across wild Sumatra to open up rich mineral areas; power developments in the great river valleys; roads for the Celebes, and the development of new rice lands in Borneo.

However hard they try, though, no Western nation can expect to work effectively in Indonesia, so long as the New Guinea issue remains unsettled. West Irian is a worthless land of coastal swamps and sterile, jungled mountains, but the Indonesians are determined it shall be theirs. The Dutch realize they can't hold onto it forever, but they are determined not to give it up so long as Sukarno lives. The Australians, though they wish the Indonesians well, and have helped the struggling young nation with goods and services freely given, are equally adamant in their resolution that the land shall not fall into Asian hands.

Unless some compromise can be found, probably in the form of a UN trusteeship, the issue will continue to poison the Indonesian mind, and her relations with all the Western world will be governed not by reason but by an erratic and unpredictable nationalism.

If that happens, despite all we or anybody else can do, the soothsayer's crazy time will continue, and Indonesia will remain a troubled and unstable land.

THE END

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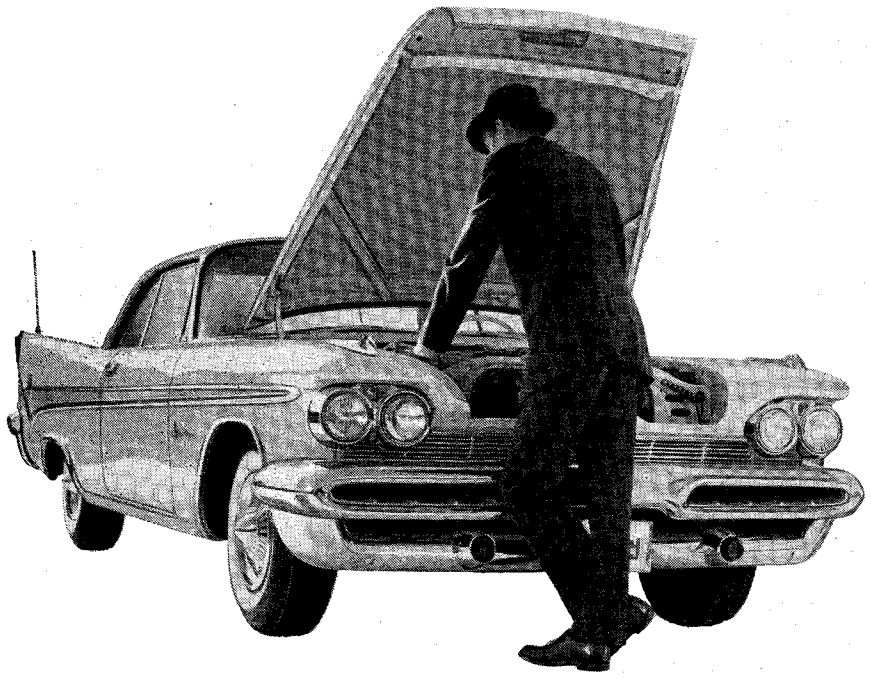
Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more



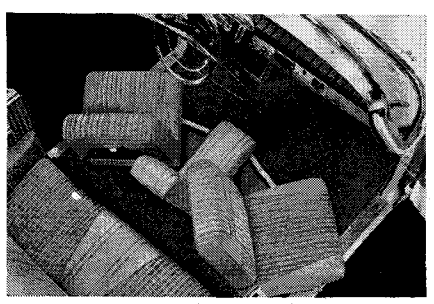
(He looks under the hood—and knows what to look for.)

You're the fellow who had a jalopy just about as soon as you were old enough to drive.

You took it apart. You put it back together. You cleaned it. You babied it. You loved it.

And you felt a little sorry for the kid next door who didn't know as much about cars as you did—and never would.

We build the cars that "can do what they look like they can do" for you. Because you've grown up now and you're the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more, and knows where to look for it in the cars he buys.



Swivel Seats that turn to help you in and out make new cars of The *Forward* Look the easiest cars to get in and out of you ever saw. New body designs give added head and leg room besides!

The '59ers are going to town!—Until you can actually drive a new car of The *Forward* Look, how about taking a quick ride in print . . .

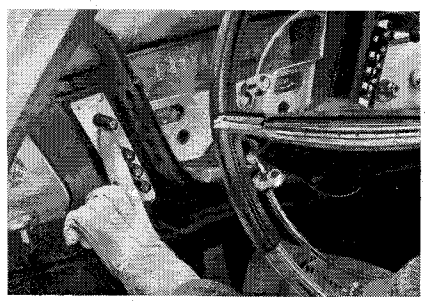
Just slip in behind the wheel of your favorite *Forward* Look make—push the drive button and spring the hard-muscled power of a true Chrysler Corporation engine to life.

Isn't it fun to feel the snap and bite in that engine? Fun to feel its smooth flow as you slide out into traffic and face the lights and lanes?

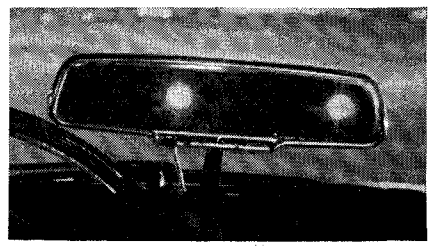
Isn't it fun when a lot of finely engineered features start working together, as if to say: "Have a ball, mister! What's your pleasure?"

So you steer. You brake. You turn. You start. You stop. You start again. You take one tight. You smile. You go again. You stop again. You back. You ease in and out of parking places. You don't fight traffic in this car; you just wonder where it went. The spirit of these new '59ers creeps in. You tell the wife: "This is for us! *This is it!*" An hour later she smiles you into driving another thirty miles for dinner.

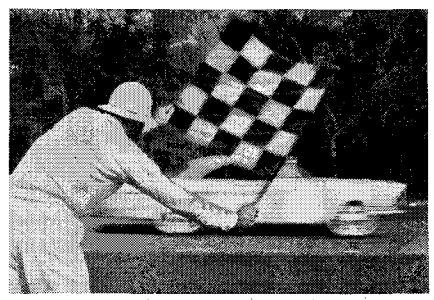
Sure—we have fancy names for everything: Constant-Control Power Steering, Total-Contact Brakes, Torsion-Aire Ride, Aero-dynamic Fins . . . but it's people like you who gave us the word—told us in the simple language of a satisfied customer that our cars of The *Forward* Look have something extra—for the man who always wants that extra something . . . and is never satisfied until he gets it.



Pushbutton Torqueflite gives you full range of gear levels with just 5 buttons. No "Park" button to damage the transmission if your car gets bumped.



New automatic aid to night safety: rear view mirror that electronically dims glare of lights behind you. Available exclusively in cars of The *Forward* Look.



Easy on the road—and easy on the gas! *Forward* Look cars have taken top honors two years running in the famous Mobilgas Economy Run. These cars wring more enjoyment out of a gallon of gas than any you've ever driven.

A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes—Believe us—Chrysler Corporation cars are fun! They look like fun—they act like fun—and they trade like fun when it comes time to get a new one. But only a drive does the trick. The cars are their own best salesmen. Won't you drive one soon?

Cars that can do what they look like they can do

The new '59 quality Cars of The *Forward* Look from Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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Should Gambling be Legalized?

(Continued from Page 27)

newspaper accounts, a defense lawyer described the West Philadelphia get-together as a meeting of a "literary group." That was probably the spriest bunch of bookworms in history; the news stories said that some of the men who were in the house escaped by jumping out of second-floor windows.

The magistrate discharged all nine defendants, but the next day Bailey was rearrested on the same charge—keeping and maintaining a gambling house. He was held for court and in due time came before a judge—on his forty-sixth pinch since 1922. Bailey waived a jury trial, the judge found him not guilty, but directed that he pay $25.13 in costs. Then the court handed him the $2228.15 that had been grabbed by the police in their raid. So Bailey walked out of the courtroom exactly $2203.02 richer than he'd been when he came into it.

And get this—Bailey hadn't even asked for a jury trial, one of the greatest protections that any citizen has against a willful, arbitrary or capricious miscarriage of justice. This right to a trial by jury is one that gambling defendants scorn only a little less frequently than they embrace the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination.

It costs the state money to impanel a jury. If it's a jury's verdict that the defendant is guilty, the gamblers figure that the court's conscience is inclined to a tough jail sentence. So the racketeers are quite content to have the judge alone decide their cases. And yet the odds don't favor acquittals. In fact, most racket cases that reach a court of record are concluded with a finding of guilty.

This is shown by the police histories of the fifty-four men and women I mentioned. They came to court on 226 different racket charges. There were only fifty outright discharges. That looks as if the judges have a uniformly tough policy—but then see what happened when the judges came to impose sentences on the findings of guilty. They gave jail terms in only thirty. In seventeen cases they gave probation or costs. They imposed fines in 129.

This magic bit of being found guilty on criminal charges, but never going to jail, is something that has often touched a Philadelphian named Mitchell Cohen. Police records show that he's been arrested thirty-six times since 1934. And thirty-two of these pinches were on racket charges. Nineteen times he was discharged by magistrates; once, fined. His record shows that eleven cases have been disposed of in court, with one pending.

So far, in court, Cohen has had two discharges and nine convictions, and yet not one day in jail. On those nine convictions the only penalties were wrist-slapping fines that totaled $1400.

Obviously Cohen must figure he has nothing to fear from the law. The courts haven't even been consistent in their fines in his cases. By the time of his fourth fine, he'd hit the $100 level. On the sixth fine, the court upped his ante to $350. But come the seventh, the wrist-slap cost him only $100; and by the ninth it had jumped back to $350.

There's another man on our list of fifty-four. His name is Jack Pinkenson. Our records show that his fines have been in this order: The first, $500; second, $300; third, $500; fourth, $500; fifth, $100; sixth, $100, seventh, $100. There are other names and other fines, but that's not the important point. I am sure that in your own city you can find your own names and your own cases that show the mystery of the judicial mind at work. To a policeman, it would seem there's a strange logic here—the more the convictions, the lighter the fine. It certainly isn't lost on the racket boys, who have sharp eyes for this kind of thing.

Not all judges follow this wrist-slapping policy in gambling cases. There are some in my city who agree with me that organized vice is now so big, so powerful, that the guilty gambler must be sent to jail. But judges who think that way get a reputation. The word gets around. And the pity, for decent society, is that these so-called tough judges wind up hearing very few racket cases. Let one be listed before a "hanging judge"—as the mob calls them—and the defendant is suddenly ill, the lawyer has business elsewhere, or any of a dozen other reasons are forthcoming to cause a postponement.

In the mid-1920's, when I was a rookie policeman, I used to think that defense lawyers could pick and choose their judges—avoiding the tough and getting the soft. I know today that most big-city courts, certainly my own, go to great pains to stop this maneuver. But a defense lawyer has the averages riding with him. If, for example, he has a case assigned to a judge with a reputation for sternness, the lawyer need only get a continuance, and the law of averages will probably get him into an easier court the next time around.

I don't blame the lawyers for trying to do what they can for their clients. But I have no hurrahs for all the different sentences handed down by different judges in racket cases. When a judge sits as both judge and jury, he is, to quote the lawyers, the finder of the facts. But judges, like everyone else, are human and apt to be affected by our times. I have talked to judges who say that the major problem in our courts is serious crimes of violence—that by comparison, racketeering seems too minor to warrant tough jail sentences.

Yet there's a moral, I believe, in the court history of the much-fined Jack Pinkenson, whom I mentioned earlier. From 1929 to 1938 he had at least four racket pinches. In 1938 he was arrested again for bookmaking and conspiracy. It was 1939 when his case got to court, and he was found guilty and sentenced to three months in prison, with a $500 fine to boot.

This was his first conviction and, to my way of thinking, Pinkenson got the least that was coming to him. But that jail term didn't stick, even though the State Superior Court affirmed the conviction. According to police records, Pinkenson was paroled by the court eight days after he entered prison. One month after that, the police picked him up on a new charge of bookmaking. That case was dismissed by a magistrate. He was grabbed again in 1945 and adjudged guilty on two bills of indictment. His total penalty was to pay costs of $25.13.

In 1955 Pinkenson was back in court and drew $300 in fines. So on his third conviction his fine was less than on his first, and there was no jail sentence at all. There followed the two $500 fines and the three $100 fines. Then he was sent to prison on a ninety-day term when the court revoked the probation imposed with one of the $500 fines. But even that ninety-day term didn't stick. It was cut to forty-five.

Now, he's due in court on a new charge later this month.

Four different judges heard his cases, hence the different verdicts. But the big question to me is this: If Pinkenson had served the full three months on that first conviction—or better yet, if he'd got a full year's term and had served every day of it—would he have learned early to respect the law? To me, the moral of Pinkenson's story is that the law hasn't earned his respect.

And that goes for another Philadelphian, named Mike Switz, a one-time bartender who decided there was more money in writing numbers than bar chits. He was convicted six times on numbers charges between 1941 and 1949. On these he drew five fines. The same crazy-quilt pattern I've talked about was here too: Fines started with $100, down to $25, up to $500, down to $25 and back to $100. In 1950 a Federal grand jury investigating ties between crooked police and racketeers put the arm on Mike for testimony.

Mike showed his respect for the United States by heading south. For eighteen months he hid out as a Florida fisherman. That spared him the trouble of testifying before the grand jury, but didn't stop his indictment for chiseling on his income taxes. Nor did it stop his trial, after his return, on two racket arrests he'd taken before he'd lammed. There was something said in that trial that meant a lot to me.

"The courts practically made it possible for him (Switz) to carry on," said the trial judge, Joseph Kun. "He's been before judges on numerous occasions, but he's always been let off with a fine." Then Judge Kun sentenced Switz to a prison term of not less than six months nor more than twenty-three and a half. Mike served his six months, but maybe the jail sentence came too late.

Pick out any big city and there'll be a cast of characters playing the role that a Switz or a Pinkenson or a Mitch Cohen have played in Philadelphia. And maybe in your own city you'll find the same pattern of arrests that we have in our town. Last year in Philadelphia our 25,000 arrests for vice—gambling, liquor, prostitution and other rackets—were at least 33 per cent above the total in 1957. There are five times as many gambling arrests as liquor and prostitution combined. And what's happening with our 33

NEXT WEEK

So You're Flying Jet to Europe

A Passenger's Report on the New Service to Paris

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND 18

THE EARTH'S SHIFTING CRUST

By Charles H. Hapgood

Are You Outgrowing Your House?

A Specialist Who Makes Little Houses Bigger

IN COLOR:

FOOD FOR NONCONFORMISTS

Remarkable Florida Restaurant With Emotional Waiters

KANSAS QUILTING BEE

THE SECRET OF GLACIER RIVER

A New Ravenhill Adventure

By Robert Ormond Case

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per cent increase in arrests? The number of defendants held for trial in a court of record has dropped about 8 per cent. How is it that when the police make more arrests the magistrates hold fewer persons for trial?

I don't say that every vice arrest is supported by evidence so iron-clad that any court would have to return a conviction. You're bound to have some arrests founded more on suspicion than indictable evidence. But not to the degree, I'm positive, that there should be an 8 per cent drop in cases held for court. How does it happen?

To that, I don't know the answer, but I do know this—it can't be anything but a joy to the racketeers and a discouragement to the police. Some of my men have told me that racketeers openly laugh at them when they are arrested. "See y'around tomorrow," say the racketeers. They are taken to the station house, booked, released and given a hearing

... ...

Four Lights

By Richard F. Armknecht

Sunlight wakens, cheers and feeds
Man according to his needs.
Starlight beckons him. Each star
Twinkles endlessly, "Go far!"
Moonlight is his stuff of dreams,
Proving life's not what it seems.
Firelight needs no vasty dome;
Just a hearth, and there's his home!
Four true lights, and nothing surer:
Leave one out, that man's the poorer.

... ...

before a magistrate the next morning. By afternoon, they can be back at their stand—working their racket.

I'm well acquainted with that old bleat that police harass racketeers. Once a man is fingered as a bookie or a numbers banker, the police—so goes the story—pick him up time and time again, just to make a record for themselves.

A case in point involves a twenty-five-year-old man named Anthony Provenzano. In little more than two years he's been arrested six times, all on numbers charges. His first arrest, on September 13, 1956, resulted in a discharge by a magistrate. In January of 1957 he was arrested again, then again on March twenty-ninth, and yet again on May twenty-eighth.

Harassment? The innocent man pushed around by the bullying police? On every one of those arrests he was convicted. And let me tell you something: he was arrested for the third and fourth time while awaiting trial on his second. He was convicted and fined, and here's a rundown on those fines: First, $75; second, $100; third, $50. And the latest entries on his police records show that in April, 1958, he was again arrested, and then once more in July. On the April arrest he got a 30-day jail term, and a $300 fine. But he was released from prison after serving seven days. Arraignment on the other is set for this month.

I could tell you of racketeers in Philadelphia who've been arrested as often as four times in a month. Probably you can find carbon copies in any big city. Did you ever wonder what a police officer must think when he makes the fifth arrest, within weeks of the fourth, third, second and first? Certainly he can't believe that he and his fellow officers are making much of a dent in the rackets.

I'd be a liar if I said that every man in the Philadelphia Police Department goes on day after day, immune to the despair of ever beating the gambling rackets. And I'd be a bigger liar if I said that no Philadelphia policeman has yielded to the temptation of racket payoffs. Every big city is alive with the tips, the rumors, the stories that so-and-so is on the take—and in a big way. A Federal law-enforcement agency with excellent sources of information several years ago sent me an unofficial report saying that in two South Philadelphia police districts there were seven numbers banks in operation and that they were paying the police $168,000 a year. The sad thing is that despite the most intensive investigation we caught only the smoke, not the fire. We could get the same reports the Federal agency had, but not indictable evidence.

Every time I catch a smell of that kind of thing—as well as any infraction of regulations—I try my best to break it up. Since I became police commissioner seven years ago, I've fired more than 200 men, demoted another 100 and suspended upward of 1000 for periods up to thirty days. I've broken officers in rank, shifted commands, transferred personnel. My own intelligence squad have had orders to keep track of certain questionable officers. And I'm no whitewash artist. I know that the rackets have put their hooks into some of my men. The tragedy is that while I've caught some of them—with at least enough to drive them from the force—others at this very moment are selling out law and order.

And the greatest curse of all is that the law itself has provided racketeers with a powerful talking point in their pollution of a policeman. If an officer is convinced from repeated experience that an arrest will be followed by a discharge or an easy fine, isn't he tempted to take a note—graft—to skip the arrest? There are policemen who read it just like that.

Don't think I condone any policeman, no matter how discouraged, who goes on a racket payroll. He isn't fit for his job. I know his guilt, but I raise a question of another guilt—that of the person who bets with the betmakers.

If there were no betters, there would be no organized betting rackets. But you and I both know that to bet is human. The American Academy of Political and Social Science reported after a study that 50,000,000 American adults gamble regularly. That didn't surprise me, but what hit me hardest was the size of the bookies' take. The study estimated it at about $8,000,000,000 a year. Add to that the millions of dollars dumped into the lottery and numbers rackets and you get some idea of the monster that organized gambling has become. Ask any big-city policeman if he thinks that people can be made to stop betting. Better yet, ask a psychiatrist. They'll both give you the same answer—people are going to bet, or try to bet, no matter what the law says.

What are we going to do about this? I say we have only two choices: We must either enforce the law all the way, and jail every racketeer convicted on the second and any subsequent charge, or legalize gambling. It's that simple.

There's a big bill for racket arrests in Philadelphia alone. I estimate that at least $2,000,000 a year of police time is

Underinsurance can cost you your home!

Everybody envied the Houstons.

Real home-lovers, they put every spare hour – and many a dollar – into their home. They kept everything in perfect order. *Everything but their fire insurance.*

That deficiency cost them $8,000!

When fire struck, they were insured for $14,000. At present-day prices, their home proved to have been worth $22,000!

The smoke cleared and the Houstons were faced with an unhappy choice. Either give up thoughts of rebuilding their home as they had known it . . . or go into debt to complete the job.

How they wished they had listened to their insurance agent when, on several occasions, he had suggested a modernization of their protection.

* * *

Today, only one homeowner in five is adequately insured. How about you?

If you're not sure, get in touch promptly with your Hartford Group Agent or your insurance broker. Let him afford you the peace of mind of adequate insurance . . . and the convenience of paying for that protection *by the month* . . . through the Hartford's Premium Payment Plan. In thousands of communities, you can find your nearest Hartford Group Agent listed in the yellow pages of the telephone directory. Always look for the Hartford Stag trademark . . . it's been a sure sign of dependable protection for almost 150 years!

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

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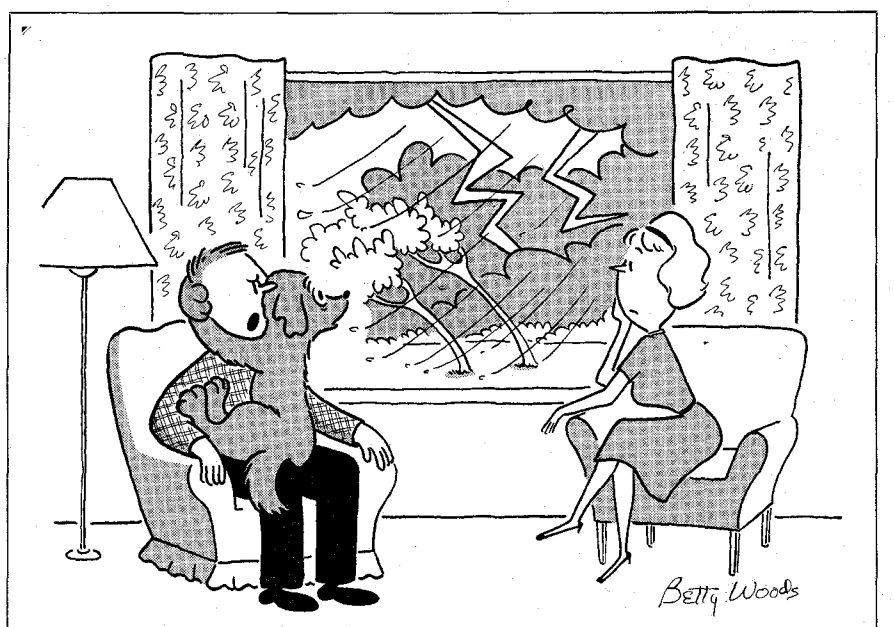
devoted to making these vice pinches. In five years that could jump to $5,000,000. And I'm sure that we could spend $20,000,000 a year without making any great dent in the rackets. As long, that is, as the courts persist in thinking that jail terms aren't essential to justice in racket cases.

I see little hope that the courts will change. And if the courts won't, the law must. It's unrealistic to go on as we are. Only the racketeers are profiting. We are not encouraging respect for the law, we are not punishing the violators and, most important of all, we're not knocking out the rackets.

Legalized gambling could take the profit away from the racketeers and turn it over to the states. In my state, and in many others, this could be done by having the state itself run lotteries. In New York City, Mayor Robert Wagner thinks that his city would raise millions of dollars if it could license off-track betting. In my city several grand juries, wearied by the endless procession of gambling cases, have called for legalized gambling. So have others in other cities, in other states.

I know that this is a red flag to legislatures throughout the country. I know, too, that in 1954 a New York legislative committee said that legal off-track betting was practical, but "socially, politically and economically inadvisable." And certainly I've heard the familiar charge that legalized gambling in Nevada has attracted hoodlums and racketeers, and in general made the state's law-enforcement problems more difficult.

But in other countries there are different ideas. England licenses its bookmakers, allowing them to operate on a credit-only basis. You hear no stories of big racket empires flourishing in London, or in any other part of the British Isles. The New York Times recently reported that, after thirty years' experience with legal off-track betting in Ireland, "most people agree that it is the best way to deal with the (gambling) problem." In France, says the Times, legal betting is accepted as a part of life. This is not to say there are no violations of the gambling laws in any country with state-sanctioned betting. In London in 1957 there were upward of 6000 arrests on such charges. But remember this, London is a city with many more millions of people than we have in Philadelphia—their gambling arrests were "6000 plus"; ours in Philadelphia were two and a half times that. And remember another thing: The violations in London, in all of Britain and the other countries I speak of, are not fostered by racket syndicates.



"Why can't he just hide under the bed like other dogs?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It's the organized rackets that corrupt police, recruit more and more lawbreakers and, indeed, control so much money that they are a real and dangerous factor in every big city's life.

Is that what you want? Well, it will go on until the courts help enforce the law or we try a new way—a state system of legalized gambling.

There are plenty of us who remember the 1920's, when bootleggers made great piles of dough, controlled politicians and fought gang wars in our cities. There's none of that in my state today. Sure, there's some minor business of bringing in liquor without paying the state tax, and maybe some small, illegal stills. But there's nothing big, nothing frightening in the way of syndicates so strong that they touch the lives of hundreds of thousands of our citizens. Why? The answer's simple. Now in Pennsylvania the state controls the sale of liquor. It's the wholesaler who buys it and it's the retailer who sells it to the people who want it. The state hires, and fires, the men and women who sell liquor in its stores.

It seems obvious to me that as long as our courts want to be soft with gambling racketeers we have but one answer—legal, state-run gambling, with everyone who wants a job in the operation screened and hired by the commonwealth.

Obviously there'd be a great fight against such a state-run system. But do you know who would be most willing to bankroll that battle? The racket boys. And why? Because they know that with a state-run system the bright light of publicity would be so pitiless on the violators that the courts could no longer be content with simple fines as punishment. So we would have these results:

We breed respect for the law.

We destroy the double standard—and the racketeers' private mint—by being realistic; no longer would we condemn gambling in one breath and in the next acknowledge that 50,000,000 gambling Americans can't be wrong.

We chop millions off the bill for police hours spent in fighting the racketeers.

And the profit from a state-run system could go into better schools, bigger grants to the ill and the aged, and for the first time we could have enough money in the public till to do a real job in reclaiming the tortured, delinquent youngsters.

We have so much to win—and the rackets so much to lose.

Escape Into Danger (Continued from Page 35)

"Uncle Akim!" said Ellamae, in anxious horror. "You can't mean that!"

"I do mean it." Akim's tone left no doubt that he did. "Karl must obey orders just as you and I do. You know that."

"Yes," said Ellamae. "Of course the party discipline must come first, but——"

"No buts," said Akim, in better temper now, for having got around both Ellamae and Karl, and because he saw, at long last, some lights ahead. "I should not need to remind you, of all people, of your duty to the party."

Ellamae swallowed audibly. "You are right, Uncle Akim."

Karl said suddenly, "What is it that this Marc Hollis has got that is so important?"

Perhaps he's wondering if it would pay him to try to get it himself and sell it to the highest bidder, thought Akim, immediately crediting Karl with the thoughts he would himself have had under the same circumstances. Was Karl really that smart? Akim must not make the mistake of underestimating Karl. And yet if Karl were not fundamentally a fool, he would not be working for Akim anyhow. If anyone ever went to the gas chamber for murder, it would be Karl. Akim himself had never so much as laid a hand on one of their prisoners. No matter what happened, Akim had been careful to keep himself in the clear. He had his emergency extra passports, his caches in Swiss banks. In the utterly inconceivable event of failure, Akim had no intention of returning to Russia. The Russians, he felt, would not be generous to spies who had failed.

Akim said shortly, "The microfilm is just another piece of information on Project M. Not world-shaking in itself, but important when added to the information we have gathered from all our sources."

Karl was never interested in theory. "What does it look like?"

Akim waved his hand impatiently. "Like any other microfilm. Small."

"And when it is enlarged?"

Akim smiled in the darkness. "Figures. Lots of figures. Nothing the three of us would understand."

Let Karl be sure he has the right film, from that description.

"Besides the film," said Akim, in his softest, most covetous voice, "there is a man. A man I want more than I have ever wanted any man in my life."

"Marc Hollis?"

"I'll get Marc Hollis." Akim's tone was savage. "Don't worry about him. But there is another man behind all this. If I could get my hands on him, what a bonus I would get! And what a satisfaction!"

Karl said eagerly, "Just tell me his name and I'll get him."

"No martyrs, Karl," Akim said. "No kidnapings. This man will have to walk into my trap alone and without suspicion, and never be seen again. It would take time, of course, much time with this stubborn man, but when we could later produce him in Moscow as a convert to our side, what a victory that would be!"

"John Dayn," said Ellamae in her high, anxious voice. "Always John Dayn. You have tried so many times and it has never worked. He is seldom alone and he never walks into traps."

"But I know John Dayn," Akim said. "He does not know me. In nine years he has no idea of my identity, right under his nose. He must know of some of the leaks of atom and military secrets, by now, and that there is an organization behind them and a man behind the organization. But he does not know who, or how, or where. He is growing desperate, John Dayn. He will take chances. And now I know his weakness. Every man has his weakness, my dear; even John Dayn. His weakness is loyalty to his men. One of his men has been killed in this business already. If he saw a sudden chance to catch his killers or if he heard that another of his men was in trouble somewhere nearby, where he might help him, if he went immediately, he might forget his caution for once. He might not wait to take someone with him or leave a message. He might just go by himself. And disappear without record. What a coup that would be!"

"I never thought of that. How clever you are, Uncle Akim!"

"Yes," said Akim. "I am clever. And don't ever forget it, either of you, Karl or Ellamae." His voice became authoritative again. "There must be a phone in that place where the lights are up ahead. . . . Ellamae, it will be your job to keep the people out of the way while I use the phone privately."

"How will I keep them out of the way? With a gun?"

Akim sighed. "No guns. We are weary travelers who have had car trouble, remember. Not bandits. Use charm, my dear. Charm. Sometimes I think the Communists underestimate the power of charm. You're not bad-looking, Ellamae. If you could bring yourself to forgo those Mother Hubbard suits and try something a little fluffier, more feminine——"

Ellamae's voice showed anger. "Like Natalie?"

"My dear, how many times must I tell you that Natalie is just a means to an end?"

"I know. Her money is useful to the party. To get it, you must be charming to her. Charm!" Ellamae was scornful. "I do not think we Communists are wrong not to rely on such wiles as charm. I do not think so."

"No, my dear. You do not think so. But you are young. Perhaps someday you will change your mind. Charm is an oil which makes the wheels of life run more smoothly, more pleasantly. You will charm these people, or do one of your modern interpretive dances for them, or anything short of violence, but you will get them out of the room, so that I can telephone. Are your orders clear?"

"Yes, Uncle Akim."

"Very well. . . . Karl, you will see about another car at once. A fast and good one. Price is no object, but don't cause talk by paying more than it is worth. Arrange to have our own car towed in and the gasoline tank fixed. Be ready to start as soon as I have finished my calls. I shall have a watch set on all the roads at once. There are only three main ones south. They will have to take one of them. We will soon know which. Then we have only to intercept them."

Akim laughed pleasurably.

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A bell rang in John Dayn's bedroom to signal that someone had crossed the sitting room of his San Francisco hotel suite and was approaching his bedroom door. That meant they had got past Loring, one of his best men, and presumably were there by his permission and consent. Nevertheless John Dayn came awake at the sound of the bell. He sat up in bed. He put his hand under his pillow for his gun. He was at the door in three quick steps.

"Yes?"

"Hartford Cook. Bells and bows."

Silly things, passwords, John Dayn thought, as he opened the door to let Cook in. Cook looked very, very tired. But he smiled at John Dayn, and Dayn thought with pride that while the United States had young men like Hartford Cook the country was in no imminent peril.

"Molly's fine," John Dayn told him at once. "I talked to her last night. Everything under control, no complications at all, the baby doctor says. Sometime within the week, he thinks."

Cook nodded wearily, "Thanks. By that time, maybe ——" He straightened. "I thought I'd better make this report in person, sir. It seemed urgent. Or at least it might be. Jennings is following Marc Hollis and the Hungarian girl now. They're still on Route 99, going south. Last report they had passed Roseburg. No signs of other visible pursuit at the moment."

John Dayn sat down and motioned to Cook to do so. He swallowed a couple of his stomach pills and then, perversely, lit the pipe he was not supposed to smoke.

"But," said Cook slowly, "I think they may have made contact with Jamie's kidnapers."

"Where?"

"At a roadside café in Washington state. Shabby little place called Mom's Café. I was following them myself then. Of course I saw them stop, but I didn't dare go in. I pulled off the road and waited. Another car came up and two people went in. It was raining, and all I saw was their shapes, briefly. Seemed to be a short, dumpy man and a girl, though I couldn't be sure, in their raincoats. There was somebody else outside at the gas tanks, and the proprietor, so I couldn't get close for a better look. They weren't in there long. Two people came out and went to the women's rest room, out in back. Then, suddenly, the lights in the place went out, road sign and all. It could have been just a fuse, but I took a gamble and ran closer. Nearly ran into the Hungarian girl, carrying a board almost as big as she was. She whopped somebody on the head with it, and she and Marc Hollis pulled away in their car, with the girl driving. I couldn't risk losing them, so I ran for my car and followed them. There was quite a delay while they got across the bridge in Portland, so I called Jennings to check what had happened at the café."

"What did happen?"

Cook shook his head. "It's not very clear. Jennings said the café owners were old and tired, and had either been well paid to clam up or they were really confused and didn't know what happened. A doctor was called, who said he sewed up a blond young man's head. Later, about ten miles down the road, a car had to be towed in, and the garageman there said the fellow who arranged for the tow wore a bandage under his hat. The car had holes in its gas tank."

Dayn let his pipe go out, so interested was he. "Rented car? False registry?"

"No. Car belonged to an Akim Papadopolous, consulting psychologist and lecturer."

"I've met him," said John Dayn thoughtfully. "At a silly reception in Washington two years ago. It was given by the wife of a senator on the Appropriations Committee and she insisted that I come. It didn't seem worth making a big issue of, so I broke my rule and went. This Papadopolous was there. He seemed to be utterly a pompous fool, but ——"

"I've had him checked," said Cook, in a troubled voice. "As far as possible this fast, of course. There doesn't seem to be a thing out of order. He's had routine security checks. He's a lecturer, lives with his niece, and seems to be completely harmless. But he was in the café in Olympia this noon and apparently in the café tonight, both times when Marc Hollis was."

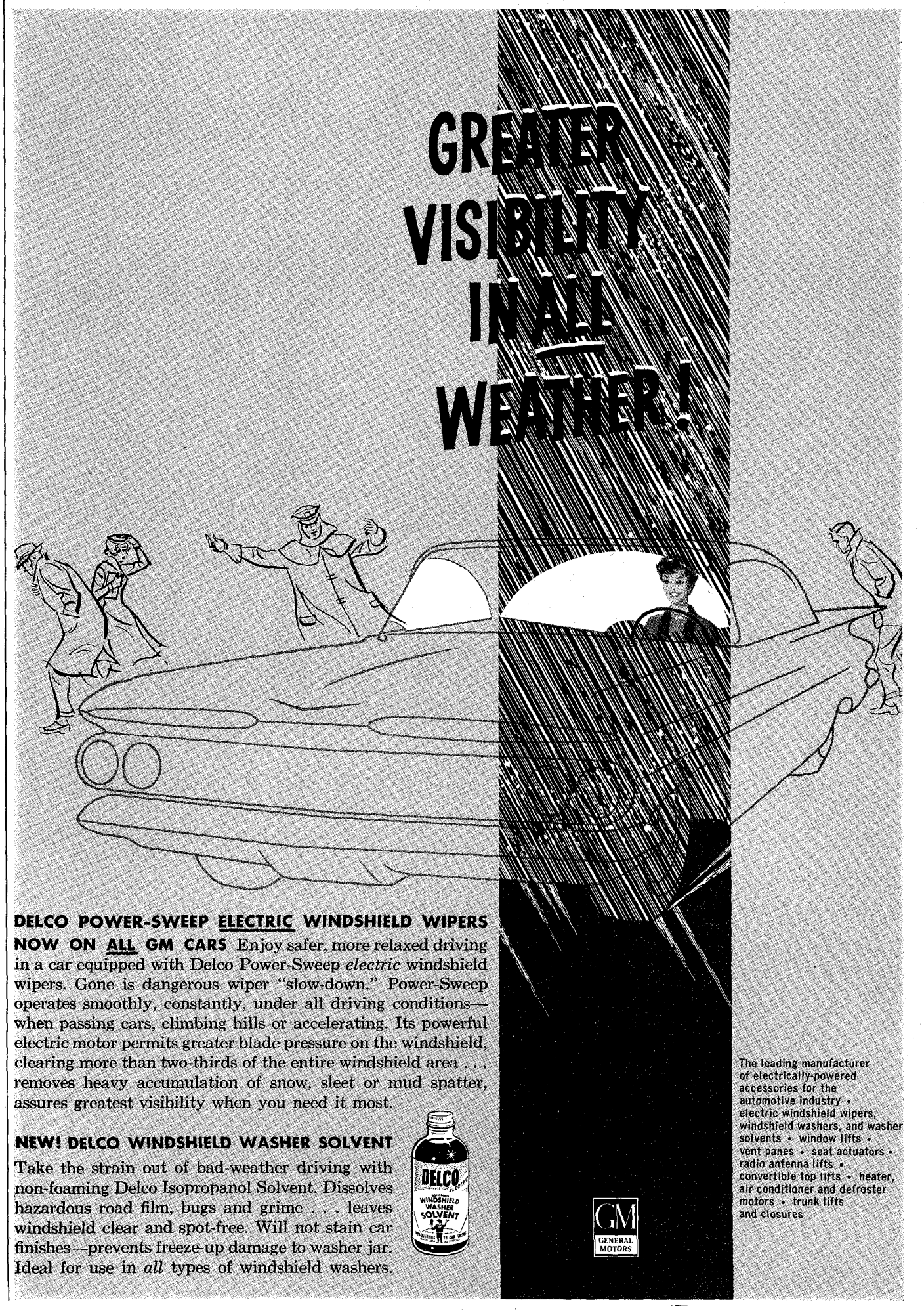
"Seems mighty coincidental," said John Dayn cheerfully.

Cook looked relieved. "If he's anybody important, he'd have to be awfully confident to operate personally, in the open, this way. Still, (*Continued on Page 72*)

Worldly Wishes for '59

I wish the world abundant
cheer;
I wish the world release from
fear;
Above all, for the coming year,
I wish the world will still be
here.

Philene Hammer



DELCO POWER-SWEEP ELECTRIC WINDSHIELD WIPERS NOW ON ALL GM CARS Enjoy safer, more relaxed driving in a car equipped with Delco Power-Sweep *electric* windshield wipers. Gone is dangerous wiper "slow-down." Power-Sweep operates smoothly, constantly, under all driving conditions—when passing cars, climbing hills or accelerating. Its powerful electric motor permits greater blade pressure on the windshield, clearing more than two-thirds of the entire windshield area . . . removes heavy accumulation of snow, sleet or mud spatter, assures greatest visibility when you need it most.

NEW! DELCO WINDSHIELD WASHER SOLVENT

Take the strain out of bad-weather driving with non-foaming Delco Isopropanol Solvent. Dissolves hazardous road film, bugs and grime . . . leaves windshield clear and spot-free. Will not stain car finishes—prevents freeze-up damage to washer jar. Ideal for use in *all* types of windshield washers.

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И Америку Перегнать

(Translation: Even America must be surpassed)

In the face of the challenge expressed by this Soviet slogan, one of our most important weapons is the power of creative production. ARE WE KEEPING THIS WEAPON SHARP?

It was in the late twenties that they first started talking about surpassing America. It seemed fantastic then—fantastic that this vast, impoverished slaveland should aspire to beat us at what we do best!

TARGET FROM THE START

From the time of that first five-year plan, the Soviets have always regarded surpassing America's productivity as the key to world domination.

They have never lost sight of the fact that our ability to produce is freedom's most potent weapon. And that is why they dream of exceeding our productive pace as a goal for totalitarian victory.

THEIR PROGRESS — RAPID

Authoritative sources agree the Soviet economy is expanding at a rate roughly twice that of our own. The consumer receives less than half of total annual output. By contrast, about two-thirds of U. S. production is in consumer goods.

Roughly, one quarter of annual Soviet output is plowed back into expansion of heavy industries, electric power and transportation. This rate of reinvestment is approximately 40% higher than the U. S. rate.

In their all-out drive for economic mastery, the Communists have racked up notable successes. Observers report there is nothing flimsy about the Soviet industrial product, nothing haphazard about their production techniques.

OUR ANSWER — CREATIVE

Can American industry win out against the massed productivity of Soviet slave labor? Of course it can!

Creative production has always been the strength of America. Born of free competition — nurtured by recognition of the individual rights of man — this creativity thrives on challenge. Its versatile change of pace has been proved in wars, both hot and cold.

THE THREAT OF OBSOLESCENCE

In this time of competition for survival, America's creative industries are faced by the clear and present danger of obsolescence in plant and equipment.

This threat results from several factors. Increasingly high taxes and operating costs leave less and less to plow back into modernization and expansion. And the current depreciation rate is such that manufacturers often cannot write off equipment investment fast enough to capitalize on new developments. They are virtually forced to make-do with out-moded machinery.

In the face of the Soviet challenge, there's no place for withering obsolescence. Our industry has the creative talents to push far ahead of Soviet progress. It must also get the tools to make the most of these talents.

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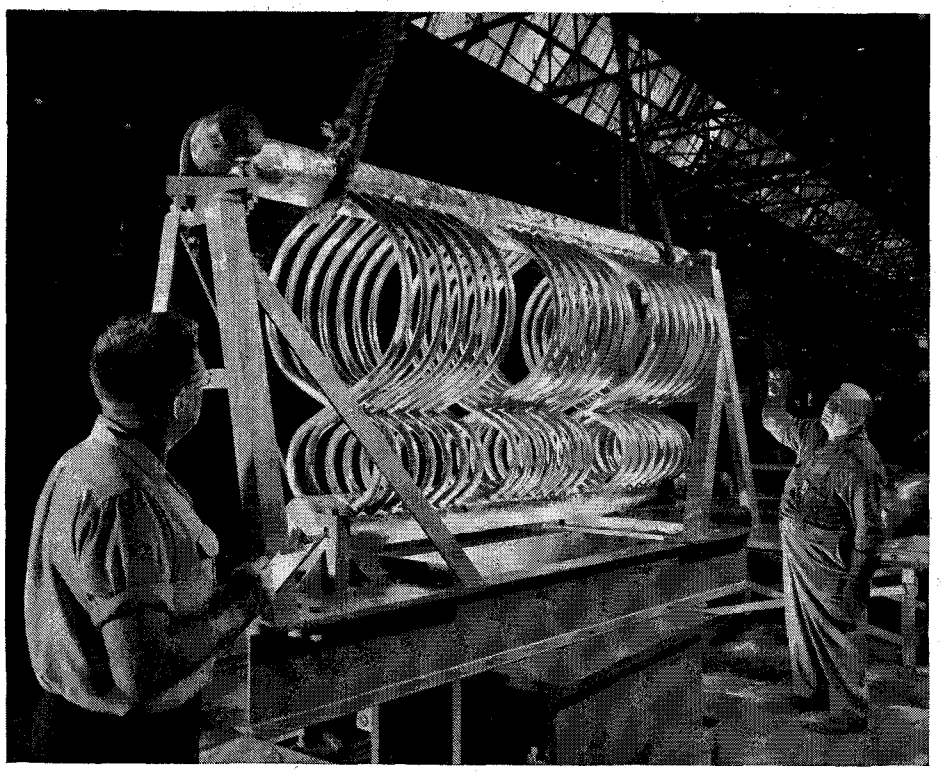
Competition for survival (CONT'D)

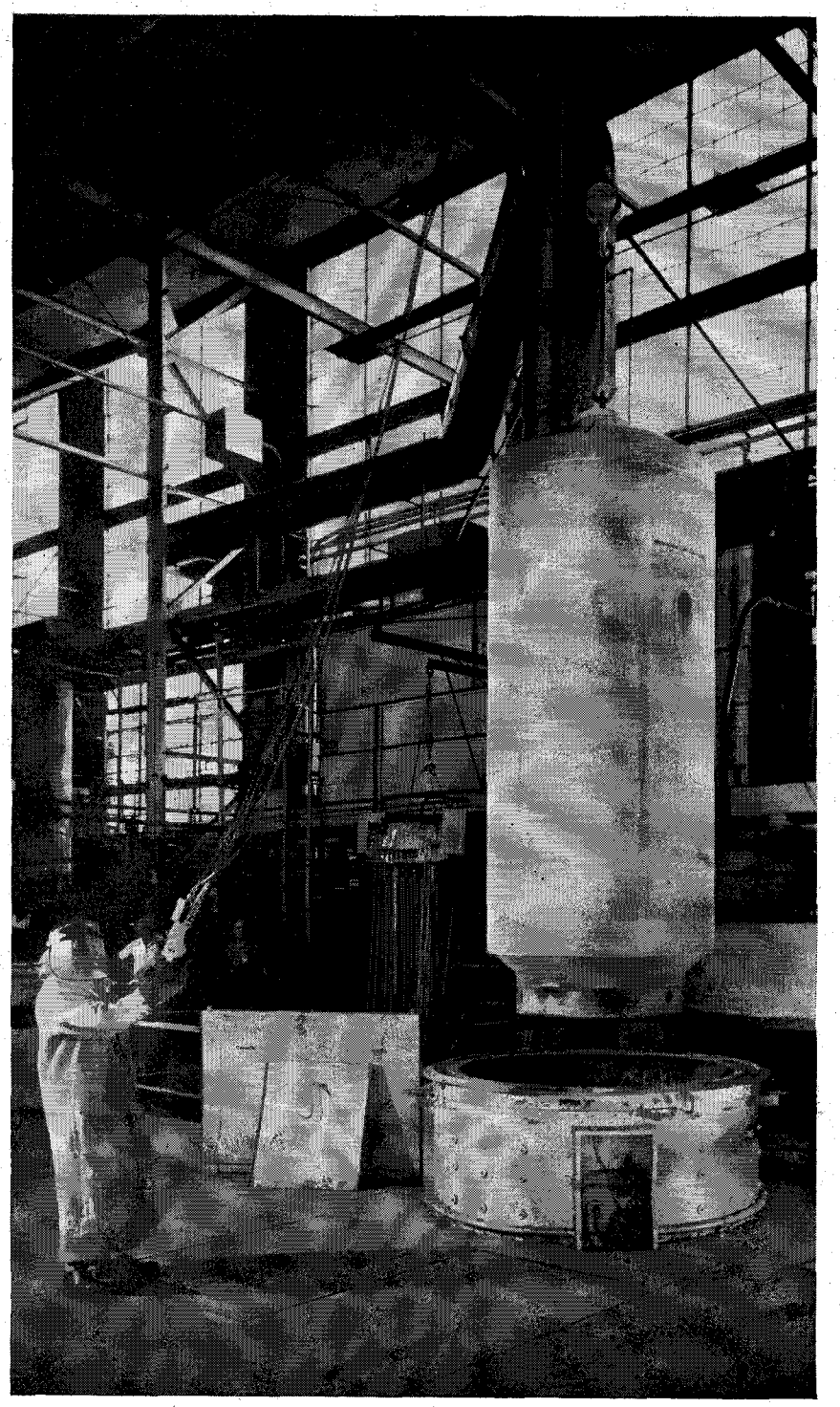
Here's one company's reaction to the challenge

CREATIVE PRODUCTION has always been the driving force at A. O. Smith. In all kinds of economic weather, this company's success has stemmed from a skillful, persistent search for a *better way* . . . a more efficient way to make products that range from residential water heaters to farm feed processing units, from line pipe to guided missile components. A. O. Smith's research and engineering skills are ready today — to help meet the challenge of competition for survival. Shown here are just a few examples of what happens when A. O. Smith applies its *creative search for a better way* to modern production problems.

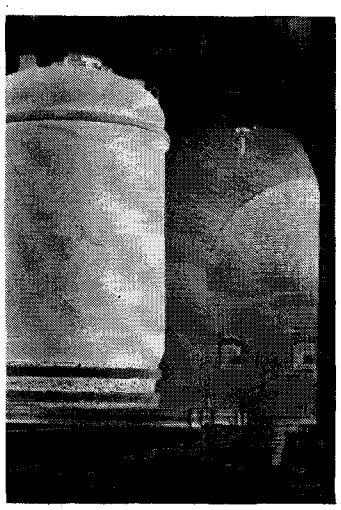


The coil you see was built by A. O. Smith "to cool off the hot stuff" from an atomic submarine's reactor.* This heat exchanger serves as an important safety device aboard the sub. In the event of reactor emergencies, the heat exchanger contains and cools off the hot atomic fuel until it is ready for re-use or disposal.

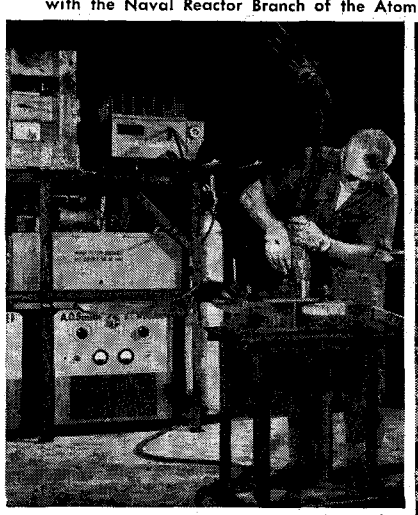
*This project was under the direction and in technical cooperation with the Naval Reactor Branch of the Atomic Energy Commission.



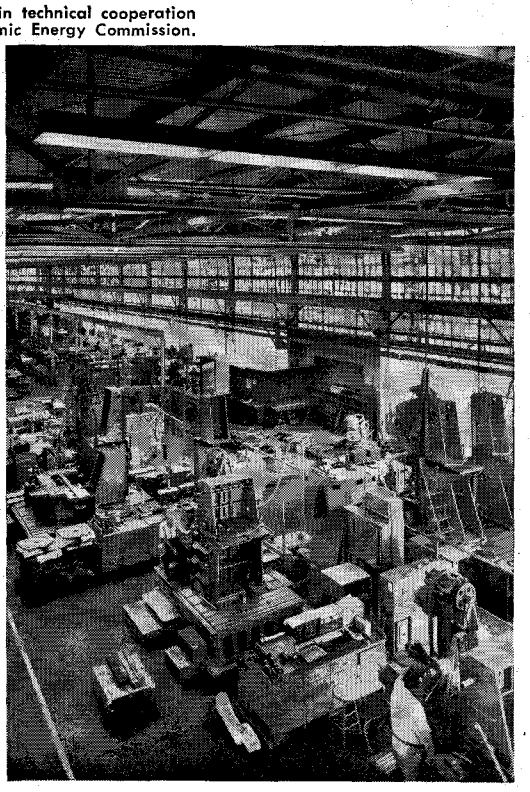
High-pressure fuel tank for the Navy Polaris missile emerges from a heat treating oven at A. O. Smith. This is just one example of the company's participation in current missile programs. A. O. Smith also fabricates stabilizing devices and other vital components for the Army Nike-Zeus and the Air Force Atlas among others.



At A. O. Smith's Glascote subsidiary, a chemical processing vessel emerges from the oven where a special glass coat was fused to its steel at 1600 F — to prepare the unit for severe corrosive service. A. O. Smith is the world's largest specialist in the use of glass to give metals a new range of utility.



A. O. Smith has paced the progress of modern production welding from its inception. Photo shows "button welding" of automotive chassis frame components. Our revolutionary constant potential process cuts capital investment well below the cost of other resistance welding methods.



Even the tool room benefits from a creative concept. Organization of all basic machine tooling in a single 2½-acre area has brought vastly important efficiencies to all A. O. Smith manufacturing units. Here, metalworking creativity is applied to more than 4000 tons of tool steels and castings each year.

- **Want to know more about the productive creativity of A. O. Smith and how it can help you? Write for Bulletin 1-19.**

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(*Continued from Page 69*) he couldn't know Marc Hollis was being followed. Escaped prisoners rarely are. Otherwise, there was no danger at all. Of course two parties traveling the same road might just happen to eat at the same places, especially when there aren't too many. . . . But what happened at the café?"

"Akim Papadopolous might have heard the description of the escaped prisoner on the radio and tried to detain Marc Hollis, simply acting as a good citizen."

"Then why didn't he make a report afterward? Why didn't he even wait to have his car repaired? Got another one and lit out of there fast."

"Maybe he had a speaking engagement he had to make."

"Then why not fly from Portland? They went through there without a stop. Eating up the road, straight through the night, only pausing every so often to telephone. Who were they telephoning?"

John Dayn nodded. "It could still be a speaking engagement somewhere in Oregon where a plane didn't reach. They could have been telephoning that Akim would be late. But maybe not. It's promising, Cook. Very promising. Of course this Akim, if he is mixed up in it, may be just a messenger boy. Even though it was perfectly safe, the head of the spy ring probably wouldn't come himself, in his own car."

"You've done it," said Cook succinctly.

"Yes." John Dayn was thoughtful. "There's no more perfect cover than being completely out in the open, where everybody sees you so often nobody looks at you. I'm glad you told me about this."

"It seemed to be a top policy decision," Cook said. "Should we have Akim followed or not? If he found out he was being followed ——"

"He'll run for cover and we'll never find the microfilm or break the spy ring." John Dayn nodded. "We can't risk having him know we're interested in him. We'll carry on with the undercover investigation of him, and watch him whenever we safely can, but no close surveillance. Which means, of course, that we can't prevent his contacting Marc Hollis again and maybe getting the film."

Cook nodded tiredly. "I just thought I should tell you, sir."

"Yes. It's my responsibility. Now it's time you got some sleep."

"I'll sleep on the plane going north to Grants Pass. I'm due to relieve Jennings."

"Some coffee first, then?"

"No, thanks. I've just about got time to get to the airport. Maybe there."

Hartford Cook was on his feet. John Dayn shook hands with him. He put a hand on Cook's shoulder, moved by an emotion he could not define. He opened the door and stood watching Cook as he strode down the hall. John Dayn put up his hand to stop him, for no reason. He let it drop, shaking his head. John Dayn was not a superstitious man. Yet he could not have survived the many dangers he had survived without a strong intuitive feeling, on which he had often acted. That feeling had made him raise his hand to stop Cook. Common sense made him drop it silently. But common sense, John Dayn had often felt, was a vastly overrated virtue. He locked the door carefully behind him, swallowed a handful of stomach pills, lit his pipe and picked up the telephone to begin another day's work.

Tresa moved her head from Marc's big bony shoulder. She stretched her lithe body—arms, legs, toes, fingers, neck. "Why, it's morning!"

Marc said, "Nearly noon. You missed most of Oregon in the dark. We're in California now. We didn't make as good progress as I hoped. There was the rain and a lot of roadwork. Feel better?"

Tresa nodded vigorously, though her young face still looked pinched and strained. "Shall I make the breakfast and then drive a while?"

Marc hesitated. "I hate to ask you to eat another peanut-butter sandwich, but with this mechanical monster guzzling oil, we're running pretty short of cash. I stopped several times and bought it in bulk, and I've been pouring it in all morning. Once we get out of this, I'll take you to a good restaurant in San Francisco. Omar Khayyam's, I think."

Tresa laughed. "In my best dress?"

"Certainly."

"This," she said very simply, "is it."

They laughed again, quite unreasonably.

"With the daylight, it seems different, doesn't it?" Tresa asked. "And the rain stopped, for a while anyway. Perhaps we dreamed it. Perhaps the evil man with the hunchback isn't after us, after all."

Their eyes met and their laughter was gone. Marc shook his head soberly. "Akim's after us, all right. And he has Jamie."

"Yes."

They were silent then, until Marc pulled off the road near a little stream. "Breakfast," he said. "Or shall we call it brunch?"

Tresa was out of the car and running for the water. She knelt down and drank from her cupped hands. She splashed water vigorously on her face and arms.

"I suppose we are too close to the road for bathing?"

"We certainly are!"

"Perhaps the feet?"

"Well, perhaps the feet. There's nothing illegal about that."

Tresa wriggled her toes in the water and squealed like a child. "See! It makes them pink!"

"Get out of there before you get pneumonia," said Marc. He stooped and splashed his own face, shivering at the shock of the cold water. "Whew! That's barely melted snow!"

Tresa dried her feet carefully on the edge of her cotton slip. She rolled her stockings on, very carefully. "Nylons," she said. "Never did I think I would have the nylons."

"You'd better get up off that damp ground. There's no heater in the car, you know."

"I know." Tresa stretched. "Last night I was quite cold and stiff. But this morning the sun is out! It has stopped raining! The birds are singing!"

"What birds?"

Tresa threw her small arms wide. "Any birds! Smell the air!"

Marc sniffed. "Oil," he said. "That damned car. Come on. Let's eat."

Tresa pulled on her heavy shoes. She sighed. "This I cannot understand about Americans. The old Americans, they live in the past. The young ones, they live in the future. But in my country, we have learned to live for today, because that is all we may ever have. Now. A moment even, to stand and be free, to feel the sunshine—that is something even the Russians can never take away."

Marc pulled her to her feet. He put out a long slender hand and smoothed her light brown hair. "Tresa, it would be such fun to help you enjoy today, if I were free."

"Of Natalie?"

Marc hesitated, meeting her clear gray-green eyes. "It's Akim. It isn't Natalie. At least I don't think it is."

"Your eyes sadden when I say her name."

Marc pulled his hand back. He said wearily, "You may be right."

Tresa caught his hand fiercely in hers. "Do not speak in that tone! Discouraged, beaten. You must always believe this, to win: you are a better man than Akim!"

Marc smiled at her fierceness. "Let's not kid ourselves, Tresa. Last night was a fluke, pure and simple. It doesn't make me a better man than Akim."

"You are big," said Tresa, "and you are strong. And you are good and you are kind. Akim is not. And remember this. You are right!"

"I hope Akim knows all this."

"Breakfast," said Tresa. "Not peanut butter, I think. Let us be reckless. Let us eat the can of beans. Then I shall drive and you shall sleep. Of course. I cannot go very fast, but you must have some rest. Only please let us not come to any more bridges."

Marc woke with Tresa pulling at his sleeve. She said, "The smoke, it is coming out of the front of the car. Should this be?"

Marc moaned and sat up. His head throbbed alarmingly. *Not a headache. Not now. Fortunately I still have four headache pills. They might stop it, if I am getting it early enough. But I may need them more later.*

He said sharply, "Turn off the ignition, Tresa!"

"The ——"

"The key. Turn the key."

Tresa did. Marc got out and stumbled to the engine. It was cold, and raining again. The oil was very low.

"You should have wakened me before," he said. "Now we'll have to wait for the engine to cool. Fortunately, I have the bulk oil I bought, in a can in the back of the car. Let's hope there isn't too much engine damage for it to run. We certainly can't afford any repairs."

Beside him in the rain, Tresa snuffled forlornly.

"Now don't catch cold!" he said.

"I'm not—c-catching c-cold."

"For heaven's sake, don't cry!"

"Who—who's crying?"

Marc put his arm around her and helped her back to the car. They sat, wet and chilled, neither speaking.

Tresa snuffled again. "I only m-meant to help."

"It wasn't your fault. I shouldn't have slept."

"But you had driven all night and half the day, and yesterday! And you told me to wake you."

"It isn't your fault. You've had nothing to eat all day but peanut-butter sandwiches and cold beans, you drove all afternoon without any help. You're so chilled your teeth are chattering."

Tresa said quietly, "It is your headache again, isn't it?"

"How did you know?"

"You have that awful white look and your words run together as if you could not think the punctuation. Can you not take one of your pills?"

Marc closed his eyes. The pain beat at his head. He clenched his fists to keep from moaning aloud. He said, "Yes. I'll have to try them. I think two might stop it. We've got to go on."

Tresa said, "Perhaps if I were to rub your head?"

"No! Don't touch it!" And then, picturing her stricken face, "I'm sorry, Tresa. It's the pain."

"I know." Tresa's voice was soft and worried and a long way off. "Have we four dollars?"

"We have a little more than that. Not much, though. That oil has just poured through. Do you need something?"

"Yes," said Tresa. She started the engine.

Marc moaned. "No, Tresa! It has to cool!"

"Driving three blocks more can't hurt it too much. Then it can cool. We can't sit here, right on the highway, in plain view of the Akims."

She was right, of course. But three blocks more?

"A sign," Tresa explained. "Like-Home Motel. Three blocks to the left. Four dollars and up."

"We can't stop."

"The car must cool. You have said it. If you could lie down and rest while it is cooling, your headache may go. And I shall sleep too. We have," Tresa said, "had all we can take, for now."

The pain was beating a furious tattoo on Marc's skull. He thought, *Mustn't stop. Mustn't stop for anything. Jamie. Must get to Jamie. But she's right. We can't go on until the car cools, and if we could both get some rest and then go into San Francisco at night* ——

"But what kind of motel can you get these days for four dollars?"

"This kind," said Tresa, gesturing. She was cheerful again, now that there was a course of action to pursue. She stopped the car in front of the office of the Like-Home Motel. "Very little paint, tiny old weathered huts. I think three dollars will be plenty. Too much. Perhaps two. Could you please give it to me?"

Marc extended John Dayn's wallet blindly. Tresa took some money. She was out of the car. He heard her light steps, rapid and purposeful. With the pain, he was no longer conscious of time, but presently he felt the car start again, and Tresa's voice said, "This is it. I shall help you."

He opened his eyes in a small, very shabby room, with cracked white painted board walls, a gray couch and a bed with a shabby red chenille cover.

"I told her my husband was ill and we must have extra bedding for the couch too. You shall have the bed. Get in it now," said Tresa.

"Look, Tresa, it's only one room. We can't ——"

"I think I should tell you," said Tresa, "that during the revolution I once spent forty-eight hours in a bunker with eighteen men. The plumbing is outside, I am afraid, but it runs, and there is a shower. They are in that little hut across the way. This place is not much, but there is an oil stove. We can be warm and dry and rest, and while the woman would not take less than three dollars and fifty cents ——"

Marc said vaguely, "I wouldn't be surprised if you stopped inflation entirely, and reversed the country's whole monetary policy, now you're here."

Tresa propelled him patiently toward the bed. She helped him off with his raincoat, hanging it on a hook. The bed was hard, but Marc thought that few things in his life had ever felt so good. Tresa was taking off his shoes, loosening his tie and belt. Presently he felt the warmth of a blanket, and heard Tresa talking impatiently to the small oil stove.

"It will do you no good to balk," she was saying. "I shall kick you, so. Your oil might as well come, for I shall keep dropping in matches until it does. Ah! That is better!"

"Leave a window—open," he told her.

"Yes."

It had been Monday night, in his cell, when Marc had last lain down. Nearly forty-eight hours. The pills, the pain and sheer fatigue were suspending him in a sleeplike void again.

As he went under, a stray thought came, though he was powerless to do anything about it. "You can't shut your eyes," John Dayn had said. "You can't trust anyone. You can't sleep."

My gun is in the raincoat pocket. Can't get up. Won't need it, anyway. Even Akim could never find us here.

Marc woke suddenly in utter darkness. He lay very still for a moment, waiting for his head to start pounding. But it

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didn't. The headache was gone, leaving only the slow, fuzzy aftermath. He sat up in the bed carefully, balancing his head as if it might fall off. He looked toward the couch, but in the darkness he could see nothing but a mound of blankets that must be Tresa. He fastened his belt and tie. His hands fumbled on the floor for his shoes.

He wondered what time it was. Without a watch, he had no way of telling. At any rate, they must be on their way as soon as possible. He fumbled for his raincoat on the hook where Tresa had hung it. He moved quietly toward the door, to let Tresa sleep a little longer.

It was still raining and the night seemed very chill and dark, even for Northern California in February. Visibility was limited to a few feet. The mud of the unpaved court slopped under his feet as he made his way to the dimly lit washroom. He shaved and had a shower, though the water was barely tepid. His head was beginning to clear now; the fuzziness was going.

Put the oil in the car first, he told himself. It was a good thing he had bought it in bulk that day. The purchase had saved nearly twenty cents a quart, and now he had the oil at hand when he needed it. The engine hood was completely cold. He lifted it quietly, so as not to waken Tresa or the other sleepers. Strangely, the rundown motel seemed to have a number of other guests; he could dimly make out the shape of cars before some of the other small cabins.

There were no lights except the dim guide lights and the red motel sign itself, flashing VACANCY hopefully into the darkness. It was past normal bedtime then. But what was normal bedtime here? Weary travelers retire early. Marc turned on the light inside the car to fill his oil can, and found the place in the engine partly by its reflected light, but mostly by feel. He put in four quarts, then a fifth. It was slow, clumsy work in the cold and darkness and rain. His hands quickly became numb and awkward. The wind went through his thin raincoat. His feet were wet, and his legs, nearly to the knees.

I'll dry out by the stove for a couple of minutes. Then I'll waken Tresa and we'll try the car.

He entered the cabin softly. He moved in the darkness toward the little oil stove. He stumbled, not quietly, but Tresa did not waken. He took off his shoes and put his wet socks on the stove to dry. His shoes would stiffen from the heat, but the stiffness would be better than having them wet.

He turned in the straight chair. Something in the movement seemed unfamiliar. He was not sure what it was. Gingerly, he turned again. And then he knew. His hip was not weighted. The .32 automatic was gone from the pocket of his raincoat.

Panic surged over him. He fought it off. Tresa, he told himself. She had put the gun somewhere. On the table, perhaps. He moved in his bare feet toward the light switch his hand had touched as he went out the door. His fingers were on it. Something stopped him, some intuition, some caution. He went instead to Tresa's couch. He hated to waken her, but it must be done. He reached down for her shoulder.

He touched only blanket. Tresa was gone.

Akim, he thought. *Akim has her. Nonsense. Don't panic. That's your worst danger: panic. How could Akim have her? How could he find her? How could they get in here without waking me? Tresa is no fool. But the window was open. And the door was unlocked while I was across at the washroom. Then where is my gun? I had my raincoat with me in the washroom and nobody came in. The gun must have been taken while I was sleeping. Tresa. What do I really know about her, anyway? There's no honest explanation of why she should hump her blankets to look as if she were there and then go out.*

"You can't trust anyone; you can't shut your eyes and sleep," John Dayn had said. And how right he had been!

Marc's first thought was that he would take the car and get out of here, fast. But San Francisco was still several hours away and the car was nearly out of gas. If he had no money ——

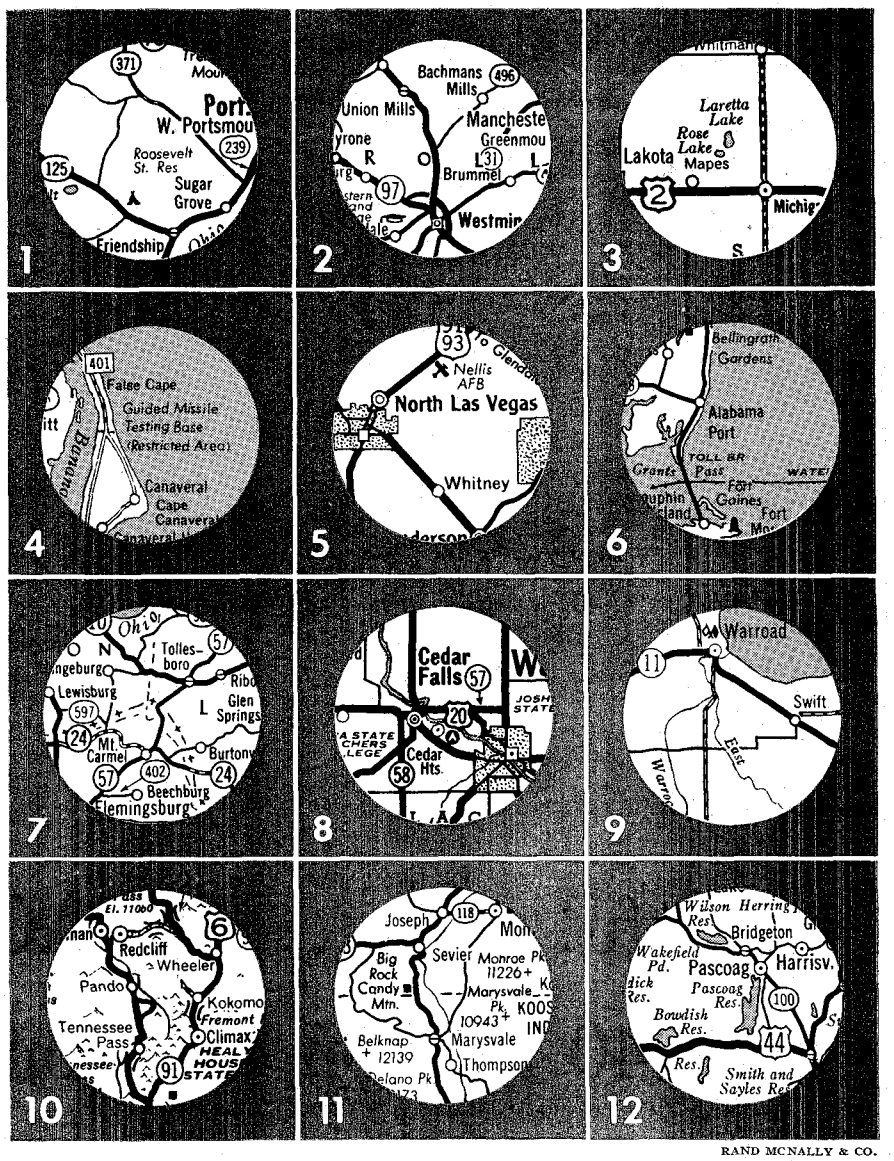
He calmed a little as he opened his wallet by the dim porch light which filtered in the window. Tresa had taken only the three dollars and fifty cents to pay for the motel. There was still eleven dollars left. She could have telephoned collect, however, and there had been plenty of time for Akim or whomever she called to get here. If she was out now meeting someone, Marc might as well find out who it was. And be sure she wasn't a prisoner. She could have been kidnaped, if they had been followed. But how could they have been followed here?

Marc put on his damp socks and worked his feet into his still-wet but stiffening shoes. He tightened the belt of the raincoat. He listened at the door. He opened it. He slid out in one quick, silent movement. He was part of the shadow now. He remained part of it, not moving, only watching, listening.

He heard nothing but the incessant drum of the rain on the roofs. He could see only a few feet. If anyone was watching, he would have to be very close, on a night like this. Marc moved from the shadow, trying not to make a sloshing sound with his feet in the mud. Where should he look first? The motel office? It was dark; surely Tresa was not there. Look at the other cars? That was it. The other cars. If one of them was Akim's black sedan ——

The first car was a shabby red coupé from Arkansas. Then there was a vacant cottage, and a plain dark car, also of uncertain vintage. Marc hesitated over it, for even in the darkness and rain there was something familiar about it. But he could not place it, and it was certainly not Akim's. Probably a car he had seen somewhere along the road.

There were two vacant cottages, and then a long, sleek, green car. Surely out of place in a third-rate motel, unless this lodging was all they could find vacant on a rainy night. It had Washington license plates. Marc tried the doors and the trunk, but they were locked. He hesitated. He turned away, and then turned back.



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 76*)

Perhaps Tresa had damaged Akim's car sufficiently so that he had to use another. Akim would never be one to travel in a battered, uncomfortable car. He would always have a big, expensive car like this. The only other car at the motel had Illinois license plates and was old and small. If Akim was here, this was his car.

The cabin by which the car was parked was dark. Marc tried the door carefully. It was locked. The window was open about halfway. He slit the screen with his pocketknife and shoved the window up a little farther. It made a small moaning noise. He stood still, listening. There was no movement inside the cabin. He went through the open window.

Long imprisonment in Korea had given Marc the ability to find his way in the dark. He assumed that this cabin was laid out as his had been, that the bed and couch would be in the same place. There was no one on the couch. Marc moved toward the bed. He collided with the straight chair, which was out of place, and caught it just before it toppled backward.

He looked down at the man in the bed. It was dark, but a little light came from the porch. The man turned in his sleep, and for a second the light touched his face. It was Akim.

A spy who snores, Marc thought irrelevantly. *Now there's no doubt that Tresa called him. How else could he get here? I have him alone now. Catch him by the throat, force him to tell me where Jamie is, to let him free.*

His hands went toward Akim's thick throat, but then stopped, reluctantly. *He'd never keep his word. Never. He'd agree for now, agree with anything. But even with him as a hostage, Karl or someone would catch up with us. And they'd have me, and Jamie still wouldn't be free. The only time I can get Jamie free is when I have the microfilm. And for that I must get to San Francisco first. I'd better start now. I'll be lucky if I get away. There must be some reason why they've left me free this long. Maybe they decided just to watch me closely until I find the microfilm and then close in on me.*

Marc was out the window as quickly and soundlessly as he had entered it. He was moving across the court, not running, but fast. He saw two figures through the rain. They were close, but their backs were to him. He did not think they had seen him. He thought the smaller of them was Tresa. He could not be sure.

Damn Tresa. If I ever get out of this, I'll never trust another woman.

The two figures were gone, silently, in separate directions. If one of them had been Karl, as seemed likely, since Tresa was not reporting to Akim in person, Karl was probably going toward Marc's cabin now, to watch him and the car.

Marc ran, heedless of anything but the pressing necessity of his escape. If he could reach the car before Karl did—and Marc was closer than the other man had been—he would get away, if he had to run Karl down. If the car would start.

Marc had just reached the car when he heard the shot. He stood still, listening, but there was no other sound. One shot. That was all, muffled by the rain, apparently unheard in the other cabins.

It's none of your business. Get out of here now, while the getting is good. You may not be able to get out, later. But it may have been Tresa. If they shot her, she may need help. So may someone else. I can't just leave someone hurt or dying.

Running again, Marc stumbled in the darkness. He went down, his hands before him. His fingers were wet with more than the rain; they were sticky. Then he felt the back of a man's topcoat. He had fallen over a

(*Continued on Page 76*)

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(*Continued from Page 73*) prostrate body. He rolled clear. His hand touched metal. It was a gun. It felt like an automatic, about the size of the .32 he had taken from John Dayn. He put it in his pocket. He groped for the man's wrist. There was no pulse.

Beside him, Tresa's voice was very unsteady, "Is he ——"

"Yes. He's dead."

Tresa sobbed, audibly. She snuffled. "I—I was just talking to him," she said. "He came to the window of the cabin and said he knew who you were. I went out and tried to convince him he must not tell the police. We talked a long while. I think he was going to help us. But now ——"

"A good story," Marc said grimly. "Covers everything. Your absence from the cabin, the length of time, the fact that I saw you talking to him. And it was all done in my interests! You're quite right, Tresa. I didn't need to worry about your being able to lie."

Tresa shrank back from him. "I d-don't know what you mean."

Marc touched something in her hand. "A flashlight. Where did you get that?"

"He lent it to me to get back to the cabin."

"Give it to me."

Marc turned the dead man over and flashed the beam on his face. It was the bearded man who had limped, who had sat next to him at the counter in the café in Olympia that noon.

"So he was following me, after all," Marc said. "But for whom? Not Akim, or why would they have shot him?"

Tresa said, "D-did you shoot him?"

"Of course I didn't shoot him! You should know that. You took my gun."

"No. It was in your raincoat pocket when I left the cabin."

"Stop lying!" he said. "Do you think I would shoot anyone in the back?"

"I'm not l-lying. I didn't think you would shoot anyone in the b-back. But I don't know you very w-well."

"The shot came from over there." Marc pointed. "It must have, from the way he fell. You saw me clear across the court the other way. You must have. I saw you."

Tresa drew a deep, quivering breath. Her voice strengthened. "Yes. I did see you. I saw you running toward the cabin. And if you were there then, you couldn't have shot him here."

"I was at the car. I was just leaving when I heard the shot."

Tresa said quietly, "Why didn't you leave?"

Marc went rapidly through the dead man's pockets for some sort of identification. There was none. A worn wallet with a few dollars, but no papers or driver's license. No one had had time to take them. It was queer for a man to travel without any identification.

Tresa said, "You did not leave because you thought something might have happened to me?"

"Don't be a fool. You're not my problem."

Tresa sighed. "No. I am not your problem."

"Come on. We've got to get out of here. Akim's over in that cabin. Karl must have done this shooting without orders. He probably panicked after the shooting and failed to report it to Akim. But he'll be back."

"Perhaps it was Akim who did it."

"No. Akim is too smart to stir up an investigation. Besides, I just saw him asleep. He couldn't possibly have made it, on the dead run. And Akim isn't the type to do his own killing."

Marc touched the dead man's beard, covering him against the rain. He leaned closer, peering at a strange edge. Then he pulled away part of the beard, which was an expertly applied false one. With the beard gone, Marc knew who the dead man was. He was John Dayn's square-jawed Hartford Cook.

Tresa said stubbornly, "I still do not think we should have run away. Now they will think we killed him."

Marc drove the car through the rain as fast as he dared, concentrating on the many curves, the oncoming cars, the muddy shoulder of the road. He did not bother to answer her.

"At least," said Tresa, with dignity, "you had no right to take my arm and force me into the car. I wish to get out. Please stop. Now."

Marc said harshly, "Whatever I'm in on now, you're in on. I'm not going to have another girl get up in court and say I'm lying, say that she saw me do something I didn't do. Not when it's murder. You're my alibi now. You're the only one who can prove I didn't kill that man. And I'm going to see that you're around to prove it."

"You sound so savage." Tresa shivered.

"Don't kid yourself," said Marc. "I mean it. You won't get hurt if you do what I tell you. But if you don't, your trusting green eyes aren't going to help you this time. I believed you, you know. You're that good an actress or a liar. I thought you were really trying to help me, that you were telling me the truth, that I could trust you. Trust you!"

Tresa moved to the extreme opposite side of the seat. She sat huddled in her green corduroy raincoat. She had taken off her wet, heavy shoes and curled her stocking feet under her body in a vain attempt to warm them.

She said, "Marc, I did not take your gun. Someone else must have, when I went out. The cabin door was unlocked."

Marc said, "I don't know whether you killed him or not. But I do know you and the gun disappeared at the same time. And he was killed and my gun was beside him. I'm almost sure it's the same gun."

"We should throw that gun away. They might not be able to trace it to you now, but if they should find you with it, they will never believe you."

They'll be able to trace John Dayn's gun, all right, Marc thought. *And John Dayn isn't going to be idle about Hartford Cook's being shot. So I never really escaped at all! They let me go, and followed me, to see if I would lead them to the microfilm. But now that Karl has killed Hartford Cook—probably because he found out he was one of John Dayn's men—nobody is following me at the moment. Not even Akim. He's in a little trouble himself, for a change. The motel registry will show his name and license number. If he leaves in the middle of the night after a murder, he becomes a suspect himself. He'll be pretty upset about Karl's killing one of John Dayn's men when he himself was in the vicinity. Akim said he never made a mistake, but now Karl has made one for him. We probably have a few hours.*

Marc found himself thinking of the girl named Molly, who was married to Hartford Cook and who was having his child sometime this week. He remembered Cook's clean-cut young face, his quiet voice, saying to John Dayn, "You can trust me, sir." Cook, lying in the mud and rain, shot in the back.

"Be careful!" said Tresa sharply, for Marc's hand had tightened on the wheel so that they nearly skidded.

And Marc was thinking, too, of John Dayn's face, the courage written there, and the character, and the pain behind the eyes. The sorrow and the anger that Cook's death would bring him.

Never mind John Dayn. Never mind Hartford Cook. Marc could not help him now. Marc had not asked him to follow him. Jamie—that was what he must think of. Jamie. That was all.

Before dawn they would be in San Francisco.

TO BE CONTINUED

Texas Grass is Coming Back (Continued from Page 33)

acre—but the rancher was persuaded to try it. A soil-conservation contractor moved onto his land with a crawler tractor as big as a house, pulling a rootplow. A few months after the job was finished on 440 acres, DeVilbiss had the finest pastures he had ever seen.

"The Lord surely has been with me here," the seventy-two-year-old rancher told me fervently. "I prayed I would get back on my feet before my time ran out. Now I'm sitting pretty. I buy thin cattle and fatten 'em on this fine grass. Came ahead even during the last big drought. Got my land almost paid for—and that sure feels good."

That feeling of victory is common throughout South Texas these days as an army of big tractors, armored to protect the drivers from falling trees and jagged limbs, crash through the *brasada*, the brushland, uprooting the pest plants at the rate of half a million acres a year. The cattlemen, jubilant over the spectacular break-through, welcome any excuse to take another admiring look at their renovated lands where cattle, sleek and fat, graze belly-deep in sweet grass.

On his ranch near Charlotte, Ernest Wehman drove me in his sedan over the "grass garden" he developed from 600 acres of particularly ornery brush. "I do my ranching by car—no more brush-popping for me," he explained. "Don't have a cow horse on the place." He not only plowed out the brush but also used a big "shredding" machine to pulverize the remains, then seeded the cleared land to grass. It was a costly operation, but he wanted a pure stand of new grass to produce seed for sale to other ranchers.

"Before we found the way to whip this brush it took thirty acres just to carry one cow," he told me. "Even then I had to buy supplemental feed for my cattle during winter. But now I use these pastures only for winter feed; put six-month-old calves on the grass, one animal to two-and-a-half acres, and they come off butter fat in spring. Then I rest the grass in the summer, except to harvest a crop of grass seed—about a hundred pounds per acre."

Wehman left an isolated patch of the old brush untouched as sort of a memory piece. During our tour he drove his car to the edge of this thicket. "I look at this once in a while to remind me of the sorry land I once tried to raise cattle on. It was tough on them and tough on me. I still limp from a tumble I took in that kind of stuff."

The invasion which ranchers such as DeVilbiss and Wehman have turned back isn't confined to Texas, where brush has gained control of about 55,000,000 acres—an area slightly larger than the whole state of Kansas. Various tough, noxious plants—scrub oak, sagebrush, mesquite, creosote bush, to name a few—are threatening more than 300,000,000 acres of range land throughout Western states. Range specialists of the United States Soil Conservation Service are careful to point out that the rootplowing and reseeding method, showing such spectacular results in the Rio Grande plains, may not be as effective in other parts of Texas or other states, partly because the right kind of "recovery grasses" haven't been developed for different climates and soils. Still, ranchers everywhere are cheered by the news from along the Nueces River—once known as the "dead-line of sheriffs"—where the brush long has been the biggest, meanest and toughest.

Cattlemen who have been trying to run herds in this *brasada* say wryly, "Everything in it either stings, bites or scratches." They aren't exaggerating: This is a place where a vengeful nature goes heavily armed. The boss of the landscape—until the powerful rootplow came along—has been the mesquite which grows here in twisted tree form and carries stilettos among its leaves. Under it sprawls the succulent but needle-covered prickly pear. The yucca, or Spanish dagger, displays beautiful, creamy blossoms above poisonous spines. The junco carries protection to ridiculous lengths, being all thorns, no leaves. And on the baked earth coils the rattlesnake, one of the reasons the ranchers here wear a type of cowboy boot that comes to the knee. One old-timer told me matter-of-factly, "There were thirteen of us in our family until one of my brothers was snake-bit."

And this is a land of ghosts, this *brasada*. Among its needled branches you can almost feel the shades of the colorful breed of men who built great cattle empires here—or died trying. When North Americans first came to this Texas frontier in the early 1800's the whole land was a stockman's dream of paradise. Early explorers recorded it as "a rolling prairie, dotted only here and there with clumps of mesquite . . . every stream full of clear-blue limestone water." The cattle were here, too, from the herds of the padres' missions, the long-legged, long-horned, half-wild Spanish cattle up from Mexico. And there were wild horses, the mustangs, also an unintended gift from the Spanish conquistadors. Here, bragged the Texas Almanac of 1858, "it costs to raise a cow about as much as it does to raise a chicken."

Through the booming years the grasslands were ruthlessly overstocked, the vegetation was eaten into the ground, the

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 73

1. Ohio	2. Md.	3. N.D.
4. Fla.	5. Nev.	6. Ala.
7. Ky.	8. Iowa	9. Minn.
10. Colo.	11. Utah	12. R.I.

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soil was trampled into hard, impervious layers by millions of hoofs—and the brush silently crept onto the prairie. Some farsighted cattlemen began to worry about the future of their land, but in 1898 a zealous grass specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture, who undertook to lecture a convention of Texas cattlemen about the error of their ways, was rewarded by a motion, passed with a whoop and a holler: "Resolved, that none of us know, or care to know, anything about grasses . . . outside of the fact that for the present there are lots of them . . . and we are after getting the most out of them while they last."

This tune changed where the mesquite marched, making ranching more difficult and dangerous, less profitable. The *brasada* is a place where cattle go as spooky as deer and have to be hunted down by *vaqueros*—Mexican cowhands.

"Hell, just finding your stock has been a problem here," ranchers complain. Some outfits scout their herds with light planes. Others hunt their critters down with packs of spotted cow dogs. In older days some cattlemen used trained oxen to drag steers from cover; once roped, the wild critter was yoked to a big tame ox, accustomed to being fed at the home corral. The ox would head for the feed trough, towing his hoof-dragging companion. The trek might take a day or two, but what is time to an ox? With the improved pastures and tamer cattle, ranchers are turning to more subtle methods. Young Tom Halff on the 64,000-acre Halff & Oppenheimer spread near Pearsall explained:

"We use psychology. We feed our Brahmas token amounts of cottonseed cake, thrown from a pickup truck. When we want to round 'em up, we simply blow the truck horn and they follow into a trap—a small, fenced-in holding pasture."

In years past, more than one visitor has viewed the brush-choked Rio Grande plains and suggested the obvious, "Why don't you cut down this awful stuff or poison it or something?"

Such airy proposals no doubt tempted the brush-popping ranchers to turn the tenderfoot loose on a mustang in the mesquite. However, Southwestern code demands that guests be courteously enlightened on the hard facts of life along the Rio Grande.

First, for many years the embattled cowmen have been trying out every brush-killing method they could imagine. They have burned the brush, cut it down, grubbed it out, sprayed it with oil and chemicals. They have rigged up all kinds of monstrous machines, such as tree-dozers that bull out the growth, huge rolling cutters that crush and mangle it, and swinging buzz saws that mow it down. One method called "chaining," is a spectacular operation in which two tractors crash through the brush, moving abreast, towing a ship-anchor chain between them. These outfits tear up the landscape. Individual links in the chain weigh 100 to 150 pounds.

The King Ranch, with its million-acre spread on the Gulf Coast, has been experimenting with machines to eradicate brush since the days of the old steam tractors. In the 1930's Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., now president of the ranch corporation, embarked on the development of large, horizontal blades, which when pulled under the surface, would undercut the mesquite and smaller species. A number of inventors and land-clearing contractors worked along similar lines, and thus evolved the device known as the rootplow. This did take out the brush.

But even this ingenious device didn't solve the entire problem. It had been assumed that once the brush was gone, the native grass would come back. Quite often that didn't prove to be the case. The native grasses—trichloris, seacoast bluestem, pappusgrass and tanglehead—either lacked seed in the hard-packed soil or were hit by drought before they could recover. And, when the grass didn't come back, the brush did, and usually in thicker, more virulent form. Mesquite, in particular, came to be cast in the role of the villain.

It is hard for ranchers to admire a plant that has threatened to bankrupt them, but even so they pay grudging respect to mesquite as a remarkable work of nature. This invader can gear its growing habits to the climate and change its form to suit conditions. Where rainfall is ample it may grow into large gnarled trees. Where the soil is a dry, heavy clay, the plant takes a low, creeping form. In any location, its root system is extensive, rugged and aggressive, equipped to outdraw the more tender vegetation in the life-and-death duel for soil moisture.

Mesquite seems ready for almost any disaster. On its root-stem is a unique collection of wartlike buds, extending for a foot or more underground. Any damage to the top growth triggers the buds into sprouting. A rancher who chops down or burns a mesquite tree soon has five, six, or a dozen mesquite bushes to take its place. Plowing up the cable-like roots takes tremendous power—and even if brought to the surface but left in contact with moist soil, the buds sprout and start a new crop of mesquite. As if these methods of survival weren't enough, the mesquite also produces seeds, or "beans," in a tasty pod that is relished by livestock. The hard-coated seed isn't easily digested; its passage through the four stomachs of a cow merely prepares it for quick germination when it falls on bare, overgrazed soil.

The ranchers' first hint of victory over their all-consuming enemy came suddenly, in several short steps. One promising skirmish took place in Dimmit County in 1953, when the progressive Dimmit Soil Conservation District experimented with rootplowing and seeding the land with "blue panic" grass at the same time. The test was a lucky one: Rainfall that year was only six inches as compared to a normal twenty-one inches, but heavy showers in late summer enabled the seed to sprout. The grass rapidly grew to a fine stand—the best pasture seen in those parts for years.

"We just put together two old ideas," said W. Harlan Owen, then a Soil Conservation Service technician with the Dimmit district, now on the staff of a tractor company. "The rootplow had been around for some years. Depleted range land had been seeded before, but usually on undisturbed or chained soil, and that had often failed. This was the first time these practices had been combined—and they worked."

Then in the spring of 1954 three young men made another important discovery. Two of them were SCS technicians: Meril G. Carter, a calm, serious-minded range specialist and area supervisor, and energetic Jack M. Fletcher, then conservationist with the Frio Soil Conservation District. They were working with Walter Page, who recently had gone into the business of clearing brush, building ranch ponds and other conservation contracting. With Page's tractor and rootplow the trio were trying to salvage some land on a ranch near Bigfoot.

"We were clearing some running mesquite—the low, multiple-sprouted kind," Carter told me. "The soil had a tough, impervious layer—we call it hoofpan. It was packed in overlapping horizontal strata that shed water like shingles on a roof. We knew that our rootplowing wasn't enough to kill the brush and get grass started before that soil sealed over again."

The situation was all the more frustrating because seed of two promising fast-growing, drought-resistant grasses was available. *Panicum antidotale*, the one affectionately called "blue panic," had been recruited long ago from the arid plains of India by way of Australia by the United States Department of Agriculture. It had gone largely unnoticed until the SCS spotted its talents in a Southwestern grass nursery. This grass is difficult to get started, but once its roots get a grip on the soil, it shoots up into a tall, graceful plant that seems to laugh at dry weather.

The other newcomer was also an import, called buffelgrass, *Pennisetum ciliare*, not to be confused with the famed buffalo grass of the Great Plains. A few ounces of light fuzzy seed of buffelgrass were brought from South Africa to the United States twelve years ago and proved to have the valuable ability of thriving on various kinds of soil—even hot, dry, sandy soils in South Texas.

The three young men tried everything they could think of, sound or silly, to get the brush down and the soil into shape for a seedbed. "For three days we did nothing but fool around with that plow," said the bronzed Page, built along the same square lines as his tractor. "We wanted to jerk out the shallow roots and shatter the crusted soil so rain could get in. We tried to do it with big chains and steel bars. Finally, we added fins to it."

The fins were the answer. These heavy steel rods, projecting backward and upward from the massive horizontal plow blade, proved capable of thrusting the severed roots, bud zones and all, to the surface where they would dry out and die. The angle of the fins had to be just so, the experimenters found—forty-five degrees proved the most efficient.

One problem remained: A giant rootplow doesn't leave the land like a garden, but more like a battlefield, a jumble of shattered trees, broken roots and ripped-up earth. No ordinary planting machine can operate here. Page's tractor was equipped with an experimental seeder box that vibrated to shake the seed onto the land—but it wasn't doing a satisfactory job.

In a moment of inspiration, the trio invented a sure-shot method of seeding. "We got to talking about those light, fuzzy seeds," Carter recalls. "They had to fall in the fresh soil behind the plow, but not too close or they would be hopelessly buried. One of us remarked that nature's way was to let the wind drift the seeds over the soil. So Jack and Walter ran a pipe from the tractor's exhaust through the seeder box to blow the seed out behind the plow."

That innovation worked fine too. It since has been refined into a commercially manufactured exhaust-driven seeder.

It doesn't take long for a good idea to get around the cow country these days. The soil-conservation districts, run by committees of ranchers, beat the drums for the new system of pasture renovation and also promoted the growing of supplies of blue-panic and buffelgrass seed. Some of them contracted with local chapters of the Future Farmers of America—boys studying agriculture in high school—to produce the seed. "We can't always sell pasture improvement to the old-timers, so we try to catch 'em young," a district official commented. Before long, contractors with big rootplowing outfits were at work for ranchers from one end of the *brasada* to the other.

The compelling economics of this campaign to remake a landscape are quickly sketched in by energetic Tom Halff, who bubbles with enthusiasm over the 1350 acres he has renovated to date. "Our land previously has been leased to cattlemen—some still is—and brought in a rental of only one dollar an acre per year," he explained. "In the raw brush cattle couldn't produce more than eight or ten pounds of beef per acre. But now we are spending thirteen dollars an acre to get rid of the brush and are putting our own cattle on the grass. Our first year we got an exceptional gain—ninety-one pounds of beef an acre. With cattle at, say, twenty cents a pound, that's a gross of eighteen dollars an acre. We can't expect that gain as a long-time average, but you can see that the improvement soon pays for itself. Best of all, it means the land has a future."

"Well, that New Year resolution you kept exactly eighteen minutes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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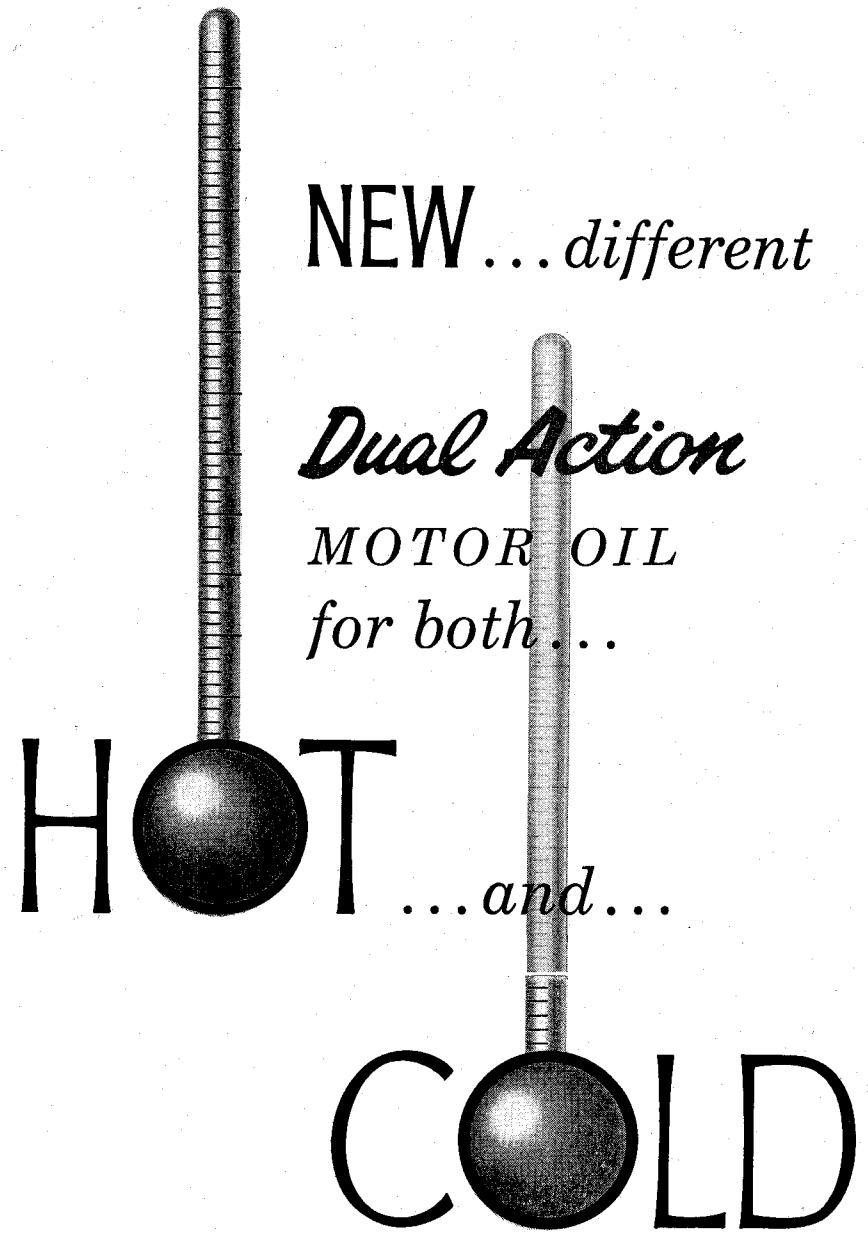

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Strangely enough, Meril Carter shudders a little when ranchers report such astonishing gains and he quickly cautions them that long-range average production can't be expected to be so spectacular. He also frowns whenever he sees an improved pasture overloaded with cattle. "We still have to remember we're dealing with climate and soil and living plants—machines can't make grass or soil," he says. "We have to give the grass a fair chance to maintain itself."

By all odds the best-known leader in the save-the-range campaign is Dolph Briscoe, Jr., a thirty-six-year-old cattleman who skillfully operates three ranches totaling 187,000 acres and is something of a prototype of the modern rancher. He has an expert knowledge of cattle, grass, machinery—including airplanes—and balance sheets. He's a pillar in the soil-conservation movement and has won district, regional and statewide awards as a "conservation rancher." If you met him on the main streets of his home town, Uvalde, you probably would peg him as a prosperous lawyer—well groomed in a quiet business suit and smoothly articulate. As a matter of fact, he was being educated for the law when called into the Army during World War II. After the war he decided to go into ranching with his father, Dolph, Sr., who died in the fall of 1954.

When he's on his land, you can't mistake Briscoe for anyone but a South Texas rancher in a working costume of broad-brimmed straw hat, khaki shirt and trousers rolled into high alligator-hide boots.

I met him at his Catarina Ranch, a 100,000-acre spread along the Rio Grande, to which he usually commutes from Uvalde in his four-place airplane. Our first stop was the *vaqueros*' cookhouse for cups of coffee from the big black pot that always simmers on mesquite coals in the fireplace.

"My father went broke several times in the cattle business before he built our present ranching operation after the depression," he told me. "He drilled into me that our livelihood—that of this whole country—depends on keeping our land in shape. He always tried to build—but for a long time nothing seemed to work. The brush kept coming and, when the last big drought hit there wasn't much grass left.

"That's why my father and I became so interested in this rootplowing and reseeding when the SCS told us about it. We decided to try it out on the sorriest, most beat-up land we had—land that nothing would hurt. That's what I want to show you first."

We took off in a four-wheel-drive truck, with Briscoe at the wheel, and ended on the top hill of a rolling, rocky pasture of 6000 acres. From this point we could see the Rio Grande and on into Mexico. The land all around us was clear, with buffel and blue panic waving waist-high in the breeze. "We used to try to graze a cow to thirty acres in this pasture, and then we had to bring in winter feed. We were lucky if we got fifteen to twenty pounds of beef an acre in rainy years, and our cows lost weight during droughts. But after getting rid of the brush, reseeding and deferring grazing, the grass seemed to explode. We put 511 steers in here all that first winter and got a fine gain on them. When they were shipped out in the spring we turned in 330 cows with their calves—and those calves came out fat in the fall, and this in a year with only eight inches of rainfall. All in all, we're getting more than twice as much beef per acre as we did before—and you can bet we're not overloading the grass. We want to keep it coming."

He then took me around his land—the border fences are 100 miles long—by truck and airplane to make sure that I got the full contrast between the 60,000 acres he has restored to grass and the 40,000 still covered by mesquite. "I'm doing the job as fast as my bankers and I can handle it," he said. So far his brush fight represents an investment of more than $400,000. We ended the inspection at a site where a contractor's two crawler tractors were grunting and roaring through Briscoe's mesquite like steel dinosaurs. The giant blades, which cut a swath ten feet wide, were ripping and tearing through the soil at a depth of sixteen inches, uprooting trees and brush at rates of two to three acres an hour per machine. Leaning on a fence post as we watched, Briscoe commented, "This is turning out so well that I guess I've gone hog-wild on it. But you know, I used to be frightened when I thought about what our country here would be like in 1970. Now I'm planning for the day when we'll have this whole 100,000 acres covered with grass, supporting a herd of 5000 registered Santa Gertrudis cattle."

In fact, everybody seems happy about prospects for the *brasada*—with the exception of certain groups of sportsmen who fear that the plentiful supply of deer, wild turkey and quail, deprived of protective cover, will leave the country. Spokesmen for the apprehensive hunters have urged that laws be passed limiting the rootplowing or requiring ranchers to leave strips of brush. It is safe to predict that this opposition won't slow up the pasture-improvement boom. Cattlemen point out that there always will be lots of brush left along streams and gullies. Besides, as one commented, "Since I improved my pastures I'm feeding more deer and quail than my old brushland ever did."

The Soil Conservation Service in Texas estimates that about 750,000 acres of brushland have been renovated to date, but the statistics don't stand still. This year alone about 500,000 acres of brush are being eradicated. As there are at least seventeen or eighteen million more acres in South Texas alone on which the SCS believes rootplowing and reseeding can be effective, the contractors aren't going to run out of work in a hurry. A tremendous investment is required. Each tractor costs, new, around $40,000, and the rootplow itself is a $3300 item. The cost of hiring such machines for rootplowing is eight to ten dollars an acre, plus two to three dollars for the seeding. As pasture renovation is classified as a soil-conservation practice—which it certainly is—the Federal Agricultural Conservation Program helps ranchers foot the bill, paying for 50 per cent of the work up to a limit of five dollars per acre and $1000 per ranch per year. This hardly dents the large ranchers' costs, but is considerable encouragement for the smaller ones.

In some ways, there's something of the spirit of the old cattle drives among the rootplowing crews. There's a sense of urgency in the work. The contractors keep their machines running all year long, day and night, seven days a week with several operators for each machine. The men camp out near the job in tents or trailers, and their diet runs to *tortillas* and frijoles.

But there are differences too. The ten-gallon hat has given way to the metal safety helmet, the chaps to oil-stained dungarees. And if these modern riders of the lone pra-a-rie sing mournful ballads as they jolt along, nobody has heard them. The roaring exhaust of a 300-horsepower diesel is too much competition.

THE END

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Young and Pampered (Continued from Page 31)

eating out of cans makes me feel depressed, that's all. Besides, they look so sweet and old-fashioned hanging on that nice pegboard I had put in last month. Casually I opened another envelope. "Ten dollars and eighty cents. Pegboard and installation." It makes the whole kitchen more efficient, and you know what New York Pullman kitchens are. I peeked at one more out of the Annapurnish pile before me.

"Remembrance of Things Past, in two volumes. Ten-fifty." Well, a girl doesn't live by bread alone. And that nice young professor said that reading Marcel Proust was a deeply moving experience. Is ten-fifty too much to pay for a deeply moving experience?

"Black leotard, twenty-two ninety-five." Now why on earth had I bought a leotard? Oh, of course—because I was taking exercises at that reducing salon, and I could hardly show up in blue jeans, could I?

"One black-and-white etching. Seventy-five dollars."

All right. Seventy-five dollars is a lot of money. I admit it. But a thing of beauty is a joy forever, isn't it? Art is one of man's finer means of self-expression. And the gallery man was darling about my not paying all cash. I mean he said that he was touched to see young people responding to one of man's finer means of self-expression and I could pay for it a little bit at a time.

I made a pretty fan out of the next batch of bills and stirred a faint breeze. Then I read them upside down. Well, there! I don't think about myself all the time. That one was for the divine double-damask tablecloth and twelve napkins I sent to my mother for her wedding anniversary. And I certainly don't smoke a pipe. My father does, and he simply adored that Circassian-walnut number I sent. He said he'd never had anything so fine in his whole life, the doll. Ruefully I made small piles out of the bigger ones. Had I really charged that table lighter? Did I truly owe for a pale-blue electric blanket? What possible use could I have had for a dozen opaline water glasses? Suddenly I pulled out a hankie and sobbed heartbrokenly.

"Pussycat, whatever is the matter?"

I looked up and saw my next-door neighbor, Jeanie Halsmyer, standing in the doorway. "You look all in a heap, pet," she said. "Want to tell me about it?"

"Come in," I hiccuped. "I'll fix us a cup of tea. It's special. I get it at that marvelous gourmet place on Lexington."

"You don't need tea," she said astringently; "you need sympathy. Now, what is it? Men? Mother? Murder?"

"Money," I wailed.

"Ah-h," she breathed knowledgeably. "Money. What happened? Did you find the cupboard bare?"

I nodded miserably. "I got this letter from the bank. It wasn't a letter exactly. It was in their own special code. You know—initials."

"Don't tell me," said Jeanie crisply; "let me guess. It wasn't N.S.F., was it?"

"It means Not Sufficient Funds," I said.

"I know what it means," said Jeanie sternly, "but I'm not entirely sure you do." She picked up the packet of bills and riffled through them. Then she whistled through her front teeth. She's sort of the hoyden type.

"Been living high off the hog?"

"It's the inflation," I said defensively.

She glanced briefly around my apartment. I know my slip covers cost a fortune, but they're so distinctive. And I suppose she noticed the Steuben-glass candy dish, but I bought that right after I had the flu. To ward off depression.

"I thought you had a creamy job at Designs Unlimited," she said.

"I have a very good job," I said stiffly.

"They're not paying you in Confederate money, are they?"

"Of course not, silly. Actually, I make a very handsome salary."

"Then I don't get it. Why the clamoring tradespeople?"

I gave her what I considered a very meaty answer. "I spend," I said, "more than I make."

She countered brilliantly, "Why?"

"I don't know," I wailed, and put my head in her lap.

"There, there," she crooned soothingly. "I know. All those marvelous windows on Fifth Avenue. All those Italian imports and French creations."

"My folks would simply die," I sobbed. "My father pays all his bills before the first of the month. My mother saves pennies out of her grocery money—enough to buy a twenty-one-inch television set."

"It's Martin McDougal for you," Jeanie said.

I sat up and repaired the ravages while Jeanie plumped up the pillows at her back.

"Who's he?"

"Just the man who saved my life, that's all. Listen." She lighted a cigarette and leaned forward, breathing fire and smoke at me. "I was like you once."

"You were?"

"Worse. The stuff I spent money on—Siamese cats, Swiss handmade shoes. I even bought one of those crazy little European cars. Sixty-five bucks a month just to park it in a garage."

"I love those foreign cars," I murmured dreamily. "With the motor in the back ——"

"You are missing the point," she said tartly. "After two years in this town I was Jeanie Halsmyer, girl bankrupt. If it hadn't been for Martin McDougal—well, I'd rather not dwell on it."

"My father said never to fall into the hands of moneylenders," I said stanchly.

"He's not a moneylender. He's a management counselor."

"What's that?"

"That's a man who takes your salary every month and allocates it to cover your living expenses."

"That's a husband," I said with a wry smile, "not a management whosis."

"I'm serious," she said. "Every month he takes my pay check and my bills and makes them come out even. I don't have to take sleeping pills any more. I can walk into a store with my head high any day of the week."

"You mean that this horrible man knows about every single cent you spend?"

"Of course. That's the point. Every time you finger a white cashmere sweater you don't need and can't afford, you say to yourself, *Martin McDougal is watching me*—and *voilà!* you're saved."

"I saw a dreamy sweater last week. It had this plunging neckline ——"

"It also had a price tag?"

"It's true," I said with a woebegone sigh, "I'm compulsive about goods and services, but there's a reason. I'm not really spending money—I'm compensating." I came up with this last word triumphantly.

"Compensating, my Aunt Fanny," said Jeanie. "Are you trying to tell me that all this jazz," and she waved her arm in an embracive gesture, "is just because you're low in your spirits?"

"That's right," I said forlornly. "Everybody thinks that New York is just one long Mardi gras for a girl alone. Hah! Every man I've met in the last six months is head of his own clan. The single, unattached ones don't exist. What's there left for me? A few paltry self-indulgences."

Jeanie Halsmyer rose to her feet and made a dash for my phone. "You're sick, sick, sick," she said, "but it may not be too late." She dialed rapidly; then I heard her voice soften and mellow.

"Mr. McDougal? Jeanie Halsmyer. . . . I'm solvent, thanks; how are you? . . . Lovely. Mr. McDougal, I have a very dear friend who needs you. . . . Yes, I know you're up to your eyebrows, but so is this girl. She owes more money than Uncle Sam, and it's undermining her health. . . . Yes, she understands how you work and she can't wait to get started."

"That's a lie," I protested weakly. "I don't want some stranger mishmashing around in my private personal affairs."

... ...

Mate, to the Skipper

By Bianca Bradbury

Years slip under the keel, and
this strange thing
Called marriage yaws and
veers, and why
We ever find safe harbor in
such weather

Remains a mystery; for arguing
Who's mate, who's skipper,
you and I
Steer a weird, erratic course
together.

If anything happened to you?
My life would swing,
Wild as a compass, around the
sky,
Without a North to hold to for
a tether.

... ...

"Sh-h-h. . . . Yes, she's right here." She thrust the phone at me. "Talk to Mr. McDougal," she said firmly. I snatched the instrument. "Hello," I said crossly.

The voice on the other end sounded like one of the Pilgrim Founding Fathers, salty, sensible and faintly annoyed.

"I understand you're having a few complications with your budget," he growled.

"Well, I hardly like to discuss it over the phone," I sniffed.

"Miss . . . ?"

"Barbara Ann Carson."

"Miss Carson, I'd be very happy to meet you at my office any time you say. However, many of my clients prefer to spare themselves time and embarrassment and handle the whole thing by phone and mail."

"I'm not afraid of you," I said airily.

I heard a faint chuckle. "O.K. Then if you'd like to drop by on Saturday morning and bring along a breakdown of your current expenses as well as an evaluation of your current income, we'll see if we can't make ends miss for you."

"Very funny," I said with considerable hostility.

"No offense. I'm not here to judge you, Miss Carson. My function is to help you help yourself."

"Do you have to know everything?"

"You wouldn't withhold symptoms from your doctor, would you?" he inquired, with a slight edge to his voice.

"He knows how I feel without my telling him."

"All right so do I. You feel broke. Right?"

"I'm supposed to have my hair done on Saturday," I said.

Jeanie grabbed the phone away from me. "She'll be there, Mr. McDougal, and thanks." She turned on me, arms akimbo. "First your creditors are as nice as pie," she said in a voice of doom. "I quote. 'We're sure this bill has been paid, but in any case this little reminder.' Then they drop the 'please' and 'thank you' and begin with 'Kindly remit.' Then your relationship with the world of business deteriorates into salary attachments and harsh words. And then ——"

"Stop!" I cried. "I'll go see him."

Well, I just wish Designs Unlimited could have got their hands on the offices of Martin McDougal, management counselor. Of all the dingy, dank, utilitarian holes-in-the-wall I've ever seen, his one-room spread was it. There was a desk—an old one. There was a typewriter—an old one. His wastepaper basket was one of those brownish tin things like they have in some public schools. His chair squeaked. The calendar on the wall—the free kind you get from insurance companies—was crooked. As for Mr. McDougal—well, he had a nice-enough face. In fact, if he had treated himself to a new pair of horn-rim glasses he might have looked sort of like William Holden playing a bookkeeper. Need I say that there were leather patches on his jacket? He was tall and underweight. He probably ate gruel three times a day, cooked over a hot plate.

"Hi," he said in a mild-enough way. "Sit down, won't you?"

I took a seat. It was one of those slippery wooden kinds.

"Here," I said, thrusting forward a Manila envelope, "is the whole sordid story." He bent toward me. I just happened to have bought a bunch of violets to pin on my coat that morning. He glanced at them.

"Out of season for violets, isn't it?" he inquired brightly.

"It's a little early but I adore them."

"Another month and you can get 'em on any street corner," he said cheerfully, "for half the price."

"I wanted them this morning."

He didn't answer. He had opened the envelope and was examining the endless cascade of bills which had fallen out of it.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," I chanted bitterly. "Go ahead, say it."

"Now, now," he said in a soothing-syrup voice, "let's not push the panic button. I'll check these out and we'll see where we can take up the slack."

"I suppose you'll make me wash my hair at home—and with soap I make myself," I sulked.

He smiled a polite bedside-manner kind of smile. "We'll try not to hurt you too much," he said. "At first," he added meaningfully. "Now, in order for this to work at maximum efficiency, I want you to apprise me of any and all planned purchases during the next calendar month. In a manner of speaking, I will be monitoring your finances for a thirty-day period. At the end of that time I will offer you recommendations which, if accepted, should rout the wolves at your door."

"It sounds ever so nice," I said caustically. I got to my feet.

"Remember. Before you buy a thing, give me a call—anytime, day or night."

"Very well," I said thinly, "and since now is as good a time to begin as any, I want you to know that as soon as I leave here I'm going to stop and buy myself a drink."

"Beer's great on a warm day," he said with a grin.

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"Champagne cocktail," I snapped, and slammed the door behind me.

This last was sheer bravado because when I got out onto the street I discovered I had a dime, a Canadian penny and half of a wishbone in my coin purse. All around me on Fifth Avenue there passed that enchanting parade of women in their new spring dresses. The air was tender with the scent of exotic perfumes. I glanced with the little match girl's wistfulness into the shop windows. Ah, the lovely pointy shoes, the cunning little bags, the beguiling and artful dresses. All this and Saturday afternoon too. Shopping day for thousands of bright-eyed, acquisitive women like me. I leaned against the comforting solidity of a specialty shop and closed my eyes. "I desperately need a pink slip," I told myself, and felt a spreading cheerful glow rising within me. Happily I sailed inside. I got as far as the lingerie department when I remembered by some kind of dreadful magic the warning voice of Mr. McDougal, "Before you buy a thing, give me a call."

"Well," I said to myself, "it's perfectly simple. I'll just buzz him and tell him that I desperately need a pink slip. What can he possibly say to that?" I approached the telephone jauntily and reached for a coin. I came up with half a wishbone. I looked a little closer and found my dime. He answered cheerfully.

"This is Miss Carson," I began boldly.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"Well, I happen to be in a specialty shop," I said.

"Holy smoke!" he cried. "Lady, you just went out this door."

"I happen to be in a specialty shop," I repeated, "because I suddenly remembered I needed some lingerie. You see, I'm co-operating with you in every way."

He ignored this last bit. "When you send your wash out," he said, "do you have—uh—well, a second set?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then I'm sorry," he said firmly. "I have here before me bills for the following: One black nylon tricot slip—fourteen ninety-five. One shocking-pink"—he hesitated—"yeah, that's right, one shocking-pink *bouffant* half slip—twenty-two fifty. One canary silk teddy slip—ten ninety-five. Miss Carson, I recommend that you go take a nice walk in the park. Take along something to feed the squirrels. Stale bread. It's cheap, it's healthful, and those little rascals can give you a real object lesson in thrift. I'm there myself every Sunday, rain or shine."

"Are you saying that I can't buy a desperately needed pink slip?"

"Not this month. About the squirrels—don't overdo the bread. Give 'em a finger, and the little devils take a hand." He hung up on me.

Stunned, I walked out into the afternoon sunshine. Twenty minutes later I found myself in Central Park, sitting dazedly on a park bench.

"Charming little creatures, aren't they?" a voice said pleasantly.

I looked up, and there beside me was a man—a handsome man; a man with a musical foreign accent—by himself. I retained a faint air of hauteur, but my subconscious was gleefully wishing that the girls at Designs Unlimited could see me now. And what's more, I was suddenly wildly glad that I had bought the dear little mauve hat I was wearing.

"I hope you are not offended at my speaking to you. One gets lonely in a strange city. I have just recently arrived from France. May I introduce myself? Jean Gilberte, architect, unmarried and quite harmless."

I gazed at him, startled. "Jean Gilberte. Why, I know about you!"

"Really? I'm very flattered."

"Designs Unlimited. You're over here to consult with Designs Unlimited."

"Yes, that is quite true, but ——"

"I work for them. I've been in correspondence with your secretary for weeks."

"What a pleasantly small world. Yes, I arrived in advance of my schedule. I wanted to acquaint myself with this wonderful city for a few days." He looked at me thoughtfully. "I wonder ——" he mused. "I wonder if I dare." Then he beamed. "I do dare. I should be so pleased if I could persuade you to be my companion for the next few days."

Hurriedly I tried to arrive at a satisfactory semantic definition of "companion."

"It appears very forward to you, but consider this: I know your employer very well. I cannot undertake to work here until I am somewhat oriented. That will require someone to show me about the city. Would it be too great an imposition on your time and patience?"

I managed a faint smile. "Not at all."

"Good. Then I will call your firm and arrange the details. Are you by any happy chance free to take dinner with me tonight?"

I glanced at my watch and calculated wildly. I'd just have time before the stores closed to find a simple little dress. Then a quick facial. A stop at the florist's for a few flowers for my apartment. And a pink slip, Mr. McDougal notwithstanding.

"I'd love to."

"Everything conspires to suit me today," he said gallantly. "And where may I call for you?"

I murmured my name and address. He took my hand and, glory be, he kissed it!

Six hours and one hundred and twenty-nine dollars later I leaned back in the tub and sighed ecstatically. Isn't it awful what a little bottle of bath oil costs these days? It all evened out, though, because the dress I got was a fabulous bargain. I smiled a Cheshire-cat smile. I had that lovely Frenchman all roped off before one single female in the entire organization had had a peek at him. All it took was a little time and effort and—my spirits plummeted—money. I shuddered with a sudden chill.

Then the phone rang insistently. I clambered out and ran to answer it, dripping all over my unpaid-for rug.

"Hi." It was Mr. McDougal. "I just thought I'd give you a call and see how you made out today away from the soft sell."

"Fine, just fine," I croaked.

"What'd I tell you? An afternoon under the blue sky. Trees. Birds. Nothing like it."

"Nothing like it," I echoed obediently.

"What's on the schedule for tomorrow?" he inquired genially.

"The stores are closed on Sunday," I retorted tartly. "I'll be out of temptation's way."

"Sunday's a big delicatessen day," he remarked.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Among your various financial obligations, Miss Carson, I came across a delicatessen bill which just wouldn't quit. You have charged more bagels and cream cheese than any other young woman in Greater Manhattan."

"I sometimes entertain friends at Sunday brunch," I said crisply.

"Uh-huh. Well, tomorrow, why don't you just take a nice long ride on the Staten Island Ferry? Sea air. First-class accommodations. Cheap and edifying, h'm-m?"

"I have other plans for tomorrow, Mr. McDougal," I said caustically. "And may I add that my arrangements with you were for financial guidance? I am not in need of an overseer."

"I ride the Staten Island Ferry on Sunday," he said mildly. "I like it."

"*Bon voyage*," I said and hung up.

Jean Gilberte was a man after my own heart. He glanced appreciatively around my apartment, noted my etching, sniffed delicately at my hothouse flowers, beamed approvingly at my new dress.

"You have delightful taste, my dear," he said.

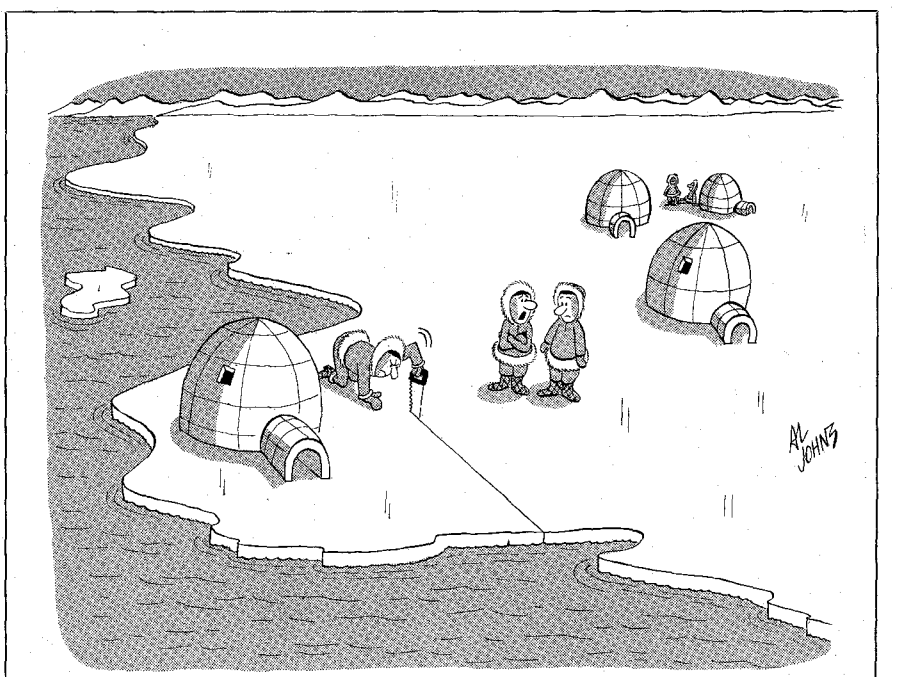
"This?" I said airily. "Just odds and ends."

"Well, I must offer you a dinner to measure up to that altogether dazzling dress."

He did. We went to a little restaurant where a maître d' came and suggested things in a whispery voice. Afterward we went dancing at a terribly chic club. Jean Gilberte held me close and said things to me in French. It might have been "*Fermez la fenêtre*" for all I know, but it sounded heavenly. Then we strolled hand in hand down Fifth Avenue. I was, if I may say so, in my element. I led him through mercantile America like a guide at the World's Fair.

"A land of amazing luxury and comfort," he said.

"Yes," I said, deeply moved, "and everyone has a share in it."



"He was against the statehood idea from the very beginning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

His thoughtful eyes passed from the crown of my head to the tapering toes of my shoes. "And you are what they call a white-collar girl, that is correct?"

"Career girl."

"And from working for a salary you can live so well?"

I smiled guiltily, thinking of Mr. McDougal holding my creditors at bay. "One manages," I murmured. We had arrived at my front door again.

"With delectable results," he said, and leaned over and kissed me lightly on the mouth. My heart action tripled.

"Tomorrow we will have a gala day together," he said, and bowed and went out into the night.

I got ready for bed slowly and dreamily. As I brushed my hair I envisioned the future. A charming house in Paris. At least two crossings a year to Manhattan. Madame Barbara Gilberte's little salons, famous for their high order of wit and charm—"*Fermez la fenêtre*" would give way to epigrams. Madame Gilberte recreating an afternoon at Versailles at her amusing country place. Madame Gilberte seen at the opera in black velvet in the company of her adoring husband. Hey, ho! If things went well, there would be no more Mr. McDougals in my life, ever, ever, ever! I slept.

I didn't resume my workaday life until Tuesday morning. Designs Unlimited put a car at Jean's disposal and asked me to make the rounds with him to various points of architectural interest. In between visits to the U.N. Building and Lever Brothers he bought me Gargantuan lunches and Lucullan dinners. He talked about how long he would be in the United States and how much time he wanted us to share. He wanted, he said, to explore the phenomenon that was me. That's what he said—phenomenon. Well, that could only mean one thing. A totally refurbished wardrobe, a well-stocked cupboard—I wanted him to know that my cheese soufflé wouldn't wound his French sensibilities—and the muzzling of Mr. McDougal.

That man McDougal! He called me at the office and said he wanted to have a talk with me and could he stop by my place on his way home? I'd invited Jean to have dinner, so I told McDougal that he would have to arrive early and leave shortly thereafter. He arrived and behaved just exactly the way I knew he would.

"Some pad," he said, upon seeing my modest quarters.

"It's expensive," I said with considerable irony, "but it's home."

He sat down loose-limbed and expansive and shook his head back and forth. "You kill me," he said quite calmly; "you really do."

"Is there something particular on your mind, Mr. McDougal?"

"You come to me," he continued quietly, "up to your ears in money trouble, and the next thing I know you go on a spending spree that would make the Aga Khan throw in the towel. You have bought everything on this island that is not nailed down. Why? Just tell me that. Why?"

"Well," I said, "not that I consider it any of your business, but there happens to be a man in my life at the moment."

"Just one?" His tone rose to incredulity.

"This man," I went on impassively, "is French. The French know how to live—clothes, food, wine."

"In other words, you're trying to hook him by putting up the biggest front since Diamond Jim."

"Competition for single young men," I announced, "is keen."

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"Yeah? Well, if you keep on going down this glory road," said Mr. McDougal dourly, "he can post a bail bond as a wedding present."

"And what have I got you for?" I demanded indignantly.

"Beats me," he said. "Well, I'll keep my finger in the dike for the rest of this month, but if you haven't made it by then ——" Mr. McDougal paused, and his eyes inventoried my assets. "You'll make it," he said and smiled slowly, "unless he's an iron man."

I flushed deeply under the warmth of his gaze. "What makes you say that?"

"Ever since the day you walked into my office," he said slowly, "I've been figuring the advantages of the joint income-tax return." He grinned and shrugged. "Lots of luck," he said.

... ...

Pig

By Katherine Saunders

I love the roly-poly pig,
With swivel snout and
chuffing sigh,
Who questions with a small,
sad eye,
Who rootles when he means
to dig.
When made a bosom friend
by some,
Domesticated, scrubbed and
petted,
Cushioned, loved, be-
ribboned, vetted,
Has a knowing way,
though dumb,
An earnestness-and-
whimsey blend
From snout to cheerful,
curly end,
The rootle-tootle busy pig.

... ...

He went to the door and opened it. There stood a messenger from Western Union. While I groped in my purse for the change I didn't have, Mr. McDougal tipped the boy and handed me the envelope.

"Don't go," I said weakly. "Telegrams scare me."

"Here," he said gently, "let me." He took the telegram from my limp fingers and read it hurriedly. "This one," he said, "is going to floor you." He read aloud:

"I have been called back to France on urgent business. I leave with great reluctance. You are elegant, lovely to look at, warmhearted, altogether desirable. But, my dear, to a middle-class Frenchman you are an unattainable luxury which, alas, I can't ever in my wildest dreams hope to afford. Forgive me, and *au revoir*. Signed, Jean."

I put my head down on the table and cried.

Mr. McDougal got up and went to the bottle of wine I had chilling near the daintily set table. He poured out a glass and brought it to me. I drank it between sobs and hiccups.

"Better?"

"I'm horrible," I said; "really horrible. I'm so ashamed of myself. I'm nothing but a crass materialist, and I brought it all on myself. Love doesn't need money and clothes and pretty things. It's a thing of the heart and spirit. That's what my mother says even when my father can't pay the premiums on his life insurance. I hate myself."

"That's the stuff," said Mr. McDougal enthusiastically; "that's the ticket. Heart and spirit. That's what makes the world go around. Now you just dry up those tears. I'll put you on a very tight allowance. We'll do a lot of nice, inexpensive things together. And I'll have you back on your feet in no time."

I looked up at him quizzically, the tears pooled in my eyes. "We?" I quavered.

"Second-run movies, the Metropolitan Museum, Sunday walks in Wall Street, tables for two at the Automat, ballet in the third balcony, Hamlet in the park ——" He cupped my face with his hand; then he kissed me with great tenderness on the tip of my nose.

"The best things in life," he said softly, "are free."

You want to hear something incredible? He turned out to be absolutely right. Why, I don't think our whole courtship came to over a hundred dollars, and we're going to have the simplest wedding possible. I found the dearest little shop on Madison Avenue, and when I told the manager I was going to be married she said I could have this marvelous wedding dress for the merest fraction of its cost. So I said I'd take it, and the shoes and the cobwebby veil—and the best part of it all is that I'll have enough over for my present to Martin. It's one of those self-developing cameras. I'm putting twenty-five dollars down, and I have sixteen months to pay. All I'll have to do is take a little bit out of my grocery money each week—just a little tiny bit. THE END

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The Mystery of the Icecap

(Continued from Page 29)

with the ropes lashing the plane to the deck.

An awkward silence fell. Kim turned from MacArdle and exchanged a look with Micheals, as though asking him what could be done with such a man. He wasn't in the least afraid of MacArdle; he just deplored MacArdle's bad manners, and wondered how to improve them.

Micheals shrugged, to indicate that he didn't know what to do, either, and smiled reassuringly. "But how did your people handle them?" he asked, deciding to by-pass the whole thing. "They must have been big as the devil to move rocks that size."

"Very big," Kim said. "With bad smell. But they not good fighters, not smart. My people chase them away."

MacArdle snorted. "Like I said ——" he began.

Micheals interrupted him. "Let's just forget it for the moment," he said. MacArdle gave him a stare and turned away. "Maybe," he went on, to Kim, "we've come up with something the museum fellows dig for. You're sure the Toonijuk are gone? All washed up?"

"My people say, before my grandfather is born. But in Greenland, where I go once in airplane, they say Toonijuk still around. Far back in hills, hiding far away. My father, one time he go far north, up by icecap, and find stone knife like some man just drop it."

Micheals stared at him, fascinated by this bit of information. "The Barnes Icecap?" he asked. "We'll be up that way before we're through." His imagination was caught by the possibility of the mysterious big people, the Toonijuk as Kim called them, hiding far back in the Baffin Island mountains, primitive and defeated by the more clever newcomers in the world. He was sure that Perry Guthrie, the geologist on the ship, would be interested in all this; for Guthrie, who called himself a frustrated archaeologist, had talked to him a little about the great gaps that existed in the knowledge of the pre-Eskimo races.

He stood looking abstractedly at the ancient bit of bone until a hail from MacArdle brought him back with a start.

"Come on!" MacArdle called impatiently. "We've got to get back. You've been mooning over that 'ole long enough."

Micheals looked down at the stones once more, and with Kim beside him joined MacArdle again. They started to walk. None of them spoke; Micheals waited until they were out of the little valley, and was amazed—despite the fact that he had been expecting it—that the air seemed lighter and the vague feeling of oppression lifted off him. "A queer thing," he said. He paused and looked back into the mist, as though half expecting to see the ghosts of the last of a massacred race cursing the valley of their ruin. "A very queer thing."

"Will you come on?" MacArdle asked. "And be sure to keep an eye on your pal, the champ. If one of those ghosts you're looking for jumps up, you'll never catch 'im."

Micheals deliberately avoided looking at Kim, and was surprised to hear Kim's voice.

"You say we go to icecap?" Kim asked.

There was an edge in Kim's tone, a sharpness that Micheals hadn't heard in it before. He looked at Kim, then, and saw the uncharacteristic set of his jaw. "Yes," he said. "Why?"

Kim didn't answer; he stood looking at the ground; and then he looked up. The expression of his face was a little grim, and then suddenly there appeared upon it the beginnings of a secret little smile.

"Now look here," Micheals said. "What goes on?"

But Kim only glanced at MacArdle and back to Micheals again, and didn't speak.

Dinner had been served and everyone had wandered off by the time they got back to the ship, so Micheals ate some warmed-over food standing in the galley, and went to Perry Guthrie's cabin. The geologist was at his desk, smoking a big brier pipe and working over the charts he'd made the previous day, before the mist closed in on them. When it was clear enough Micheals flew him about in the helicopter, from which he searched for ore deposits by trailing a magnetometer on a wire.

Guthrie was a pleasant, graying man, lanky and quiet; he looked up and pushed the charts back as Micheals came in. "Have a good stroll?" he asked, and then looked at Micheals again. "You must have found something. You look excited."

"I am, a little," Micheals said. "We found a sort of ruin."

Guthrie's regard sharpened. "You did, now? Tell me about it."

Micheals described the place, and the feeling in the air. "Ah," he said, "it was a strange thing. Why should it be there? Maybe thirty or forty people were killed in that place, and there's a ghostly feel to it. I've been on old battlefields where thousands and more got it, and they're peaceful as a field of daisies."

"We both know," Guthrie said, "that odd things go on in the Arctic that no one ever explains. Maybe they were the last of their race, and made their final stand there. I'd like to feel that you can't put an end to an entire race and not have some echo left that protests forever." He grinned. "I'm getting pretty tenuous, huh? It's the frustrated archaeologist in me. I wish I could find one of them, but I'm afraid they're long gone."

"Kim says the Greenlanders think they're still around, hiding somewhere," Micheals said. "He says his father found a stone knife up there near the icecap, where we're going. He says his grandfather ——"

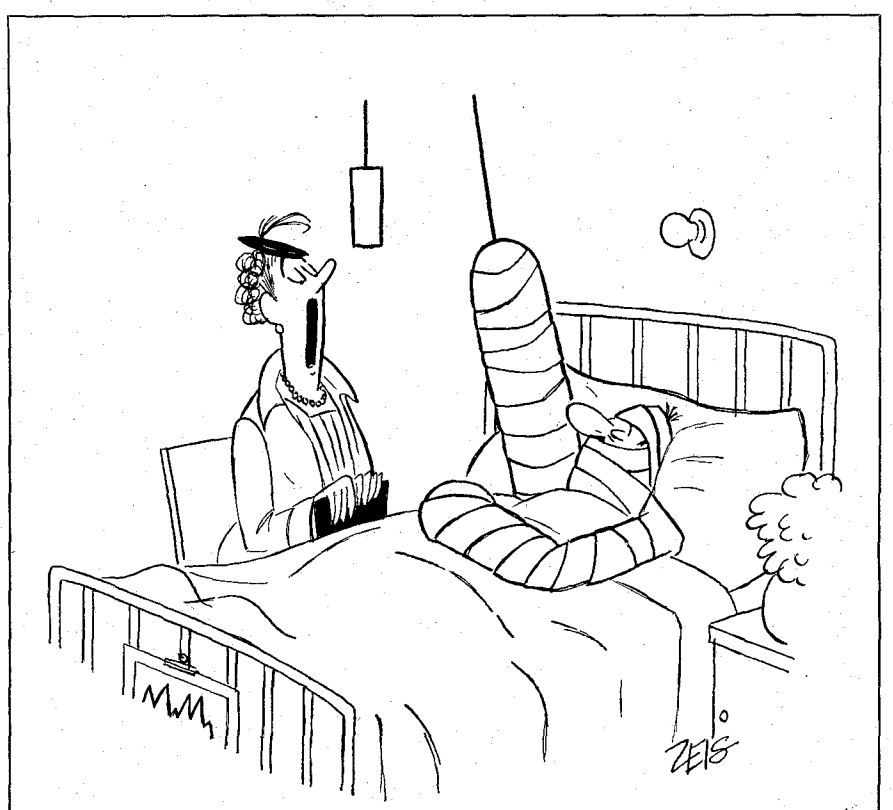
"Mike," Guthrie said, "I don't want to put a damper on you, but grandfathers are as far back as an Eskimo goes. If there's a vague legend hundreds and hundreds of years old, it's something grandfather said. However, there are old tales of the Toonijuk; maybe they existed before the Eskimos—or pre-Eskimos—came in. The legends say they were huge people, far stronger than ordinary men; great hunters, but timid, stupid and slow in the wits. They had extremely primitive habits, and stank; they were terrified of dogs, and the early Eskimos hunted them down. They fled farther and farther into the interior, poor harried fellows. The archaeology of the Arctic is so full of holes that any man who found a Toonijuk would certainly be famous forever. But I'm afraid they're gone—if they ever really existed."

"I'll bet they existed," Micheals said. "Somebody as strong as an elephant rolled those stones up."

"Yes."

"Well, then," Micheals said, and then suddenly looked embarrassed. "I could always take archaeology or let it alone," he said, "but suddenly the bug's bitten me. I'd give my last shirt to stumble on to one of those big guys." He actually blushed, and managed to look engagingly boyish. "You know? Instead of being just an eggbeater jockey I'd have done something worth while. After I saw those stones I've been thinking of those people that nobody's ever seen." He broke off, with a little gesture. "Now it's got into my head that there might be a few of them left, and I can't get it out." He looked up, to find Guthrie watching him with a sympathetic smile.

"I know how you feel," Guthrie said. "I've had one or two occasions when I felt that way myself. But I'm afraid there's no hope. Give me the map co-ordinates of the ruin and I'll report it for you, and you can settle for an interesting day."



"Some good came of it—you've stopped smoking."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Micheals sat quietly for a moment, looking at the floor. He didn't want to settle for an interesting day. He wanted now to find more, or to be sure there were no Toonijuk surviving somewhere, for a queer feeling had been born in him that he wasn't sure at all. He contemplated that a moment, and then stood up. "I won't settle quite yet," he said, "although it was an interesting day. It would have been a better one if it hadn't been for that mate riding Kim again. If I was Kim I'd poke him one."

"I don't think Kim would have much trouble flattening MacArdle," Guthrie said, "if he wanted to do it. He doesn't train in Halifax back-street bars. But he's too courteous, like most Eskimos. He suffers fools, even if they are white men. MacArdle is just one of those things that can't be helped, so Kim bears cheerfully with him."

"Kim wasn't so cheerful today," Micheals said. "I think he's getting tired of it." He suddenly recalled Kim's secret smile as they left the little valley. "Look, I got the notion out there today that Kim might be cooking something up. I wouldn't want to have any trouble."

"Neither would I. Maybe some incident will turn up that will show who's the best man, and stop MacArdle's stupid talk before we get to any dramatics."

Suddenly Micheals began to grin. "Look," he said, still grinning. "Maybe we could sort of hurry events a bit."

"What do you mean?" Guthrie asked. "Now, what would you be cooking up?"

"Ah, now," Micheals said. "MacArdle's been after me for a ride in the helicopter. So let's take him for a ride, the three of us. And when we get way back from the coast we'll have engine trouble and have to spend the night in that bloody-awful country. You or I could creep out after everyone's asleep, and kick up some sort of an unholy row. Maybe that will produce something."

Guthrie looked at him for a moment, and then he began to grin too. "I suppose," he said, after a moment, "that the engine could stop, without any noticeable manipulation."

"A wire to short out the ignition. It's no problem. When do we go up the coast?"

"Oh," Guthrie said. "I forgot you were gone all day. We're leaving tonight, and going a long way up, near the icecap." He was silent for a moment. "As to the other thing, I know nothing about it. You never mentioned it to me. Only don't tell Kim. Let 'em start even."

"Fair enough," Micheals said. "Well, I'd better be getting along." He waved at Guthrie and went out.

Dawn was breaking as they were closing their new anchorage off Cape Adair thirty-six hours later, and off to port the bleak mountains bit into the sky. They loomed above the ship as she lost way in the cold, lead-colored water, savage and bare as the mountains of the moon, gleaming in their hollows with the glaciers that studded almost every indentation of the coast. Micheals stood on the bridge wing, watching MacArdle and two of the crewmen who waited beside the capstan for their signal from the bridge. In the shadowy half light the peak immediately behind Cape Adair towered up for five thousand feet, and the two arms of the shore reaching out toward them looked like a pair of monstrous jaws studded with great teeth to crush the ship. Behind them, out to sea, several great icebergs glimmered as they took their slow and majestic way through the eerie light.

There was a flurry of water under the stern; the ship stopped, and MacArdle

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got his signal. The anchor chain rumbled out and as the echoes rolled about them a few sea birds rose from the dark water; there was a little jockeying as the slack was taken off the chain, and the engines stopped. MacArdle and the crewmen moved about and then vanished from the foredeck, and Micheals stood a little longer looking toward shore.

Some of the mountains thrust up sheer from the sea; the light had strengthened, laying long shadows down the precipitous indentations of the coast, bringing out the dull gold and dark cinnabar where areas of lichen grew on the bare flats among the rocks.

Micheals had never been this far north before, along this coast. Hardly anyone had, except to fly over it swiftly. They were five hundred miles above Frobisher Bay, and when he'd been there he'd thought he was far enough north.

As he stood looking at the grim coast the excitement he'd confessed to Guthrie sharpened in him. This was the remote place, he thought, the sort of place Kim had meant when he said "Far back in hills, hiding far away." Still thinking of this, holding the Toonijuk in his mind, he ran down the bridge ladder and moved along toward the saloon to get his breakfast. As he opened the door he almost ran into MacArdle coming out.

"A bloody-nasty place," MacArdle said. "Any sort of weather could move in in ten minutes. You sure you want another man along? Besides, I'll have to sit next that bloody Eskimo. He's carrying too much sail. He's standing in the corridor in there, and didn't move out of my way when I came along."

Micheals blinked. He'd forgotten MacArdle in his preoccupation, and almost wished now that he hadn't asked the man to go with them where he would be seated so close to Kim all afternoon; but MacArdle looked entirely too willing to back out.

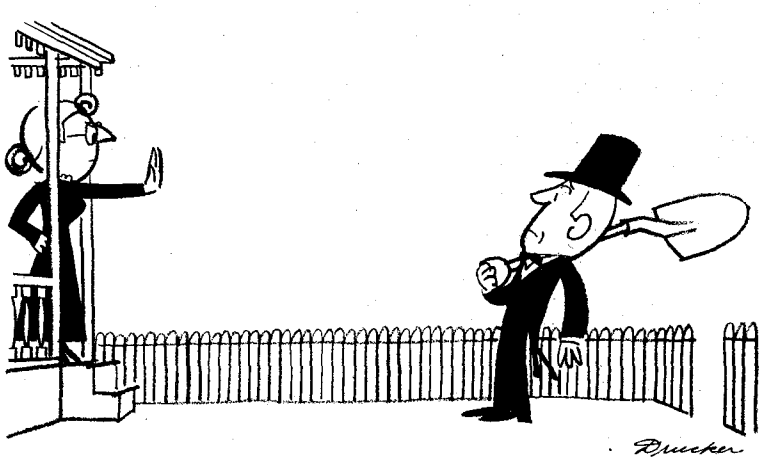
"Why, certainly we want you," he said. "It's about the only chance you'll get for a ride. We'll take you on the afternoon trip. Be ready right after lunch." He went on through the door, smiling to himself, and found Kim standing in the corridor.

"Waiting for me?" he asked.

"Want to tell," Kim said. "My father say, near icecap is mountain with three tops." He held up three fingers, to look like peaks. "Much brown on rocks. Iron, maybe."

"I'll remember," Micheals said. "We'll give that neighborhood a good going over." He went along to breakfast.

MacArdle was the last aboard the helicopter; they had to wait several minutes for him. He climbed into the cabin and took a seat in the back next to Kim with an ill grace, and Micheals latched the door. He wished for a moment that MacArdle could have been seated up front with him, for there had almost been another incident after breakfast, when he, MacArdle and Kim had been



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Much to grandma's annoyance, grandpa spent most of his time playing pinochle with his old crony, Uriah the undertaker. When grandpa died, his will designated grandma as executrix and directed her to employ Uriah as undertaker. Instead, grandma, no friend of Uriah, hired a rival mortician. Uriah subsequently sued grandma for $750, the cost of the funeral.

"It was grandma's duty as executrix to carry out the old man's last wishes no matter how she felt toward me herself," Uriah argued. "As she refused to do so, she should pay the fee of which she deprived me."

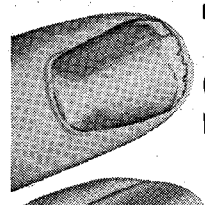
"Grandma was the widow as well as the executrix," her lawyer replied. "So she had a right to say what undertaker she wanted regardless of what was in grandpa's will."

If you were the judge, would you make grandma pay Uriah $750, which was the cost of the funeral?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Uriah lost. The court ruled that when a will contains instructions to employ a certain undertaker, it is merely the expression of a wish and is not legally binding. The undertaker, it added, has no legal claim under the circumstances.

Based upon a 1937 New Jersey decision.



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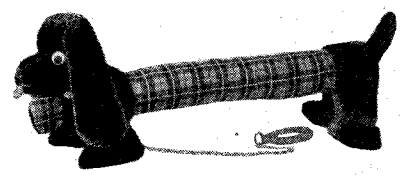
TAKE ME HOME!



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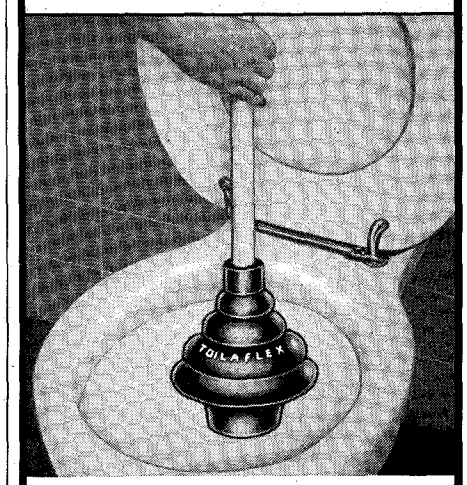

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unlashing the helicopter. Micheals looked once over his shoulder to see that MacArdle was behaving himself, and turned his attention to his flying. He gunned the engine, and the helicopter lifted and headed for the inimical shore. Halfway in, Micheals swung north to get around the sharp rise of the peak, and began to climb.

The rocks and glaciers fell below, rising to the spine of the land. There was a great deal to see, and all of it grim. Micheals was glad that he didn't have to walk anywhere in that country, with its wild jumble of peaks, precipitous gashes, and great plateaus that dropped off almost vertically into shadowy depths. There was an emptiness about it that gave it, somehow, a malevolent and pitiless air, a savage and unconquerable loneliness; it was so rough and broken that almost anything could have been hidden somewhere in it.

To the south they saw the two lakes on the height of land and the great Barnes Icecap beyond them. As they flew their patterns, swinging around peaks at a low altitude and trailing the magnetometer, Micheals allowed his flying to become almost automatic. His eyes searched constantly for some minute sign of life; a faint trail, anything that might be a habitation, a blackened patch that might once have been a fire, stains of smoke on a rock face protected from the weather. He saw a few caribou and once a small herd of musk ox, but that was all.

He searched with such concentration that he lost track of time, and realized that it was growing late only when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned; MacArdle pointed to the declining sun and thrust his other arm up and pointed to his wrist watch. Micheals realized then that he'd forgotten the mountain with three peaks. He looked all around and finally saw it off in the distance, rather far away. "One more leg to the west," he shouted. "I want to look around that mountain over there."

MacArdle didn't like it. He pointed to the sun again. "Long way back!" he shouted. "Late!"

"Fifteen minutes more!" Micheals shouted back, and swung west. They approached the mountain; and although Micheals could see no brown stains of iron within his view, he did see a high meadow, nearly at the top, that suited him. He waited until the gliding angle was good, and touched the device he'd rigged to short the ignition with his foot. The sudden silence was as startling as an explosion. The engine popped once or twice as though to accentuate that silence, and Micheals said, "Get your mag up, Perry. We're going down. There."

Kim's face was immediately beside his own. "Is too high," he said. "Cold. Go there." He pointed to another meadow, much further down, and Micheals swung toward it. Beside him, Guthrie began to wind up his wire, and MacArdle stood up quickly, brushed Kim away, and leaned over Micheals.

"What is it?" he demanded. "What are you stopping the engine for?"

"Sit down," Micheals said. "We've got trouble."

"Trouble? Here? In this ——" His hands dug into Micheals' shoulder.

"Sit down, fool!" Micheals rapped at him. "I've got to get this thing on the ground."

He turned to look at Kim, to smile at him, and saw Kim gently smiling back at him and relaxed. He shrugged MacArdle's hands off and busied himself bringing the helicopter down.

He made a good landing in the meadow, which was rocky and patched with dwarf willow and caribou moss. The place was like a great step cut into the side of the mountain, rather flat, about as big as a football field; it fell off sharply on the outward side, looking out over a series of ridges and valleys darkening toward evening. The ascending rock face of the inward side held a number of overhangs and shallow caves, and was nearly as precipitous. They all sat there a moment in the silence, until MacArdle broke it.

"I 'ope you're 'appy now," he said. "You and your one more bloody swing to the west. We'd be fifteen minutes closer to the bloody coast if you ——"

"It was a very nice landing," Guthrie interrupted. "What do you think the trouble is?"

"Sounded like a short somewhere," Micheals said. "We'll probably have to stay the night."

"Stay the night?" MacArdle demanded. "Don't you know it can get cold as the devil in a minute 'ere, and start to snow? The wind can jump up quicker than you can spit and blow ninety knots for a week, and the bloody fog can roll in and stay longer than that."

"So," Guthrie said. "Mike, why don't you work at the short as long as the light lasts? Mac, hop down and I'll hand the stuff down to you. We might as well set up some sort of camp."

MacArdle swung down, and Kim after him. They stood there while Guthrie handed down the shotgun, the cookstove, the hatchet, pressure lantern, packages of compressed food, blankets and other emergency gear stowed in the rear of the cabin. Then he dropped down himself, and together they carried the stuff over under the biggest overhang on the rock face.

When they were finished, Guthrie walked out nearly to the edge of the meadow. The sun had just set; the sky was a clear, very pale green above the tumbled horizon, and higher up where there was hardly any color at all a few small clouds burned with a rosy fire. Cold blue shadows were taking over the darkening world that stretched away broken and empty below him.

Then he saw a light appear toward the camp; Micheals had lit the pressure lantern to carry on his act of working on the engine a bit longer. He began to hack at the dwarf willow and search out dead branches. It was a pretty unproductive enterprise, for the trees grew to a height of only three or four inches to send out small branches along the ground; but he kept at it, and had a small bunch of sticks by the time it was too dark to see.

He went back to camp. Kim had some sort of stew about ready on the stove, and MacArdle sat hunched facing the rock wall with his back to all Baffin Island. Micheals was standing near the stove, with his hands in his pockets.

"Find the short?" Guthrie asked.

"An hour in the morning, and we'll be off," Micheals said. He gestured around at the darkness. "This should be the place, if there is a place," he said. "We're near the place where Kim's father found the knife, aren't we, Kim?"

Kim looked up and grinned.

"They'd be here, if anywhere," Guthrie said. "You give up hard, don't you?"

"'oo would be 'ere?" MacArdle demanded. "What knife? What's all this about?"

"You remember the big people we were talking about when we found the stones?" Micheals said. "This is where we think they might be."

MacArdle stood up with a curse. "Damn and blast it!" he said. "Leave it! It's bad enough to be 'ere, without your bloody talk." He moved over, picked up the gun, and walked over to the rock face. He put the gun beside him and rolled up in a blanket. "Eat the stuff yourselves," he said. "I don't want it."

Kim grinned again at Micheals, and dished up the stew. They ate in silence, and when they'd finished they all rolled into their blankets. Micheals looked out across the tiny fire at the stars for a while, half between sleep and waking, feeling the silence and mystery of the land and thinking drowsily of great figures shambling about in the gloom of a cave's mouth. Then he fell asleep.

He could never remember afterward what brought him from sleep; the feeling of an alien presence, the rank and pervading smell, an alarm along the nerves. He sat up, wide awake on the instant, and felt his scalp tighten on his skull. The reek he was breathing was truly fearful, of rotting meat and worse, and there was a huge, dim, shaggy figure looming between him and the stars. In sitting up he'd kicked up the fire, and loosened a stone behind him, which fell with a thud. The tiny flame revealed nothing except a blurred movement as though the figure, the creature, raised its arms. It seemed a gesture of peace, of supplication, but Micheals had no time to collect himself and estimate it. The fall of the stone had awakened them all, and before Micheals could stand up two other figures were on their feet.

MacArdle shouted: "No!" Pure terror was in his voice. The other figure was Kim, who didn't hesitate; he leaped toward the great man, throwing his arms forward as though to attack.

There was a strange, animallike scream of fear, and the figure was gone. Micheals ran out from under the rock face. He thought that he heard muffled footfalls out in the darkness, and without thinking he ran toward them, stumbling about on the moss and tripping over little rocks, and finally stopped. There was nothing.

He stood there for a moment, and a bitter sense of loss washed over him. All of the coincidences—the finding of the ruin in the valley which had started all this, and his choice of a location to short out the engine, which had finished it—all of his campaign to put MacArdle in his place, had brought him to the edge of finding the mysterious big man, and the end of it had been complete frustration. He could have had the Toonijuk, he thought, or at least observed him; he might even have been able to take the creature back and show them all. He recalled the gesture of supplication; he knew that was what it had been. He could have shown them the oldest man living in the world. He would rather have done it, at the moment, than own the finest airline in the world.

There was a sound off to his left, and Kim materialized out of the darkness and joined him.

"Gone?" he asked.

Kim nodded. "Is gone," he said. "I could not catch him."

"Well," Micheals said, "it's water over the dam now. Let's go back."

They turned back toward the camp, and when they were nearly there they came upon Guthrie waiting for them. Micheals made a gesture of defeat, and Guthrie laid a commiserating hand on his shoulder. Neither of them said anything; they fell in behind Kim and marched on.

They walked into the little fire's dim glow. Micheals stirred up the coals with his foot, and in the rising small flame they saw MacArdle, at the rear of the overhang, still pressing his back into the rock wall. He stared at them, and visibly relaxed when he saw that they were still only three. Then his wide eyes moved to Kim, who had stopped, facing him. Micheals couldn't see Kim's face; but he could see that Kim stood very quietly, making no gesture. This lasted for perhaps ten seconds; it took that long for MacArdle to acknowledge his defeat. His glance dropped, his head fell forward a little, and he sidled away from Kim along the rock face.

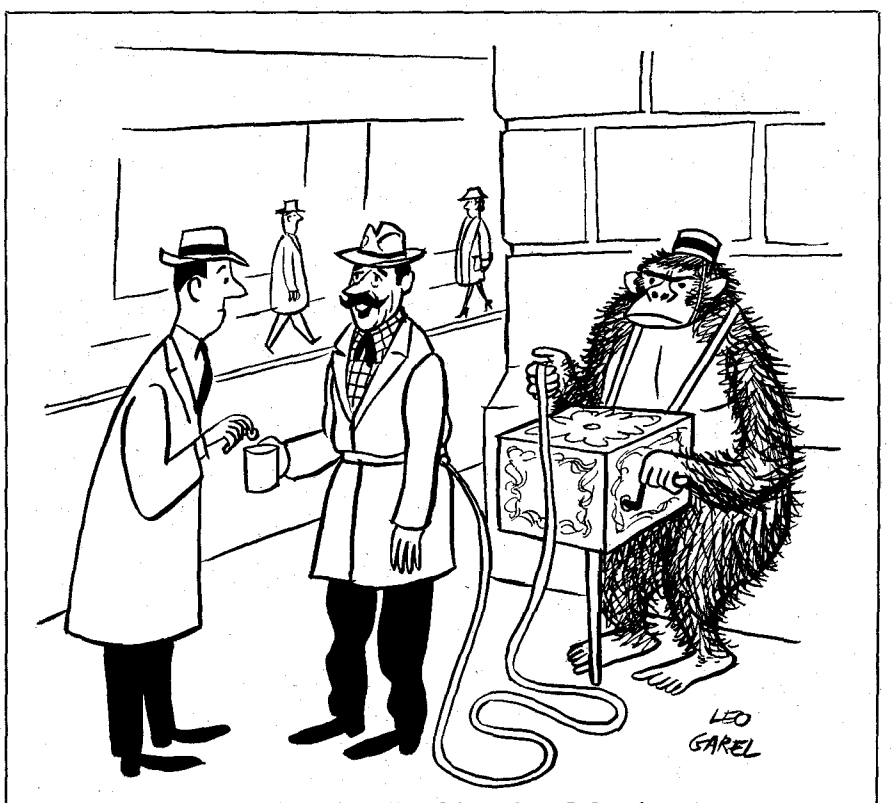
"Looks like he's realized at last who ran toward our visitor, and who ran away from him," Guthrie said. "I think that we can count on peace and quiet from now on."

As Kim turned back toward the fire, Micheals caught his arm and led him a little way out into the darkness of the meadow. "My boy," he said, "who told your father that iron makes brown stains on the rocks?"

"He did not know," Kim said.

"And what made you think that this meadow would be warmer than the higher one, that I picked out first?"

"Both the same," Kim said. "But high meadow no good. Was in this place my father found the knife." THE END



"He was just a little bundle of fur when I first bought him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Outlaw Trail (Continued from Page 24)

cowboys say, "swallered his head," and his equally surprised rider sailed off over it.

"Mister," said Elnathan Calhoun with the friendliest of grins, "you couldn't have flew off purtier if you had wings!"

For a moment Deputy Sheriff Hadlock sat in the dust calling a wrathful roll of swearwords. By the time he arose from disgrace and advanced upon the person of Elnathan Calhoun, he was beginning to repeat himself, and the boy's Arkansas grin was half an inch wider.

A brawny hand gathered up a fistful of Elnathan Calhoun's shirt front and hoisted him ungently off the stump.

"You think spookin' horses is funny, huh?" said the burly buckaroo-deputy. "Darned if I know whether to slap your face, kick your pants or throw you in jail!"

From the way he drew back his right hand it was evident that Deputy Hadlock aimed to try the slapping first.

Six days' ride from the Texas line, two weeks from the scene of a bitterly lost love, and headed for hell-don't-care, Tonk McSpadden arrived just in time to mind his own business—but didn't. Approaching unobserved, he flicked a midget lass-rope loop over Hadlock's ready-to-smack arm and yanked.

"I do declare," he remarked with a dryness not wholly due to a dusty throat, "if it ain't ol' Pearl-Handled Pete!"

Hadlock whirled around.

"Tonk, you damn Injun!" His greeting smacked only a little of brotherly cordiality. "What you doin' in New Mexico?"

"Right now I'm takin' a census—countin' the growed-up men that come it big over kids—and it looks like you're number one." Tonk obligingly let out enough slack for Hadlock to slip the noose off his arm. "Somethin' rile you, Pete?"

"My train whistle spooked his bronc." Elnathan Calhoun's grin widened again at the memory. "He couldn't have flew off purtier if he'd had wings. But I don't need no thirty-dollar help, cowboy."

Tonk McSpadden stepped off his horse and stood between them.

"Tonk," said red-in-the-face Hadlock, "I'd just as soon wallop you as the kid. And I kinder think I can do it!"

"Someday when you ain't got on your big behavior maybe I'll accommodate you. Right now I don't hate nobody but myself. Besides you look over-het and I'm over-dry. If that sign yonder don't lie, I'll buy you a beer and let you tell me your secret of success."

"There's two things," declared Hadlock, preening his brown mustache, "that tally big in this Territory, Injun: straight pistol-pointin' and crooked politics. You're lookin' at a he-wolf expert in both. There ain't been a holdup nor a horse stole in Tuloso County since I hired out to the law. Nor there won't be. Not even with Curly Jack Marcotte and his wild bunch rendezvousin' not a hundred miles north, and the sheriff away."

"If I could admire myself thataway I wouldn't speak to nobody but me—and that only on a Sunday." Elnathan Calhoun batted his crockery-blue eyes and grinned engagingly.

The grin appeased Pete Hadlock not at all. "Buster," he said, "this is one fair city where bums ain't welcome. You've got just ten minutes to start goin' someplace else—or to jail as a hobo!"

"And me without no watch," sighed Elnathan Calhoun. "Just good looks and money." He tossed a silver dollar—his last—in the air, caught it, returned it debonairly to his pocket, and addressed himself to Tonk McSpadden as if Hadlock no longer even existed.

"I can't buy you no beer, mister—my daddy was a pure-water preacher and he'd ha'nt me. But let's you and me go cut a can of pork and beans. I got the money to pay for it. We can talk about robbin' banks, shootin' sheriffs and huggin' purty girls."

"I'm a crackers-and-sardines man myself, Buzzsaw," said the black-eyed cowboy. "Let's go."

The patched kid from Arkansas and the part-Tonkawa-Indian cowboy from Texas sat on the steps of Ike Bamberger's store spooning pork and beans and sardines onto crackers with their pocketknives. Cooling tomatoes they slupped direct from the can.

Elnathan Calhoun's silver dollar now reposed in Ike Bamberger's cash drawer, but Elnathan didn't care. Tonk's letting him stand treat for the grub gave him that precious grown-man feeling. Pete Hadlock's horse now stood hitched in front of the Bosque saloon.

"I could have whipped ol' shiny-boots if you'd have let me," Elnathan complained mildly. "I make a big show with my fists, then kick 'em in the groin."

"That's as good a way as any to get yourself shot," said Tonk dryly. "But there ain't nothing wrong with Pete except he fancies himself. Him and me went up the trail together. He drifted out here and finagled him a badge. Me, I went back to Texas, but things had changed some, so I lit out for new country."

"Meanin' your girl had went back on you?"

"You finish them termaters, Buzzsaw. I'm running over. You aiming to get out of town like you was told? You've done used up twenty of your ten minutes."

"Tonk," said Elnathan Calhoun earnestly, "I'm goin' to tell you a secret. I never had no girl go back on me, but I got plumb wearied of my stepdaddy's whippin's. I've been a month gettin' this far. From what I hear, it ain't much farther." Elnathan Calhoun lowered his voice. "I'm fixin' to join up with that Curly Jack outfit and be an outlaw!"

For a long moment Tonk McSpadden sat silent, feeling a resurge of lonely bitterness within him—the bitterness that had ridden with him every foot of the long miles from a homey little town deep in the live-oak hills of Texas. When finally he spoke, his tone was short and abrupt. "Outlawin' is a risky business, kid."

"Bug on a buzzsaw!" retorted Elnathan Calhoun scornfully. "You think I ain't got the guts?"

Again Tonk took a long time to answer. "I hate to see a man afoot," he said finally. "My bed horse is packed light. You reckon you could straddle him behind the pack?"

Pete Hadlock's horse was still hitched in front of the saloon when they rode out of Bosque Largo. A mile out, Elnathan Calhoun slid off the pack horse.

"I've got another secret, Tonk," he said. "You wait here."

With a gangling gait not unlike that of a loping jackrabbit, the boy hurried into a dense *bosque* of young cottonwoods. He emerged a few minutes later astraddle a bony red mule, without a saddle, but with an ancient six-shooter belted around his skinny middle. Before him on the mare mule's high withers he carried a bundle rolled in a rusty-black preacher's coat. A crudely fashioned rope hackamore served for bridle.

"Kid," said Tonk, "it ain't polite to mention it, but I left my good manners in Texas. Hiding out that mule and gun while you went into town could smell to a man with a long nose like maybe you stole 'em."

"I bought the pistol and a piece of rope from a Mexkin with—with my next to last dollar. The mule just follered me."

"It's a habit mules have got," commented Tonk dryly, "specially with somebody leadin' 'em."

Elnathan didn't answer. As they rode on, he got out his mouth harp and tenderly revived Barbara Ellen.

"I knew a gal that used to sing that tune," said Tonk sharply. "Play something else or shut up!"

"Tonk"—Elnathan Calhoun put away the harmonica—"are you goin' with me to join up with ol' Curly Jack?"

"Might." The cowboy pinched out his half-smoked brown cigarette and threw it down. "Me and Curly Jack growed up together, back in Texas."

"Bug on a buzzsaw!" exclaimed young Mr. Calhoun. "That makes it a cinch! I was scared Curly Jack might suspect I was a detective out to betray him to the law. Thisaway he'll know it's all right, won't he?"

Tonk McSpadden didn't answer. He and Curly Jack Marcotte had been friends before Marcotte took to the outlaw trail. It had been strong in Tonk's mind that they could be friends again out in the wilds of New Mexico. The thought had been a sort of salve to the soreness of his heart—and of his pride. To hell with untrue women, to hell with honest wages, to hell with Texas, to hell with everything.

Word of the bold bravado of the Curly Jack Wild Bunch had drifted as far away as the Texas Hill Country—apparently also all the way to Arkansas. It was a savage purpose in Tonk McSpadden's heart that more of the same word, his name with it, would one day come to the ears of the blue-eyed girl he had meant to marry—just to let her know that he didn't give a damn. Of such bitterness of heart, in those hard horseback days, was the fabric of outlaw character all too often woven.

Tonk McSpadden rode with a six-shooter at his hip, a short thirty-thirty in his saddle scabbard, and he knew how to shoot them. What Curly Jack had learned to do, Tonk McSpadden could learn. So could a buzzsaw kid from Arkansas—and who would there be to care?

They camped together that night in a draw twenty miles from Bosque Largo. For an hour after they had eaten, the wild, weird howl of coyotes played intermittent accompaniment to the tunes of Elnathan Calhoun's mouth harp—none of them, this time, Barbra Ellen.

The kid had no bedroll. Tonk unspooled his own for double.

"You don't need to bed me," said Elnathan. "I'm used to sleepin' wild."

"Suit yourself," said Tonk shortly, and turned in.

He was still awake an hour later when the kid came crawling under the bed tarp.

"A mite chilly out there," he apologized. "You ain't been asleep anyhow, have you, Tonk?"

For answer the cowboy made a brief, grunting sound. Tonk had seen stray dogs take up with a man after no more than one kind word, then stay with him whether he liked it or not. Already the kid seemed to consider them pardners in adventure—which, in that day and time, meant considerably more than if you pronounced partner with a "t." Whatever the nature of the attachment, there was admiration in it that made Tonk uneasy.

"Tonk"—Elnathan spoke timorously in the darkness—"you reckon that deputy sheriff suspicioned where we're headin' for?"

"My reckon machine don't work after dark. Now shut up and go to sleep!"

Samuel W. Loftis, long on hard luck and short on cow savvy, was having bull trouble—big trouble for a granger with only a slim fourteen-year-old daughter on a work horse for cowhand help. On money borrowed from the so-far-unrobbed bank at Tuloso, county seat of the same-named county, Loftis had ventured a small start in the cattle business: thirty crazy-quilt cows and one rangy bull of ungentle temper, which Janie, with a young girl's whimsey, had christened Sir Roanyred.

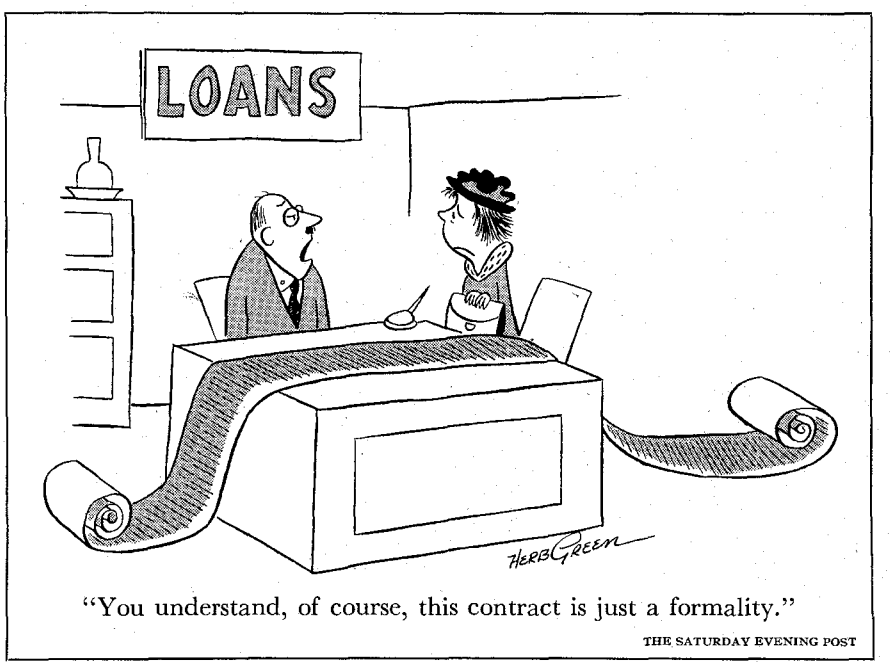
Now, still five miles from home with the cattle, the bull had sulled on them. He had put both Loftis and the girl on the skedaddle, then waded out into a cattail marsh from which neither hurled rocks, cuss words nor sweet persuasion could budge him.

Topping a nearby rise, Tonk McSpadden appraised the situation thusly to Elnathan Calhoun:

"When you ride the outlaw trail, Buzzsaw, you don't help nobody's bull out of a bog. You pull your hat down real low and ride 'way 'round 'em, Shep, hoping they won't notice you."

"Bug on a buzzsaw, Tonk!" Elnathan pocketed his mouth harp. "The little one in overalls looks like a girl!"

"For a lad of your tender years," said Tonk, "you've got mighty growed-up eyesight." (*Continued on Page 88*)



"You understand, of course, this contract is just a formality."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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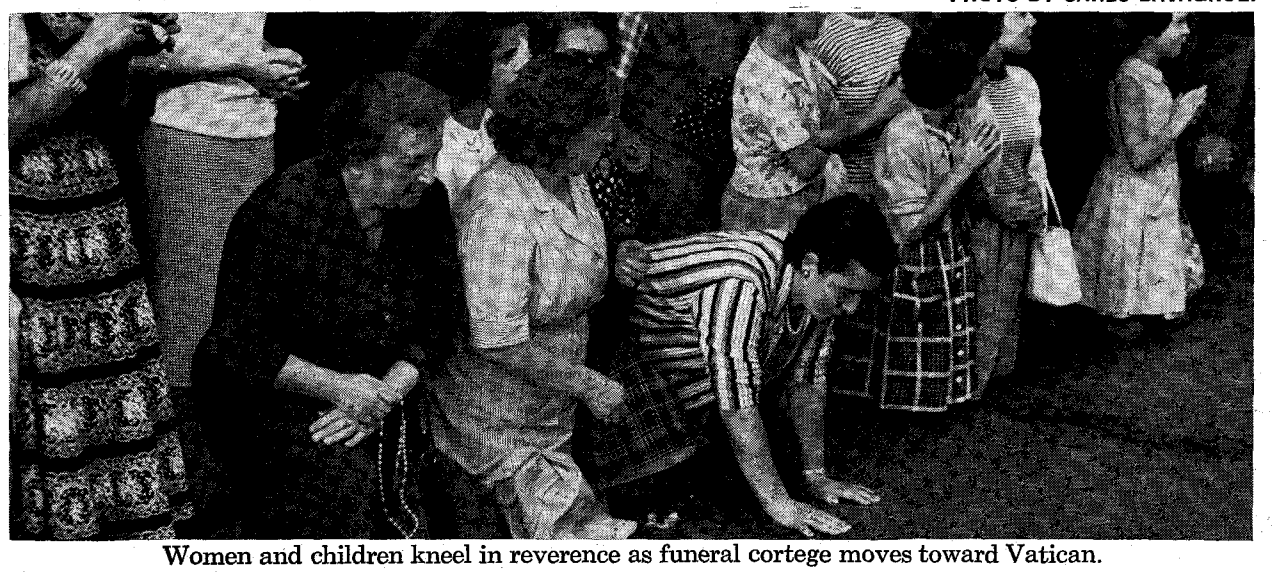
PHOTO BY CARLO BAVAGNOLI



Women and children kneel in reverence as funeral cortege moves toward Vatican.

PHOTO BY MARK KAUFFMAN

Near Castel Gandolfo a boy prays for Pius XII.

PHOTO BY BRUNO DEL PRIOR

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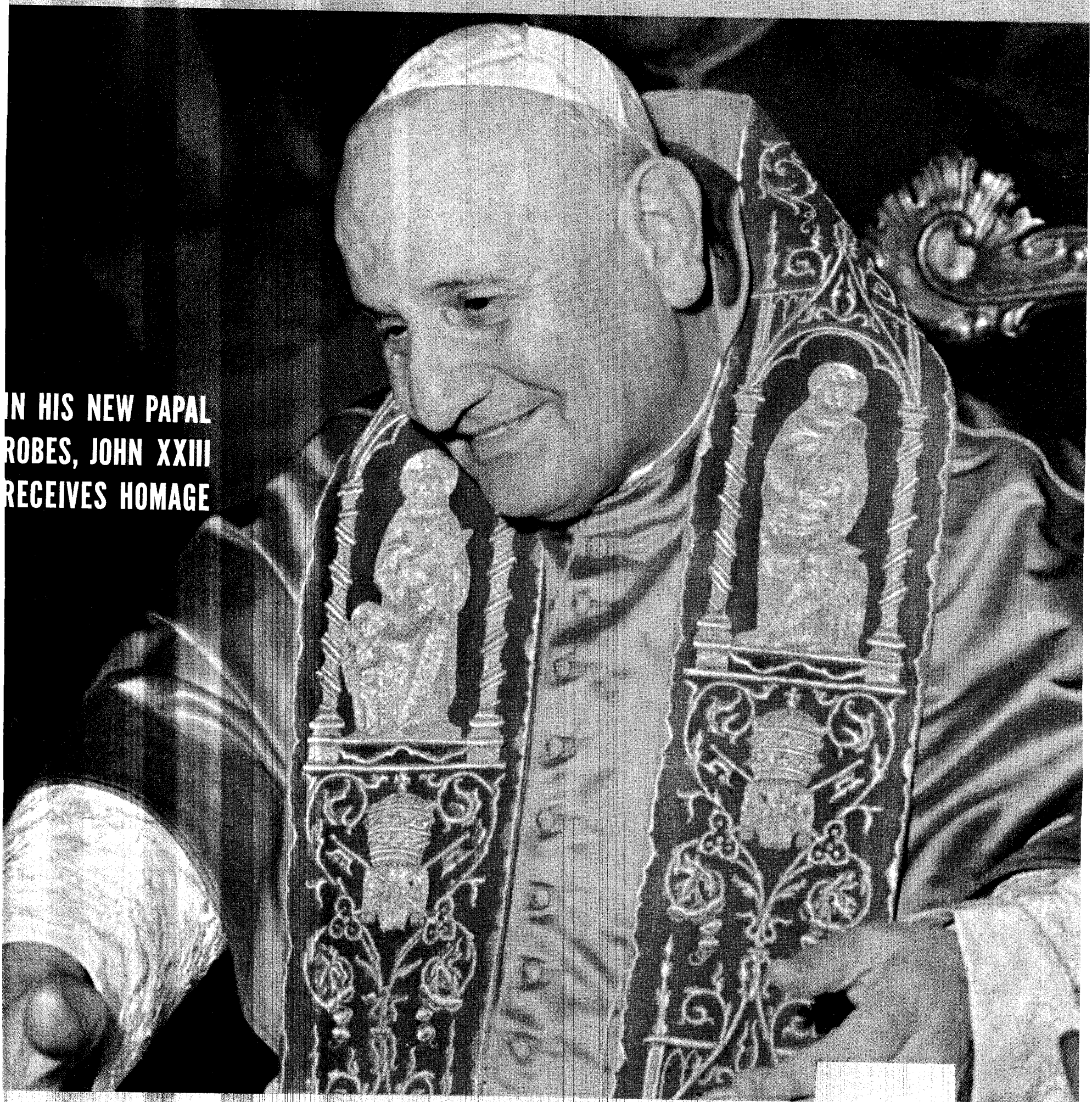
COLOR: NEW POPE TAKES OVER



N HIS NEW PAPAL
ROBES, JOHN XXIII
RECEIVES HOMAGE

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(*Continued from Page 85*) Instead of "riding 'way 'round 'em," Tonk made spur-jingling entry upon the scene, the boy close behind him. At their approach Janie Loftis ducked behind her horse, plainly bashful about being seen in two-legged clothing.

"Mister," Tonk addressed the harassed homesteader, "you look right pestered."

"Just purt' near pestered enough to borrow your pistol and shoot the dang-dratted critter!"

"Dead bulls don't daddy no calves," observed Tonk. "Too bad my rope won't reach him from solid ground or I might drag him out for you."

"Tonk," said Elnathan Calhoun, sliding off his mule, "you git your rope ready!"

Without further powwow, the boy struck out into the marsh, leaping from one grass hummock to another. By the time he got within ten yards, Sir Roanyred's front hoofs were slinging mud. His tail was up and his neck was bowed.

"You better watch out!" Janie called out shrill warning. "He's on the fight!"

From ten feet away Elnathan Calhoun's handful of mud splattered Sir Roanyred smack between the eyes. There may be more provocative methods of insulting an angry bull, but Sir Roanyred wasn't choosy. With a big whoosh of wind he lowered his sharp-horned head and charged.

With hardly a six-foot safety zone between bull's horns and boy's behind, Elnathan headed for solid ground.

"Here come us wildies, Tonk!" he yelled. "Git ready with your doggone rope!"

Slogging almost knee-deep in muck, neither boy nor bull could make much speed, but the race was evenly matched.

Six yards from solid ground Elnathan hit a deep spot. A dagger-sharp horn tip ripped his shirttail within an inch of live meat. As the bull's massive head swung for another gouge, Tonk's loop snugged suddenly around the base of his horns, jerked tight, and yanked Sir Roanyred over on his side.

In response to this further insult, the roan bull lurched on out of the bog in a head-on charge at Tonk's horse. But that wise Texas pony had side-stepped belligerent bovines before. As the momentum of blind rage carried the bull on past, Tonk squalled his wildest cowboy squall, grabbed and bent his tail in such a painful kink that the anguished animal kept on going.

Tonk ran him a few yards, flipped the rope over his high hindquarters and fair-grounded him so hard they could hear all the wind whoosh out of him as he hit the ground. Tonk waited, let him get up, then wind-busted him hard again.

"Texas cure for big behavior," remarked Tonk. "Buzzsaw, will you kindly slip my rope off before the gentleman ketches his wind? I do believe he won't give these good folks no more trouble."

The cowboy believed right. Sir Roanyred lurched up and high-tailed it to the other cattle without even looking back.

"I sure am obliged to you!" The granger sounded like he meant it. "My name's Sam Loftis. This is my daughter Janie. Time we get these cattle home it'll be comin' on night. We'd be mighty proud to lodge you boys, Mr. ——"

"Smith—John Smith. No, let's make it Bill Jones. Too many pilgrims ridin' under John Smith's hat already." Tonk said it sober-faced. "My pardner here goes by the name of Cadwallader Casanova when the sheriff ain't after him, so maybe you'd better call him Johnson. And we thank you kindly, but us owl-hooters like to ride by night, don't we—Johnson?"

"Bug on a buzzsaw, Tonk!" exclaimed Elnathan. "You gone plumb crazy?"

A troubled look came into Sam Loftis' eyes. In it suspicion and fear battled with stubborn good will—and lost.

"Boys," he said evenly, "I don't take you to be the kind that have to hide behind fake names. You come to my house for the night—and welcome."

"I sure wish you would," put in Janie timidly. "We don't ever have no company any more. With that Curly Jack Marcotte and his outlaws terrifyin' the country, ma's plumb scared to let a stranger step inside the door."

"Hush, child!" said Loftis gently.

Here it is again, thought Tonk. *Curly Jack . . . a name to be whispered in fear; a shadow of dread across a sunny land. And what the hell do you care, Tonk McSpadden?*

Aloud he said: "You see, Buzzsaw? We fooled 'em. All right, let's get on with the man's cattle—and see if this little juniebird's ma makes good biscuits!"

She did. With fresh fried ham and eggs, Mrs. Loftis' biscuits were manna and ambrosia, and her look of suspicion relaxed when Loftis and Janie took enthusiastic turns telling her and three wide-eyed littler girls how the bull came out of the bog.

"He purt' near got Buzzsaw—I mean Mr. Johnson, ma!" Janie favored Elnathan with an admiring smile. "Scared me purt' near to death!"

"Shucks"—Elnathan buttered another biscuit like a man who trusts his own capacity—"that's the way I used to toll wild razorbacks out of the brush back in Arkinsaw. They're a heap dangerouser than bulls. Anyhow, I knew Tonk's rope would ketch him before he yamped me."

The best way to tie down a teen-ager is with a telephone cord.

ROBERT S. WILLETT

"He plays the mouth organ, too, ma—real pretty."

"Well, now!" Mrs. Loftis' smile was warm and motherly. "Maybe he'll play some for us after supper. Pass Mr. Jones the biscuits, Janie."

While Janie and her mother washed dishes, Elnathan Calhoun sat on the woodbox breathing tender mountain melodies through his harmonica, and now not even Barbara Ellen had a lonesome sound.

In the cool dark outside, well out of kitchen hearing, Tonk McSpadden meshed mixed strands of inner torment into firm resolution and spoke his piece.

"Mr. Loftis," he said, "of course you know my name ain't Jones. What it is don't matter. What does matter is that this kid has took to me like a stray pup—and it ain't good."

"I doubt that, young man."

"Put it this way, Mr. Loftis: when a growed man gets his hair ruffed the wrong way, the trail he picks to get away from it is his own business. But this young Arkansas stray is a good solid boy, except he's got some wild and venturesome notions and he don't know which from 'tother about the whys and wherefores. What I'm asking is for you to home him in off the rough trail right here and now. Work him. Feed him. Daddy him what you can. It could turn out someday he'll do you for a son."

"You puzzle me, young man." The granger's answer came slowly. "But I'll do what you ask—if the boy will stay."

"Work it this way: bed him in the house tonight if you can. Tell him I can't stand his infernal kickin'. Time he wakes up in the morning, I'll be long gone from here. Thanks, Mr. Loftis, and I wish you good night."

"Hold on, Jones, Tonk, or whatever your right name is." The homesteader's tone turned suddenly stern. "I'm no hand to pry, but one thing I want to know: are you scoutin' for Curly Jack Marcotte—or ain't you?"

"You're smart enough to know that if I was I wouldn't tell you."

"If Curly Jack should clean out that bank at Tuloso," Loftis went on grimly, "it would ruin me and some other honest folks around here."

"From what I hear, no bank is plumb safe with Marcotte around," Tonk said dryly. "As for me, Mr. Loftis, let's just say I'm a bug on a buzzsaw. Whichaway I jump ain't nobody's business but my own."

The homesteader's shrug was a gesture of bafflement. "So be it," he said. "But I know which way I'm fixin' to jump all right: I'm going in and draw what savings I've got out of that bank while it's still got a chance to be there—just in case."

Half old in sun-browned adobe, half new in sun-warping pine, the village of Tuloso, Territory of New Mexico, couched itself peacefully and with some prosperity in the embrace of rimrocked mesas gapped widely by a two-way valley whose green embroidery of tule marshes gave the oasis its name.

Leaving the Loftis place, Tonk had first thought to give all settlements a wide berth. He had foxed his trail and camped last night among remote rocky hills, hoping thus to lose the Buzzsaw Kid if that misguided youngster should try to follow him. Now that he seemed to have succeeded, the cowboy had re-estimated the hazards of an empty grubsack and was riding into Tuloso to replenish it.

Looking down on the placid settlement, Tonk remembered similar hill-country villages in faraway Texas, and tried hard to clamp down on the nostalgic pang under his ribs.

How far must a lonely man ride to rid himself of bitterness, how far harden himself to callus his soul against old hurt? That he had managed to turn the kid aside on a better trail was good—much as he missed him. As for himself, close ahead lay the outlaw trail. By tomorrow night he would reach Curly Jack Marcotte's reputed hideout—and for better or worse, the die would be cast.

"Hey, Tonk!" The red mare mule brought Elnathan dusting up beside him at a gangling gallop. "Bug on a buzzsaw, Tonk! If I'd knowed you aimed to sneak out on me, I'd have hobbled you instead of the mule! Maybe I'm a cuckleburr in your tail, but wherever you go, I'm goin', Tonk—and—and nothin' can stop me!"

"For two cents and a ticket to hell," Tonk told him dryly, "I'd turn you over to Pete Hadlock for stealing that mule!"

Elnathan's only answer was an ingratiating grin. In a mutual stubbornness of silence, they rode into Tuloso together, hitched their mounts in cottonwood shade and started up the street toward a sign that said GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Across the street Tonk recognized Sam Loftis' team, hitched to a rickety buckboard, dozing at a hitch rack. Evidently the homesteader had come to town after his money, just as he had threatened. Straight ahead in front of the Tuloso County Bank, a whiskery man with a six-shooter in one hand stood holding the reins of five saddled horses with the other. Nearby, a second black-shirted *hombre* had two men and a woman backed up against the wall, held there, their hands high in the air, by the threat of his six-shooter.

The man holding the horses waved his gun warningly at Tonk and Buzzsaw as they approached.

"Face to the wall and hands high, boys!" he ordered in a tone of insolent confidence. "Curly Jack's in town!"

It was sound advice—but wasted.

A shot sounded inside the bank. Three men came rushing out. Two carried loot-laden gunnysacks. The third shoved a valiantly kicking and clawing Janie Loftis along beside them, a shield against possible attack.

The outlaws' sudden rush excited the horses, making them hard to hold.

"Hang onto the gal till we get mounted, Cuff!"

To Tonk McSpadden the leader's voice had a familiar sound that somehow sickened him, and suddenly he knew whose side he was on. Grimly his hand dropped to his six-shooter.

"You skedaddle, Buzz!" He spoke with quiet urgency back over his shoulder. "Hell's fixin' to pop!"

This, too, was sound advice—but wasted.

Quick as a cat, Elnathan Calhoun had already darted in among the lunging horses, harmonica in hand.

"*Whee-oo-whee-whee-oo-oo! Whee-oo-whee-whee-oo-oo!*"

At the train-whistle screech of the boy's mouth harp, the outlaws' already nervous horses went crazy-wild. One lunged against the man holding them, knocking his gun off aim so that his quick shot at Tonk McSpadden flew wild. The whirled-around rump of another bumped into the outlaw who held the girl and knocked him down.

Thus abruptly freed, Janie wasted no time. Grabbing the fallen outlaw's gun, she hit him over the head with it just as Elnathan Calhoun's big old pistol, having failed to fire, dealt a like cranial wallop to another one. A third outlaw went down with one of Tonk's well-aimed bullets through both legs.

Two of the outlaws somehow managed to mount and take off down the street. The last bullet in Tonk McSpadden's wheel tumbled one of them. The other ran head-on into a new arrival galloping in from a side street. Arriving late, but not too late, Deputy Sheriff Pete Hadlock was not on prancy-parade this time—and he knew how to shoot.

In the strange brevity of swift violence, the battle was over and Curly Jack Marcotte's last bank robbery foiled, with the grim tally of one outlaw dead and four safely captured, three of them wounded.

Janie Loftis paused to give Elnathan Calhoun a hasty squeeze, then ran to her father as he came limping out of the bank between two white-faced tellers, bleeding from a bullet wound in his leg—his reward for trying to balk the robbery.

Tonk paused to stare briefly down at the lifeless face of a curly-haired outlaw leader he had once known as an honest cowboy.

"Well, Buzzsaw," he said, deep-down soberly, "now we know about outlawin'!"

"Injun," said Deputy Sheriff Hadlock, and there was no bluster in it, "it looks like you and the kid saved the bacon. If either of you wants to kick me for my big behavior the other day, I'll bend over for it."

"Bug on a buzzsaw!" Elnathan Calhoun managed a faint grin. "Wouldn't I look purty kickin' a law officer, and me with a stole mule I've got to take back before I can start over sure 'nough honest!"

THE END

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School for Modern Diplomats

(Continued from Page 25)

The primary purpose of the Foreign Service Institute is to prepare the people who represent the United States in foreign lands to do the best possible job. This requires a broad curriculum which is offered to an average enrollment of about 3000 a year, including 1000 full-time and 2000 part-time students. The full-time students include recently appointed Foreign Service officers who are undergoing three months of basic training, followed by another four months of special language training if they need it. Usually there is a handful of senior officers—even an occasional ambassador—taking specialized training. In addition, the FSI is open to personnel of a number of Government agencies concerned with foreign affairs, such as the United States Information Agency and the International Cooperation Administration. Also among the students—all voluntarily—are the wives of junior Foreign Service officers who want to learn something about the culture and customs of the strange posts for which they are soon to depart—places such as Addis Ababa, Saigon, Kabul or Taihoku. All students, except the wives, of course, draw full pay while they are going to school.

The novice diplomats are instructed in everything from consular procedures to the most effective ways of answering foreigners' criticisms of the United States. To the wives are unfolded the mysteries of diplomatic protocol. Informal meetings, limited to the ladies, are arranged with experienced wives who have served from Oslo to Cape Town. No questions are barred. At one such session was a bright-eyed girl with a blond pony tail. Not yet a wife, but a very earnest fiancée, she was to be married to a junior officer just before he set out on his first assignment.

"Looking ahead," she said practically, if prematurely, "will I be expected to go to official functions when I'm pregnant?"

When the older wives stopped laughing, they told her that the answer depended somewhat on the post. She would certainly be welcome in most places, particularly in Latin America, where motherhood is warmly approved. On the other hand, the tribal taboos of a few African chiefs forbid receiving women in an expectant condition.

Common-sense hints to the wives are given under the direction of Regina Olszewski Blake, widow of a Foreign Service officer, who, during the sixteen years of her marriage, accompanied her husband to Warsaw, Basel, Tampico, Tehran, Rome and Dakar. A warm-hearted, friendly and reassuring woman, she warns the youthful wives that their jobs abroad sometimes will be more difficult than those of their husbands, who will spend most of their working hours in the relatively American atmosphere of their offices. The wife is on her own in an alien land. She must manage the house, take care of the children, direct servants who often pretend to know more English than they really do, buy unfamiliar foods in crowded native markets and handle mechanical breakdowns. Pointing up the need for resourcefulness, she tells the story of the wife at a remote post who chewed vast quantities of gum in order to make plugs for leaks in the plumbing.

Because the thirty to forty wives in any one class may be going to thirty or forty different posts out of the total of 278 the United States maintains around the world, the general lectures cannot take up specific problems peculiar to one area. But Mrs. Blake keeps in her office a Post Guidance file which all wives are urged to consult. Here is detailed information, supplied by experienced Foreign Service wives on such things as food problems and social customs in all parts of the world. And the new officers' wives are given personal briefings on practical problems in their future posts. If possible, Mrs. Blake arranges for a student who is going to, say, Afghanistan, to talk with a wife who has been there. In such a case the young wife may learn that she and her husband cannot expect to have Western-style contacts with Afghan couples because the women there are kept in strict purdah—seclusion. Questions about housekeeping get answered in these interviews. How long will a sheet last when washed on the rocks in Djakarta? About as long as when subjected to a Washington laundry, it appears. Is the water safe to drink in Tehran? Not unless it is from the embassy's private water supply, as the city water system consists of open *jubes*, or ditches, which also are used for washing clothes, bathing, and rinsing dishes.

The wives' course is not limited to protocol and household hints. Along with secretaries, clerks and men from other Government agencies assigned abroad, they may take a two-week orientation course in the fundamentals of American overseas missions. Mrs. Florence Finne, a slim, composed and pretty Foreign Service officer, presides over these sessions, bringing in speakers from State and other departments to discuss their specialties. They explain the organization of embassies and consulates. They outline Communist strategy and tactics. They take students through a quick survey of the American scene in politics, labor, art, agriculture, music and architecture to make sure that representatives of the United States abroad will be able to talk intelligently about their homeland.

The Foreign Service Institute is tackling the serious challenge of language by spending 60 per cent of its $5,000,000 budget for the teaching of foreign tongues. The system is called "intensive" or sometimes the "Army method." During World War II it was found useful for teaching Japanese and Pacific-area languages, which had been considered extremely difficult to learn. The FSI language classes are tough.

At first, they purposely avoid teaching rules of grammar, and rely on long hours of drill until the new vocabulary and idiom are so well learned that the pupil "thinks" in the language.

Under the new system an astonishing number of Foreign Service officers are mastering not only Spanish, French and German but also such tongues as Russian, Polish, Czech, Serbo-Croatian, Finnish, Greek, Turkish, Arabic, Hindustani, Mandarin Chinese, Japanese, Burmese and Korean. A few students simply cannot adjust their vocal cords or curl their tongues in the right way. Once in a while a student, unable to stand the intensive drill, collapses into hysterics and quits. But such failures are rare.

This new emphasis on learning at least one foreign language well reflects a change in United States conception of diplomacy since World War II. The old idea was that our representative abroad was a delegate from our Government to the foreign government. The modern conception is that he is also our representative to the people of the host nation. It is no longer good enough for the Foreign Service officer to associate mainly with a few members of the foreign ministry. He has a basic obligation to know the people—something best achieved by talking with them in their own language.

In November, 1956, Secretary of State Dulles approved a new language policy for the Foreign Service under which all officers would be expected to acquire a useful knowledge of at least one foreign language within five years or within the same period after appointment, and preferably fluency in a second language as well. Junior officers would not be promoted until they had met the requirement. Exceptions would sometimes be made for senior officers or others whose post did not provide opportunities for language learning. It would hardly have been feasible to force the minority of political ambassadors to become fluent before taking up their duties. But our Ambassador to Brazil, Ellis O. Briggs, a career officer who already knew Spanish, volunteered to take three months of intensive training in Portuguese at the FSI. So did Mrs. Briggs.

"Well, that's enough about me. How's everything with you boys?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This past year the FSI had classes going full time in twenty-seven different tongues. In charge of this rather staggering program is Howard E. Sollenberger, dean of the School of Languages. He has been bilingual from childhood, having been raised in North China by missionary parents. Before joining the FSI, Sollenberger taught Chinese to workers of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration and prepared them for service in the Far East.

Sollenberger has a staff of about 100 tutors or native speakers, some of them part time, and twenty full-time linguistic scientists—many of whom oversee classes in more than one language. The linguistic scientists worry the students as little as possible with textbook rules. People communicate by talking far more than by writing; besides, the way a language is written is often no key to the way it is spoken.

The new policy already is beginning to pay dividends. Take the case of a youthful consul, Robert E. Barbour, assigned to Vietnam. Before going to his post he was sent to Georgetown University, in Washington, for his preliminary work in Vietnamese, and then went through several months' grind at the FSI. When he reported to Ambassador Elbridge Durbrow in Vietnam, he was instructed to spend his first three months in further concentration on the language. By the time the new American consulate opened at Hué, a seaport north of Saigon, the young man had made the acquaintance of all the provincial chiefs and other officials in his area. He invited 180 of them to the opening ceremonies, where he translated the ambassador's remarks and those of the Vietnamese representative. Durbrow reported to the State Department that the Vietnamese were deeply gratified by the new consul's fluency in their own language.

Reading and writing are not ignored in the FSI's language classes. The importance of being able to read the language of the host country was demonstrated not long ago in Indonesia. Until an officer who could read the native papers in the original language was sent to Djakarta, the State Department had not been fully aware of their anti-American tone. The embassy's Indonesian employees had been clipping and translating only the news and editorial items which, they thought, would please their American bosses.

All this reflects the postwar American anxiety to make friends and influence people abroad. The same spirit pervades the whole FSI curriculum. An anthropologist, D. Scott Gilbert, is on hand to impress on students the importance of understanding and respecting the cultures and customs of other peoples. Gilbert shares with other institute lecturers a tendency to toss off high-flown anthropological terms, to caution against "ethnocentricism" and "culture shock." But the talks boil down to a very sensible warning not to go abroad with the set conviction that the American way of life is superior in all ways to all others.

Another name for the FSI might be School for Dos and Don'ts in the Foreign Service. These classifications are hammered into the young men and women from nine A.M. to five-thirty P.M., with case histories to underline the point. There

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was, for instance, the brash junior officer who had been assigned to visa work in Manila. An attractive young Filipino girl came to the consulate to have her passport validated. The vice consul looked at her pretty face and legs and made a wisecrack.

"I suppose you're going to the United States to snag yourself a rich husband?"

The girl's father happened to be a prominent official of the islands. She reported the vice consul's impertinence to papa, and within a couple of weeks the offending young man was on his way home, his Foreign Service career at an end.

Advice on how to make use of the customs of the country is given by experts such as William Barnes, former chief of the State Department's foreign-reporting staff. One morning last year Barnes concluded a solemn discussion of the problems of obtaining and analyzing economic data abroad with a story of his own experience in Finland. One of the best ways to collect economic information there, he had discovered, was to attend a *sauna*, or steam-bath party, with a group of Finnish bankers and industrialists. A *sauna* involves being parboiled, naked, at high temperature in a steam room, after which the participants plunge into the frigid waters of an adjoining lake. Thus stimulated, and still naked, the guests relax on a porch with their host and sip drinks. At this stage, said Barnes, they are likely to talk very frankly about their problems.

"Under the circumstances," he observed, "it is hard for them to play their cards close to their chests."

How and how not to use an interpreter is the subject of a hilarious FSI skit which acknowledges a debt to The Teahouse of the August Moon. Performed regularly for each new group of junior officers, the purpose of the playlet is to dramatize the mistakes that an inexperienced Foreign Service officer might make.

The scene is a seaport town on Okinawa. In a performance last fall, Richard Noss, of the language staff, played the role of a newly arrived American vice consul calling on the mayor. Two of the institute's tutors, Kiyanao Okami and Teruki Komatsu, represented the mayor and the vice consul's interpreter. The three scholars showed surprising histrionic talent. The vice consul was brusque and in a hurry. He told the interpreter to tell the mayor he had only fifteen minutes.

"Express to the mayor some noble sentiments and all that," he said. "Keep it brief. Tell him three United States senators are arriving next week and I'm in charge of the reception."

An interminable conversation in Japanese, the language used in Okinawa, ensued between Messrs. Okami and Komatsu, with much bowing and scraping, followed by this dialogue in English:

VICE CONSUL: What was that all about?

INTERPRETER: He talk and talk a long time.

VICE CONSUL: I could see that. What did he say? Keep it short.

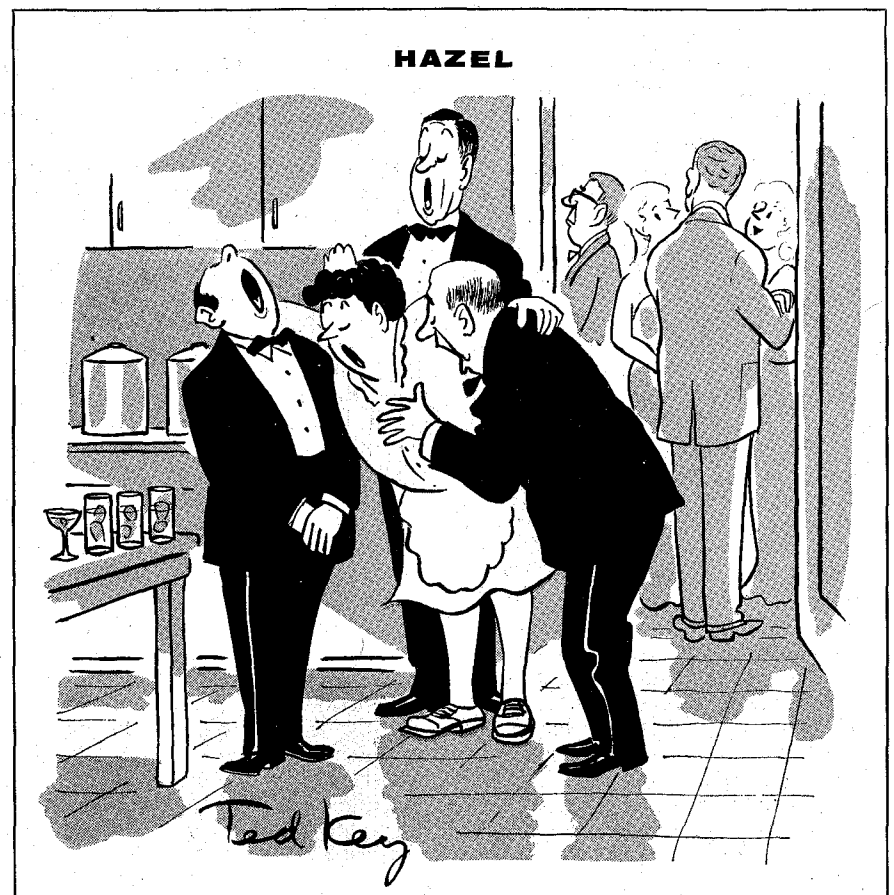
INTERPRETER: Mayor expressed appreciation of kind sentiments. Said he wished to discuss important matter—American air-base expansion which robbing the farmers of their land.

VICE CONSUL: Oh, tell him all I want is to have him go to the airport to meet the senators, to take some important people with him. Nanki-Poo! Funny costumes! All that kind of stuff.

Okami and Komatsu engaged in another long exchange in Japanese. The interpreter then explained that the mayor was inviting the American official to his house for tea, to which the vice consul replied that he hated tea, "but I'll take a rain check."

"Rain check?" asked the puzzled interpreter. This involved the vice consul in a long explanation of the rules applying to American baseball tickets.

After the playlet ended, amid laughter, Noss summed up its lessons. The misunderstandings were not merely funny, he warned. They might have been disastrous. The consular officer should have addressed his remarks directly to the mayor, and not to the interpreter. He should have assumed that the Okinawan official understood some English, as he probably did. The vice consul should not have used American colloquialisms. And obviously he should not have ignored the expected formalities, nor rudely brushed aside the subjects which the mayor wished to raise.



"May auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Foreign Service Institute is without doubt a livelier and more effective teaching agency today than it was a few years ago. The school was established in March, 1947. With the great expansion of the service after World War II, it was essential to train large numbers of new officers to get along with foreign peoples and to report their activities accurately. But within the next few years the morale of the State Department and of the Foreign Service slumped, due largely to the claim of the late Joseph R. McCarthy that Communists had infiltrated. The institute became something of a stepchild, badly housed on C Street at a short distance from the State Department.

In March, 1954, the Secretary of State appointed a distinguished committee, of which Henry M. Wriston, then president of Brown University, was chairman, to appraise the department's personnel policies. Its report was highly critical. The Foreign Service officer corps, it found, numbered only 1285, the lowest strength in five years. Only 355 officers had been appointed to the beginning-officer classification in the past eight years. One remedy proposed by the committee was that Foreign Service officers should be recruited from all parts of the country, bringing the service closer to a democratic ideal.

Today there is no shortage of candidates. Last year nearly 340 new junior officers were selected from among 6500 hopefuls who took the examinations. Many are attracted by the lure of strange places, by an aura of glamour which still clings to the Foreign Service. They can be sure of fairly complete security and of salaries ranging from $4730 at the bottom to a top of $20,000, plus some expense allowances.

In its criticisms of the Foreign Service, the Wriston report described the Foreign Service Institute as having fallen into the "intellectual doldrums." It had not measured up to the standards envisioned by Congress, which had hoped for an institution comparable to the naval and army war colleges.

In March, 1955, Harold B. Hoskins was made director of the FSI, and the institute began a rapid emergence from obscurity. Hoskins, in his early sixties, is not an educator, but a businessman of wide experience. Born in Beirut, the son of missionaries, Hoskins' hobby for years has been the role of the United States in foreign affairs. He has often served the State Department as a consultant on Middle Eastern economic problems and gone on missions to Arab nations. His ability as a salesman, acquired during his industrial career, has been of great value in explaining the FSI's budget to congressional committees.

Congress has been fairly generous. Among other things, the FSI no longer need apologize for its quarters, which are efficient, if not luxurious. Since the spring of 1957 the classrooms, offices and auditorium have been housed in what used to be the lower-floor garage of Arlington Towers, one of the plush apartment developments on the outskirts of Washington. The space has been divided into two floors, and has a functional all-glass front that extends for about a block along one wing of the building. This setting gives more of a "Government" than a campus atmosphere to the school.

The prestige of the Foreign Service Institute, which was quite low for a time in the eyes of State Department brass, gained ground in the last three years. Last September even Secretary Dulles took an hour out of his whirlwind schedule to inaugurate the first senior-officer course, the State Department's equivalent of the Defense War College.

Hoskins and his assistants are constantly pondering what should be added, subtracted or modified to keep the FSI in tune with needs of the Foreign Service. They are now concerned that the courses for mid-career officers may not be stimulating enough independent thinking. They are worried about the area specialization courses, although the very fact that the Foreign Service now has some 400 specialists trained in Near and Far Eastern and Iron Curtain country languages and problems is encouraging. Should there be more economics taught at the FSI? More on international-labor movements?

Most impartial observers of the FSI would probably agree that its intensive language training and its advice for living and working with other peoples are its major contributions to diplomacy in today's troubled world. The down-to-earth tutoring goes much deeper than protocol or the right clothes for Rangoon. The young officers, their wives and clerical personnel are all urged to keep up their hobbies abroad or develop some, for many doors to friendships will thereby be opened. They are told about the consul who was assigned to Lourenço Marques, the capital of Portuguese Mozambique. He was an avid amateur ornithologist and was delighted to find that few places in the world had so great a variety of strange birds as this outpost. He made contacts with the local ornithologists and won their gratitude by giving his leisure time to helping out at the natural-history museum. Then there was the diplomat's wife who was a ham radio operator. When an earthquake tumbled buildings in Quito, Ecuador, and disrupted communications, she was able to send out messages and assist rescue expeditions. She was decorated by the Ecuadorian Government for her services.

The young people who will leave shortly for their first foreign posts are warned against yearning for London, Paris or one of the other great capitals. The work at a smaller embassy may be much more rewarding and important. They are also cautioned against being disappointed if they are assigned to consular work, as 60 per cent of them are sure to be. The consul's job may not seem dashing, but it deals closely with people.

"We've got an American dying here. What shall we do?" is one of the more troublesome inquiries a consul may have from a hotel or boardinghouse. In a case some years ago a lazy but imaginative consul in Indochina solved his problem by persuading an American at death's door to take out French citizenship, "to avoid being a damned nuisance to me when you pop off." That sort of thing is frowned on these days. The consul is supposed to see that a fellow citizen felled by illness has proper medical attention and, if the worst happens, to locate the deceased's relatives, perhaps arrange a funeral, or to settle his estate. One consul found himself handling the sale of a large herd of cattle.

Live Americans abroad, however, are even more of a problem than dead ones—at least to a consul. They may demand anything on earth, including funds to go home. The Foreign Service is trained to help as much as it can, but there are limits. That is why one of the most-respected rules taught its students by the FSI is: "Never lend your own money."

THE END

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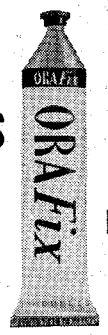

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Three-Way Collaboration

Earl and Anne Selby: they team up as newspaper columnists.

Police Commissioner **Thomas Gibbons** of Philadelphia, proponent of legalized betting on page 26, and collaborators **Earl and Anne Selby** are old friends; the Selbys, husband-and-wife columnist team on The Philadelphia Bulletin, talk with the commissioner nearly every day. The Selbys say, "Tom is a six-foot, 200-pounder with a habit of walking into tough situations *without attempting to duck.* He goes touring around the city at night, often being on the spot for raids and criminal arrests." Once when he jumped out of his car to halt a sidewalk fight, one of the brawlers snarled, "Who do you think *you* are, Gibbons or somebody?" A racketeer once characterized Gibbons this way, "The trouble with that so-and-so bum is, he's honest." The commissioner, for seven years head of the police juvenile-aid division, says, "There is where you see the racketeer impact. Kids think racketeers who are in court in the morning and out in the afternoon are big shots, and a policeman is a jerk, a fall guy. When a kid feels like that at fifteen, he's tough to straighten out."

Newspaper folks often have to work at weird hours, and when the Selbys undertake special writing projects on their own time, the hours get weirder—such as Anne doing an eleven P.M. to three A.M. trick, and Earl coming in on a predawn shift. Their timetables include watching over four youngsters, aged nine to sixteen.

Want to Win a Spur?

S. Omar Barker, a specialist in Western stories (see page 24 and he also appeared in the Nov. 29 Post), is president of Western Writers of America, which annually awards the highly regarded Spur prizes for outstanding published work in that field. He got a Spur himself for a 1955 Post story, and the 1957 winner was Peggy Simson Curry, also with a Post story. Barker, noting that 1958 entries must be in by March 1, 1959, wants to emphasize, especially to new writers, that membership in WWA is not necessary to try for a Spur. For data about the book and story categories, write pardner Barker, 1118 Ninth St., Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Omar and Elsa Barker: that's a Spur award he won with a Post story.

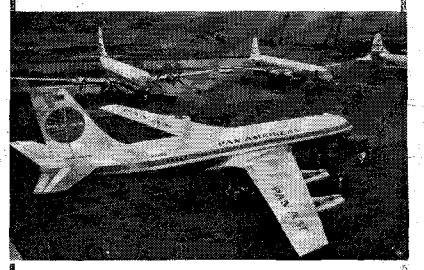
Frustrated Photographers

John Reese has long been a professional author of fact and fiction, but when he rode across the continent in a moving van (page 20) he took a lot of photographs, aspiring to expand his professionalism into that field. Especially desiring a shot of the van passing in front of the Capitol in Washington, he stationed himself across the street, but just as the vehicle, by prearrangement, came along, some camera fans gathered around him to examine his equipment. "Wait till I get my picture!" cried Reese. "Oh, you can't shoot till that big truck gets out of the way," a man in front of him explained. So Reese didn't shoot. But he caught up with the van and had better luck at the White House, and those are Reese-made pictures across the top of his article. The bigger photos were made later by **Frankie Ross,** long a professional photographer.

Associate editor **John Bird's** page 32 article about restoration of the Texas grasslands by root-plowing the brush and reseeding called for illustrations of the huge plowing operations. Photographer **Bill Shrout,** who lives in Mobile, Alabama, journeyed to the vast cattle lands of Dolph Briscoe, Jr., near Uvalde—and found that a big plowing job had just been completed and the contractor, with his tractors, had taken off for parts unknown. The accommodating Briscoe said that since he planned to do more plowing later anyway, he might as well do it now; so he telephoned all around the map, with the eventual result that up drove a contractor with a plow on a trailer. He had come from 125 miles away.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"So You're Flying Jet to Europe"



Are the new jet transports wonderful—or disappointing? Read what the passengers told a Post editor en route to Europe.

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